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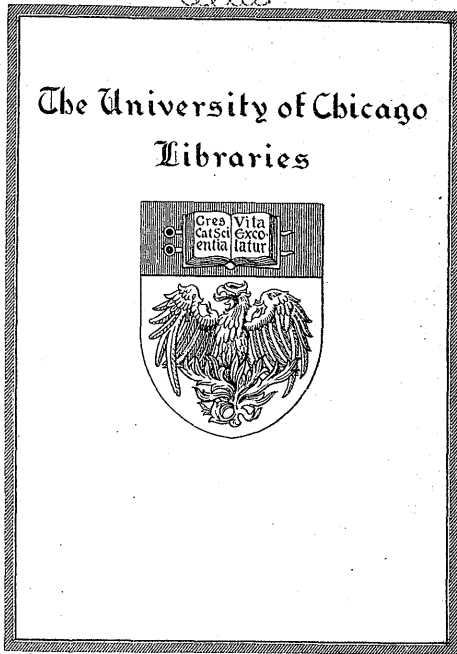
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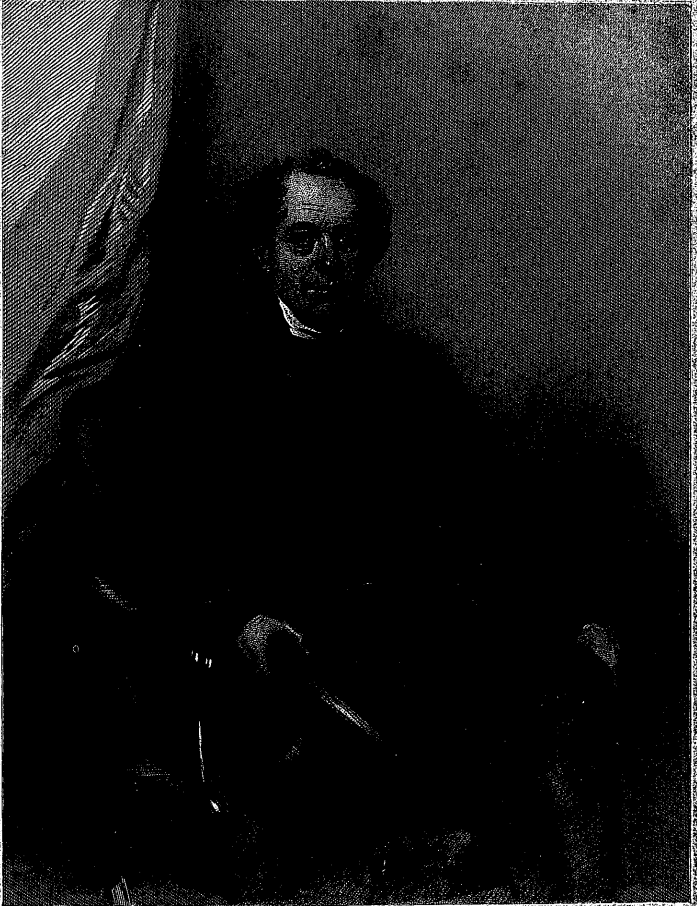
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Feb - 1850

LETTERS AND MEMOIR

OF THE LATE

WALTER AUGUSTUS SHIRLEY, D.D.



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P R E F A C E.

OF those who knew the late Bishop Shirley there are few, it may be presumed, who would not desire to possess some memorial of one whom they at once loved for his many personal excellencies, and honoured for the services he rendered to the Church of Christ. But the chief motive for collecting the materials of the present volume has been the hope of extending the benefits of his teaching and his example beyond the period of his life, and the limits of his acquaintance. It cannot be unprofitable to trace the progress of thoughtful boyhood and sober youth to the full maturity of Christian manhood; or to study the elements of a character in which firmness, energy, and zeal, were in no common degree tempered with discretion, gentleness, and charity.

His spiritual progress exhibits no unusual mental phenomena. It was unmarked by sudden conversion, or by any period of strongly excited feeling. The child of pious parents and of many prayers, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit he sought and found the path of life; and his course, unobstructed by those obstacles which a misspent youth never fails to accu-

mulate, knew no variation but that of the shining light, "which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

In this, the Editor conceives, lies the great moral of Bishop Shirley's life. It would not be easy to find an instance, which more strikingly manifests the advantages of early piety, or the strength and fulness with which the Christian character is formed, where time has not been wasted, nor opportunities thrown away.

His public life was chequered with no extraordinary events, nor was it identified with the triumph of any one great cause; or rather, with any part of the great cause to which all its energies were devoted. Constrained by the love of Christ, he laboured assiduously in every department of his sacred calling, and "contended earnestly for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints."

If the day be at hand, when a prompt and resolute decision will be required in all the servants of Christ, between truth and error, between the Gospel of the grace of God on the one hand, and Romanism or Infidelity, variously modified, on the other; a memoir of one who never shrank from the avowal of what he deemed to be the truth, and never spoke it but in wisdom and love, may prove, it is hoped, a seasonable offering to the church at the present eventful crisis of her existence.

The materials for his life consist chiefly of his own letters. Those written to his family have been preserved from his earliest years; and in after life, excepting its latest period, notwithstanding the pressure of his official engagements, he kept up a correspondence with a large circle of friends and relations.

The narrative has been mainly supplied by his family, who desire to express their obligations to the friends who have so kindly contributed to it both by the letters they had received from the Bishop, and by valuable reminiscences of their intercourse with him. To his pupils more especially, an acknowledgment is due for the affectionate and honourable testimony which they have borne to their late tutor. Of their letters, one only could be inserted; and the largest amount of characteristic matter determined the selection.

In printing the letters, such passages as did not appear likely to interest the general reader have of course been omitted; and the Editor thinks it right to mention that he has not indicated such omissions, where it was clear that they could not affect the meaning of the remaining context.

The narrative in general is given with little alteration, as it has been sent to the Editor.



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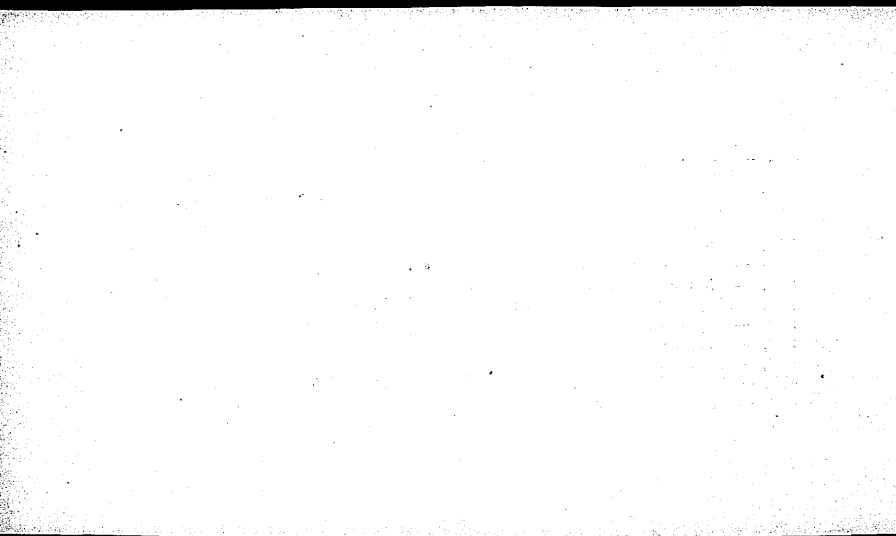
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ERRATA.

- Page 23, line 34, *for ont read out.*
35, — 10, full stop after vain, should be a comma.
99, — last line but four, page 100, line 17, and page 105, last line, *for Coloseum read Coliseum.*
119, — 8, *for I read you.*
120, — last line but four, *insert being after than.*
292, — 5, *for dreafully read dreadfully.*
297, — 30, after book should be a comma instead of a full stop.
330, — 3, omit comma.
332, — 7, *for farthing read fourth.*
433, — 23, *insert not after are.*
481, — last line but one, *for ommunicated read communicated.*
498, — 5, *omnit together.*



LETTERS AND MEMOIR,

&c.

CHAPTER I.

THE subject of the present Memoir, Walter Augustus Shirley, was the only son of the Rev. Walter and Alicia Shirley, both of whom survive him. His grandfather the Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, grandson of Robert, first Earl Ferrers, was Rector of Loughrea in Ireland. He was well known for his talents and zeal in the cause of religion, and took a conspicuous part in the church controversies of his day. He was the contemporary of Whitfield and Wesley, and the first cousin of Lady Selina Shirley, afterwards so well known as Countess of Huntingdon. He numbered among his personal friends, Romaine, Venn, Berridge, and many others, with whom he zealously co-operated in reviving the spirit of evangelical religion.

His son, the Rev. Walter Shirley, married Alicia, daughter of Sir Edward Newenham, a distinguished member of the last Irish Parliament. He settled at Westport in the north-west of Ireland, where he had accepted a curacy; and there, on the 30th of May, 1797, was born the subject of the present Memoir.

In the following year Mr. Shirley found it advisable to quit Ireland in consequence of the rebellion which had then broken out; and accordingly, leaving his family at Westport, he repaired to Dublin with a view to provide for their removal and future residence. But so rapid was the spread of anarchy, and so much did every day increase the danger to which clergymen of the established Church were exposed, that he was strongly urged by a friend, then a member of Government, to avoid the unnecessary risk of returning to his home. In compliance with this advice, he made arrangements for conveying Mrs. Shirley and his infant son from Westport to Liverpool; and thither he proceeded by the packet to join them.

But he waited long and anxiously for them in vain. The vessel in which their passage had been secured had been so long prevented putting out to sea by stress of weather, that the stock of provisions was consumed; and Mrs. Shirley, exhausted by illness and hunger, and deprived of common necessaries by the loss of her baggage, resolved to return with her child in an open boat to Westport. A boatman was hailed, who readily undertook to land them in a few hours. Their course lay through Clew Bay, which is dotted with small islands; and on one of these the boatman, alleging that the tide was out and that he could proceed no further, obliged them to pass the night. The next day, after rowing for several hours, he again made the same excuse, and telling them that they must cross the bed of the river and proceed to Westport on foot, he landed and left them on the nearest point of the beach. It was not without considerable risk that Mrs. Shirley struggled through the treacherous mud of the little estuary; and having with difficulty reached the solid

ground, she sank exhausted on a fragment of rock. In this forlorn situation she providentially attracted the attention of a gentleman, who, from the windows of his house, had been watching, through a glass, the arrival and departure of her boat.

He immediately sent down his car to the beach, and having kindly supplied the party with the comforts of which they stood so much in need, conveyed them to Westport. From thence Mrs. Shirley, after having procured a passport, which the state of the country rendered necessary, proceeded in a post-chaise to Dublin, which, after several harassing delays and many alarms, she at last reached in safety. Here she was enabled, for the first time, to write a letter to Mr. Shirley, to relieve his anxieties; and a few days afterwards she joined him at Liverpool.

For some time after his return to England, Mr. Shirley frequently changed his abode. For two years he remained at Liverpool, where he had obtained a chapel. He then removed to Orlingbury, in Northamptonshire, where he officiated as curate to the Rev. Dr. Bridges, and first formed an intimacy with a family, some of whose members will be frequently mentioned in the following pages among the most valued friends of his son. After four years he removed to Hull, where he had accepted the situation of assistant to the late Mr. Dykes.

From his earliest years young Walter received from his parents that careful and constant religious instruction which might be expected from their principles and character. He also remembered, with affectionate gratitude, his nurse, a young person of exemplary piety, and of attainments superior to her station, who skillfully seconded his parents' efforts to instil into his mind

the first lessons of religious truth. At his home religion was not a matter kept for stated occasions, and brought out only at certain periods. He was accustomed to live with persons who habitually "walked by faith and not by sight;" and subsequently, in his early school-boy letters, it is touching to observe the perplexity with which he admits the notion, that there are others, not considered bad men, who have adopted another and lower standard of duty.

The subject of early religious education is beset with difficulties. Unskilful diligence is often as mischievous in its effects as careless neglect; and it was with not less admiration than gratitude that he, in after life, used to look back to his parents' instructions at this time. In a journal dated many years subsequently, reviewing the dangers and temptations of boyhood, he writes.

If I have been in any measure preserved from the evils which surrounded me, it has been owing to the prayers and the constant, affectionate, and judicious advice and direction of my beloved parents. They never disgusted me with religious reading, by forcing it upon me; and every day adds to my conviction of how much esteem and gratitude I owe them.

In the year 1806 he was placed under the care of the Rev. Legh Richmond, Rector of Turvey, as the tutor best qualified to continue the religious education begun so happily at home.

In the following year Mr. and Mrs. Shirley, while residing at Hull, lost their only daughter by an attack of typhus fever. This interesting child was blessed with that early view of spiritual things, which seems to be sometimes vouchsafed to those whom God

designs to call early to himself. Mrs. Shirley wrote to her son, now her only child, an account of his sister's illness, and "of the blessed evidence she gave on her deathbed of being a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven."

This letter has been found among his papers, carefully preserved. It concludes thus :

And now, my dear boy, while you sorrow for your sister, remember she is not lost, but gone before; the dead in a Redeemer do not die. We are hastening to that world where death shall have no dominion. We were not born to have an inheritance here. Oh, may your's be among the saints! Let a blessed hope that you shall go to her animate your soul. Set the Lord always before you; live as in his presence. Think often, should you like to languish on a dying bed, insensible to the comforts of God's love? Let your mind and memory be stored with divine truth; and whether you live may you live unto the Lord, or whether you die may you die unto the Lord; so that living or dying you may be the Lord's. To him I commend you, and am, with much affection,

Your afflicted mother,

A. SHIRLEY.

This was his first and only domestic affliction. He never again witnessed the visit of death at his own fireside.

It was long before his home recovered its usual cheerfulness; and his parents have ever remembered with affectionate gratitude his childish efforts, during this period of gloom, to beguile their sorrow.

After some time it became evident that young Walter's stay at Turvey did not contribute to his advancement in the ordinary business of education. His health was delicate, and his tutor was too much occu-

pied to give more than a general superintendence to his studies. He was accordingly removed to a school at Linton, near Latchingdon, in Essex where his parents then resided.

At this time Mr. Shirley received an intimation of the strong wish entertained by his kinsman, Robert Earl Ferrers, to renew an intercourse which had been interrupted for many years. This overture he thought it a duty to accept; and accordingly, after one previous interview, he brought his wife and son to pay a visit at Ratcliffe.

This meeting was important in its consequences to both parties. Lord Ferrers was much pleased with his young relation, whom at that time he looked upon as the probable heir of his honours and estates; and henceforward continued to take a paternal interest in his progress and welfare. Young Walter, on his part, always showed Lord and Lady Ferrers the duty of a son; and cheerfully devoted himself to them when in after years weighed down by infirmity and sorrow they toiled down the descent of life together to quit it almost at the same time.

It was during this visit that Lord Ferrers proposed to obtain for his relation a nomination to Winchester College, where the Shirley family were supposed to possess the privileges of founder's kin.

By the interest of a friend the nomination was secured, and with it, as was supposed, a provision for life. For to those who can claim kindred with the founder, William of Wykeham, the succession to a fellowship at New College (which to others is the reward of merit and seniority) is a matter of right and of routine. At the election of 1809, Walter was admitted a scholar of Winchester College; but soon

after the opening of the following half-year, it was discovered that his claim to the kindred of William of Wykeham was unfounded. Pedigrees were drawn up, and family archives searched by his father in vain, and thus his hopes of obtaining the desired fellowship were nearly destroyed; for another disappointment, not less heavy than the first, had overtaken him. The progress he had hitherto made proved on trial so unsound, that he was unable to keep the place which had at first been assigned to him. At twelve years old he found himself turned down to the bottom of the school; and, in order to gain the desired prize, he must toil his way to the top before he reached eighteen.

The prospect was sufficiently dispiriting—and that he was not dispirited, is one of the earliest proofs he gave of energy of character. His parents appear to have been deeply mortified, and his first letters are full of attempts to cheer them. He details with exaggerated glee all the little comforts his lot of junior in college afforded, and asks in triumph, "Am I not a happy boy?" If his cheerfulness was not assumed, it must be attributed rather to the sunshine within, than to the brightness of the prospect without. Though the days of "bullying" were even then gone by, Winchester was certainly a "hard" school. Although in reality the smallest of the great public schools, as its numbers are strictly limited, it is practically the largest, for the "commoners," instead of being dispersed in different houses, are all collected under one roof, and placed under the immediate superintendence of the head-master. By this arrangement the personal comforts of the boys, especially of the juniors, are diminished; but on the other hand important advantages are secured. A degree of

discipline is maintained that would be otherwise impracticable, and a much greater latitude is given for the choice of society. At this time, Dr. Williams, the present warden of New College, was the second master, and to his charge the boys of the foundation peculiarly belonged. For his kindness and judicious encouragement, the subject of this memoir ever entertained the warmest feelings of gratitude. No master was ever more deservedly popular; just and impartial, he was kind without ceasing to inspire respect, and indulgent without relaxing the discipline of the school. The head-master, Dr. Gabell, was a very remarkable man; his power of imparting scholarship was the theme of Dr. Arnold's admiration, and can never be forgotten by those who have witnessed it. Under such masters it is not surprising that the school was in the most efficient and flourishing state.

On first joining his class, young Shirley felt deeply the inconvenience of a trick of stammering which he had acquired in his childhood, and had hitherto done nothing to overcome; but it may be worthy of note that this habit, inveterate as it seemed, was completely cured by the slowness and distinctness as well as loudness of utterance which the Winchester method of "saying lessons," required.

At Winchester his health rapidly improved, and an ague which had obstinately hung upon him for some time, yielded to change of air, without any further recourse to medical aid.

It often happens that the early years of eminent men are so marked by peculiarities of circumstance or disposition, that each case seems to stand alone, and to convey no lesson of general practical utility. But young Shirley had little to distinguish him from the

generality of boys of his age; his talents scarcely exceeded the average, his attainments fell greatly below it; his tastes, habits, and amusements, were those of any other high-spirited boy. He was not distinguished by any precocious development of religious feeling. His spiritual progress was slow, but it was direct. His example may moderate the impatience of pious parents who cannot be satisfied unless they see at once the matured fruit of their labours; and on the other hand may quiet the apprehensions of those who fear that early religious impressions will prevent their sons being "like other boys," and weaken the health of the mind or body by premature excitement.

All his letters to his parents have been preserved, and give a faithful portrait of the workings of his mind. They are perfectly artless and unaffected, and in all that regards his own feelings open and confidential. On all other points they are reserved. They mention no names, except of one or two boys personally known to his parents; they speak of no event; they contain few particulars even of his own progress and studies. In this general character of reserve all school-boys' letters, whether unseasonably childish or precociously clever, will be found to agree. It is suggested by the instinct of the situation, and though to very anxious parents it is a source of uneasiness, it is probably, on the whole, advantageous to both parties. As regards the boy, it is necessary for the formation of his character that he should be thrown at once upon his own resources; as many would never have learnt to swim, had they not been roughly taught by being thrown at once into deep water. Much is borne and borne well, because it is unavoidable, and because there is no one to listen to complaints. For the pa-

rents' sake it is desirable that the petty adversities and temptations of a school-boy's life should be concealed from them, and that their anxieties should not be increased by hearing of distresses they cannot relieve, and dangers they cannot avert. These early Winchester letters, though childish in style and manner, exhibit on serious subjects a tone of earnestness which raises them far above the compositions of cleverer and better-instructed boys. It is remarkable that his moral progress far outstripped his intellectual attainments; and in many of these letters there may be observed a tone of considerateness and a vein of deep and serious thought, which contrast oddly with the feeble and inaccurate expression.

On first going to Winchester his efforts did not satisfy his parents or himself. In after years he was often heard to accuse himself of idleness at that time, and his early letters are full of answers to this charge; but it seems probable, however unusual such a case may be, that his self-defence is nearer the truth than his subsequent self-accusations. Backwardness in learning is the least of the evil consequences of neglected education: the powers of the mind are uncultivated, and in such a case the will to work does not immediately convey the ability to work with effect. Idle, in the common sense of the word, he could not have been; for in spite of all disadvantages he obtained a remove every year, then the usual routine of the school, and an average place in each.

Notwithstanding the labour which it cost him to keep up with the ordinary work of the school, he found time for much private reading, and he frequently mentions books which he has received from home or bought with his own pocket-money. Among

these none seems to have made a stronger impression than "Kirke White's Remains." The perusal of this work appears to have produced a lasting effect in strengthening his religious feelings, and many of his friends have heard him speak, in later life, with admiration, of the gentle earnestness of the young poet's character, and dwell on his writings with the fondness which only a book admired in boyhood can inspire.

He probably found in it the expression of thoughts which had been silently working in his own heart; the realization of that Christian boyhood the half-formed idea of which had presented itself to his own mind, and of which the school did not offer any visible type.

Among the circumstances which contributed to deepen his early religious impressions, must be mentioned a visit to Lady Mary Fitzgerald*, to which he often recurred with interest in later life. Her advanced age, her reputation for virtue and piety, and above all, the kindness with which she received him, deeply affected his feelings; and this effect was no doubt heightened by her tragical death, which occurred not long afterwards, and to which he thus refers in a letter from Winchester.

College, Winchester, April 19th, 1813.

I am very much grieved to hear of the death of Lady Mary Fitzgerald; it had been inserted in the papers before the arrival of your letter. Dear woman! I shall never forget the last words she spoke to me; "Young man, love the Lord Jesus; love him, young man." I hope I may love him here, until with her, I shall love and praise him for ever.

* Lady Mary Fitzgerald was the daughter of the first Earl of Bristol; she was unfortunately burnt to death in 1813, at the great age of ninety-three.

From his first arrival at Winchester he was an attentive and critical listener to the many sermons which he was called upon to hear in the chapel and cathedral; nor is it easy to over-estimate the benefit which (besides the obvious religious improvement) he incidentally and unconsciously derived from this mental exercise.

It does not seem to be fully perceived in general, how intimate is the connexion between spiritual progress and the general improvement of the mental powers, and how surely the neglect of one duty enfeebles the mind for the performance of another. Thus by inattention to the general business of education, many seem to think they are risking their chance of worldly distinction rather than their spiritual interests; and though they would not deny that the improvement of the understanding, like that of every other talent committed to their charge, was a duty not to be neglected, they do not feel how powerfully and immediately it affects their religious advancement. They are apt to misapply the assurances of scripture, that great capacity and high attainments are not necessary to love and serve God. They seem not to perceive that the peculiar favour with which the simple-minded are regarded, is intended to comfort those who have no great opportunities, and not to encourage to negligence those who have. The poor and simple who have made religion the absorbing interest of their lives require no cultivation of the understanding to command attention to her services; but the youth of our schools and universities, distracted as they are by various calls on their attention, a variety of worldly interests and duties, pleasures and passions, would do well to consider what need they have to cul-

tivate the faculties of attention and reflection; and how surely in the giddiness and thoughtlessness (which appears so venial) of extreme youth, is to be traced the origin of that torpidity and hardness which in after life paralyse the soul in its communion with God.

At the election of 1813, young Shirley was removed, together with the majority of his class, into the upper part of the fifth form. At this point of the school there is no further taking of places, and henceforth the object of the college boy's ambition, the fellowship at New College, depends much less on his own exertions, than on casualties which are beyond his control.

According to ordinary calculations Shirley's chance of a fellowship was lost; but just at this moment, when the obvious motive for exertion was withdrawn, and when many would have relaxed all further effort, his energies seemed awakened to fresh activity. Foremost among the secondary motives mentioned in his letters, is his desire to prove that the kindness of the friends who placed him at Winchester was not thrown away, and, since New College seemed beyond his reach, to obtain at some other college a scholarship or exhibition, which might lighten to his parents the expense of an university education. But the most powerful stimulant to exertion was his lately awakened desire for knowledge for its own sake, a desire (such as it generally shows itself in early life) ardent, vague, and indiscriminate. His letters are full of inquiries on several abstruse subjects, and various branches of knowledge. He longs to be acquainted with the principles of different sciences, and to learn the elements of several languages.

It is fortunate, perhaps, that at this period the ap-

proaching examination obliged him to confine his attention to a narrow compass and a definite object. To the study of the appointed subjects he applied himself with unremitting ardour. His schoolfellow, Sir George Robinson, who continued through life a valued friend, mentions among other reminiscences of those early days, the following plan of reading, which was attended with complete success. "During the summer months which preceded the public examination for the New College fellowship, it was usual for the senior boys to give up almost entirely the common amusements of the play-ground, in order to prepare themselves for the trial in the election chamber; but this in his case was dispensed with. He and I read our election business together, and that we might not lose our cricket in the middle of the day, we resolved to rise some hours before the usual time in the morning to make up for what we thus sacrificed to amusement."

Among the many books sent to him from home to assist his studies, one is mentioned which contributed in a remarkable degree to his success; it was T. Warton's edition of Milton's minor poems.

The study of this volume improved his taste for modern Latin composition, and seemed to give him a new insight into its mechanism. For on the same principle, that it requires less effort to copy a piece of mimicry, than to observe in the first instance and reproduce the peculiarities of the original, he found it easier to catch the classical turn of thought and expression from a modern imitation than from an ancient model.

In the summer of 1815 the long-expected day of election arrived. It may be proper to acquaint the reader that, after the nomination of two of the

founder's kin each year, the rest of the vacancies are filled up according to merit ; but as the place obtained in the school is itself the result of merit, it seldom happens that much alteration is made in the order of seniority. It was therefore a proof of extraordinary success in the examination when Shirley's name was advanced by eleven places on the election list. He had been complimented by the electors, especially on his composition, but had not ventured to hope for this favourable result ; and it was with hardly less surprise than pleasure that he found his nomination to New College secured.

CHAPTER II.

SOON after the termination of young Shirley's career at Winchester, his father was presented by Lord Ferrers to the living of Shirley. This circumstance permanently fixed the family in Derbyshire, which they henceforth began to look upon as a home, and whence, early in the following year, young Walter went to reside at Oxford. Great as were the worldly advantages of New College, it was not in many respects the college he would have chosen. There are imperfections which necessarily belong to the plan of the foundation, and which can only partially be remedied.

As it is recruited from the same school almost exclusively, it offers no change of society; but a much greater evil is, that the majority of the elected come up, after a period of exertion, with the prospect of relaxation and enjoyment. The fellows of New College have already secured those prizes which excite the ambition of other young men; and as at that time they did not go into the schools to compete for honours with the rest of the university, the stimulus of emulation was withheld.

The society at the period in question was not dissipated, but it was not generally studious or thoughtful. There was much of listlessness and idleness, joyless and unprofitable, indulged in at first from weakness, con-

tinued by habit, and leading to helpless prostration of mental vigour.

This state of things was well known at Winchester; and at the time when a fellowship seemed a prize beyond his reach, Walter frequently declared himself contented to miss the advantages of a place so full of deadly temptation. He came up to reside, fully aware of the danger, and prepared to meet it with resolution.

From the first he determined to adopt a plan of regular study; but it might be said, rather that his application was constant, than that his course of reading was systematic; in the religious part of it, however, he seems to have observed a certain method.

He began at this time to keep a journal, the only one which he ever kept in his life; and in this the employment of his time is carefully registered. Every day is marked by the study of some portion of scripture; an entry is made of a text peculiarly applicable to himself, or in some way containing the key-note to his meditations of the morning. In other respects his reading was more general, and at times more desultory, than could be safely recommended for general imitation. As yet he had had but little time to give to general literature; he now eagerly devoured many of the great English classics, which he had hitherto left unstudied, and read, for the first time, many of the books which usually form the delight of studious boyhood.

But though his studies were not limited nor directed by the requirements of university examinations, he exacted from himself a rigid account of their bearing on his general progress; and in that progress he steadily bore in view his great object of fitting himself for that service to which he purposed to devote the energies of

his life. He does not always seem satisfied with the wisdom, or even the lawfulness of his miscellaneous reading. In describing a visit to a friend, he expresses his admiration at finding on the table only books of theology. But later in life he took a larger view of the studies befitting a Christian minister, and heartily concurred in the opinion which Dr. Arnold expresses, that the man will be a miserable divine who confines his reading to divinity.

He also found time to give to the study of modern languages, the knowledge of which in after years proved of great service to him, and materially enlarged his sphere of usefulness. Nor can it be doubted that the refined taste and extensive knowledge which he thus acquired enabled him often to make a deep impression on hearers who would have received with coldness the lessons of a less accomplished teacher.

In the prosecution of his studies he was much indebted to the encouragement and advice of some of the senior fellows, especially Mr. Shuttleworth, afterwards warden of the college, and subsequently Bishop of Chichester. From Mr. Shuttleworth's accomplished scholarship and various knowledge he derived the greatest assistance in his classical and philosophical reading; and in the taste of the same kind friend he found his best guide in the wide field of general literature.

Among the undergraduates of his own college he formed some profitable intimacies, and gradually extended his acquaintance in the university among those whose congenial dispositions and agreement in religious opinion attracted his regard. As in the vegetable world plants extend their roots wherever the requisite nourishment is to be received, he seemed instinctively

to seek and find those whose religious feelings might impart fresh strength to his own.

The even tenor of his Oxford life furnishes no events for the biographer. A scholar of New College succeeds to a fellowship after certain probationary terms, and takes his bachelor's degree after the usual residence as a matter of course. Little change or interruption was occasioned in his studies by this event. At Mr. Shuttleworth's suggestion he applied himself each year to write an English essay for the bachelor's prize; and though in following this advice he was stimulated less by the hope of obtaining distinction than by the desire to cultivate his mental powers, he was ultimately fortunate enough to obtain the prize.

He continued to reside at Oxford during the term-time, and spent the vacations generally with his parents. As the time for his ordination drew nearer, his diligence in his studies redoubled, and the seriousness of their character became more marked. The following extracts from his journal and letters will give a specimen of the manner in which his time and thoughts were engaged.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

June, 1819.—Joined my father and mother, who were in lodgings at Daventry, for the sake of serving Woodford; lived very retired, and spent the greater part of my time reading and writing, except one week, in which I attended several Bible Society meetings, and spoke for the first time in public. I met on these occasions several excellent and sensible men; the two secretaries of the parent society, Mr. Hughes and Dr. Steinkopff: the latter, a man of great simplicity and fervent piety. The former showed me very particular kindness, and gave me much useful advice; he is

much better informed on literary subjects than is usual with Dissenters, and, as might be expected, is more liberal towards the Establishment. He recommended to me Foster's Essays; a book from which I have received more new ideas, and a greater insight into my own mind, than from almost any other I ever read. The first essay induced me to write a memoir of myself; and though such an employment is, perhaps, apt to make a man occupy too much room in his own imagination, yet the retrospect it obliged me to take was far more calculated to excite humility than pride. Mr. L. Richmond was there also, and recognized his old pupil in a very affectionate manner. I saw a good deal of Dr. and Mrs. Bridges, who were at Willoughby; and of Mr. Jones, the curate of Creaton. He has lived the greater part of his life at an inn, doing a great deal of good with very slender means, and highly respected, though never possessed of more than two hundred pounds per annum. He is of a warm, cheerful, contented disposition. When I saw him he expressed his gratitude that he had never been without the comforts, much less the necessaries of life. "My wants," he said, "are few, and I have always been able to supply them within my income. I have never even been without a horse, and that is a great comfort. Those are truly poor who create wants and cannot supply them; and our imaginary wants are much more craving than our real ones. Had I been richer, I should perhaps have married, and been plagued with a dozen children crying for bread." Having lived so long by himself, and written several publications, I expected to have found him possessed of a pretty good library; but no,—“I might have collected a library, but I have no room for books here; so I read them, and then pack them off to poor curates in Wales.” He gets clergymen's old coats for the same benevolent purpose.

In answer to a question I put to him about the reason of so many of Dr. Doddridge's pupils having turned out Socinians, he observed, that the mildness of Dr. Doddridge's character led him to hold very latitudinarian principles. He

was not very angry at any thing; and always taught his pupils to doubt and inquire before their minds were strong enough to answer the cavils they might meet with, or sufficiently well instructed in the school of Christ, to learn that there are many things, in the investigation of which faith, not reason, must be our guide. Perhaps one of the most striking features in his character is its simplicity. His countenance is open, and has an expression of much good sense and benignity, while his hoary locks give him altogether a truly patriarchal appearance.

I take the greater interest in Mr. Jones, as he and Dr. Bridges are the earliest friends I remember with any affection; they used, both of them, to play with me at Orlingbury. But Dr. Bridges is a very different man. He was talking to me, as we walked to church, of the difficulty he found, notwithstanding all the exertion he could make, and that is not inconsiderable, of arresting the attention of the lower orders. One would think his manner sufficiently extraordinary to keep his hearers from going to sleep; but he judges otherwise, and sometimes adopts expedients in his sermons of the strangest kind to prevent it.

After some very beautiful observations on the friendship of our Lord for the family at Bethany, he said, "Now I am going to ask you a most important question—it is the most important that ever was put to you; and I shall make a pause before I ask it—now I pause. Does Jesus love *you*? perhaps you will say, How can I tell? I will inform you. Do *you* love Jesus? for depend upon it if you love him, he first loved *you*."

In conversation he is entertaining and instructive; having seen a good deal of the world, and been much in the company of literary men, he has a large collection of ana, particularly of Dr. Parr, who is his curate. He is certainly an eccentric character, but a clever and well-informed man, an affectionate friend, and a sincere and fervent Christian. Passing through Leicester, I had the infinite satisfaction of hearing Robert Hall; never did I enjoy a higher intellectual treat. I went from mere curiosity, expecting to witness a

brilliant display of eloquence, but was very agreeably surprised to find his sermon addressed full as much to the heart as the head; that in the morning was particularly spiritual and awakening. "I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you." It is truly astonishing to see such ideas clothed in the most beautiful, chaste, and energetic language, delivered, to all appearance, with such perfect unconsciousness of his great talents. He is afflicted with a dreadful pain in his back, to relieve which he leans over his pulpit, and I think he scarce ever changed that position; there was no noise, no starts, gesticulations, or thumping of the cushion; but he was calm, dignified, and composed; so little did one see of the man, that it appeared like the communication of ideas from one mind to another without any medium.

April, 1820.—It is distressing when we find that a passage in any book, a scene in nature, an individual character, &c., which impressed us with the most lively emotion, does not excite in our friend the same interest; *his* judgment is probably the most correct, and our partiality will, perhaps, be found to have originated in some pleasing association, or in the coincidence with the feeling of our own minds; all, in fact, depends on sympathy, and the great master-key of the human heart is the ability to tune it to that pitch which we think proper. It is in this that the power of delivery consists. From this source was derived a considerable portion of that astonishing influence which Whitfield exercised over his audience. His sermons are indeed forcibly written, but there is nothing which can at all account for the effect produced. In some instances no doubt the Spirit of God, quick and powerful, gave an extrinsic energy to his exhortations; but in most, it was the mere effect of natural eloquence, which appears from the transitory and superficial nature of that effect.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

New College, Feb. 1st, 1820.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I returned about a week since to this place, for my last term's residence, and should have answered your kind letter sooner, but fear it must have been left in Derbyshire. So the poor king is gone to his rest at last—I hope and believe he is gone to that rest which is prepared for the people of God. This is a cold atmosphere; literature informs the head but it rather chills the heart, and I sometimes fear that the sacred flame will be altogether extinguished. What a beautiful and encouraging figure is that of the lamp in the Temple, which continually received fresh supplies of oil from the golden vessel! I wish I were like you, my dear Charles, thrown ashore somewhere far from the dangerous influence of a heartless and compromising Christianity. There is, I think, much truth in your remarks on Foster's last essay; it is the character of the religion of the day, to sacrifice too much to a false idea of refinement; perhaps I may not have escaped the contagion, but certainly I have been sometimes tempted to smile, by the strange jargon which religious people occasionally make use of. There is not, perhaps, a more interesting class of individuals, or one which requires greater delicacy of treatment than that of inquirers, particularly if they have had a liberal education; anything, therefore, which might give unnecessary disgust to such characters should, if possible, be avoided. But by far the most formidable evil arising from the abuse of language alluded to, is the substitution of words for ideas, which is apt to follow the adoption of ready-made expressions, which do not always convey any very determinate idea. But I think Foster has gone much beyond the mark in his strictures on the heathen poets; his principles would hand over ninety-nine books out of a hundred to the hangman, and indeed lead to monachism. Our Lord did not direct his people to pray that they might be taken out of the world, but that they might be preserved from the evil of it. The essays

are well calculated to promote a habit of reflection; and I am persuaded that, as far as human means are concerned, *he* will have the readiest access to the hearts of others, who is most accustomed to study his own. Leighton, in one of his admirable exhortations, insists much on the duty of dwelling at home, and remarks, that the greater part of mankind cannot be prevailed upon to pay *themselves* even an occasional visit; reflection distinguishes men from the brutes, and it is, I believe, that which makes the principal difference between man and man. It is a lazy idea which attributes the superiority of one man over another to that indefinite thing called genius; I do not mean to say that the distribution of talents is not originally, for wise purposes, unequal; but certainly we differ far more in the application of them. Farewell, my dear friend.

Believe me,

Yours very affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

In a letter addressed to his parents from New College, March 4, 1820, after speaking of his preparation for holy orders, and making inquiries respecting the books which his father would recommend, he adds,

After all, the most important preparation is that of the inner man; pure streams will flow from a pure fountain, and he who has himself drunk of the water of life will best satisfy the wants of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. I have just read "The Force of Truth"—a forcible picture of the wanderings of a strong and honest mind in the midst of error; but what struck me particularly was the necessity of personal experience in one who has the cure of souls; it is one thing to point out the danger, the more important duty, however, is to direct to a means of safety, to comfort those whose souls are cut down like grass and withered, and to encourage the trembling inquirer who scarce dares to believe.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

New College, May 3rd, 1820.

Your letter, which was directed to Derbyshire, found me here. I have been for some time intending to take my leave of this place, but have hitherto been unable. At length, however, I have summoned courage, and am now in the midst of that most disagreeable of all occupations, packing up. There is something in rooting up oneself from a place with which many pleasing recollections are associated, that sinks the spirits, although the change of situation will probably be, on every account, for the better. I begin to feel a fondness for Oxford of which I am almost jealous, since I fear it arises from a preference of literary society and leisure to the more important duties of life. Nothing, I am persuaded, would so completely unfit me for that office for which I am preparing myself, as a continued residence in college; and on that account particularly it is, that I am hurrying away into Derbyshire. My father is there to direct my studies, and to advise with me, and there is a curacy in the neighbourhood which he wishes me to take. It is within six or seven miles of Ashbourn, to assist a very pious and zealous young man about thirty-two, whose health prevents him from performing the whole of his own duty; so that I should not have the entire charge of the parish, and should be in statu pupillari; both the circumstances incline me to take it, feeling vastly incompetent to minister to the spiritual necessities of a parish from my meagre stock of divine knowledge; indeed, when I consider how little I know of the things of God, how superficial is my acquaintance with my own heart, and how immense the value of immortal souls, I am surprised at my own boldness in presuming to undertake such a charge; but the message I have to deliver is a simple, though it is an important one; and, if indeed I am called to be an ambassador of Christ, the Spirit will help my infirmities, and give me in that hour what I ought to speak. I spent the week before last at Winchester, indulging in Wykehamical recollections; and

during my stay dined with the Bishop of Hereford. He holds an Ordination at Hereford on the 6th of August, at which time I think of presenting myself as a candidate ; I am sure your thoughts and prayers will go with me. Feeling that I have in you one to whom my present, and still more my eternal interests are a concern, is indeed a great source of comfort to me. The experience of every day convinces me more and more of the worthless and precarious nature of those friendships which are not cemented by the sacred bonds which the service of the same master affords. I have seen boys, for whom I had the warmest affection, gradually become cool, distant, and reserved ; old impressions wear out, whilst those which we receive in their place, unless they are derived from the same source, only tend to remove us still farther from each other ; but of all things, mere acquaintances are in general the most troublesome and senseless things ; and on this account I am not sorry to leave Oxford, since it breaks off my intercourse with one or two whom I was obliged occasionally to visit, but whose society occupied time without being either profitable or interesting. My best friends, Brodrick and Barber, are leaving the University at the same time with me.

CHAPTER III.

It was Mr. Shirley's intention to quit the University on taking holy orders, nor did he ever reside afterwards at New College, except for a short time some years later, when he accepted the office of examining master for the responsions. It was arranged that before he proceeded to Parwich, the curacy to which he alludes in the preceding extracts, he should do the duty for a few weeks at Woodford, in Northamptonshire, a small living to which his father had been presented by the Chancellor, but on which he could not reside from the want of a house.

Mr. Shirley's fellowship gave him a title for orders, which he was to receive at the hands of the Bishop of Hereford, Dr. Isaac Huntingford, then warden of Winchester.

The following letters were written in the course of his journey to Hereford:—

TO HIS FATHER.

Worcester, Aug. 3rd, 1820.

As I have been riding along, I have often thought how stupendous the work to which I am about to devote myself, and how scanty the resources which I am bringing to it—how slight my knowledge of scripture—how superficial my acquaintance with my own heart, too ignorant for the lettered gainsayer, and without that simplicity of style and

manner which is suited to the simple inquirer after divine truth. I have indeed great need, my dear father, of your prayers that the Spirit would take of the things of God and show them unto me, and that he would enable me rightly to communicate to others the word of truth. If you talk to any of your good people at Woodford, whom I should treat "as fathers," tell them to bear with me, and instead of expecting much from a young man, to pray that more grace may be given to me.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Worcester, Aug. 3rd, 1820.

The road between Bromsgrove and this place is very magnificent. On the top of some high hills, I got a view of the Malvern range, with a very fine country on every side of me. I always find my mind gets vigour as it takes in a large bold view of the glories of nature; and in this instance as I stood up in my stirrups and looked around me, I forgot my fatigue, and felt as if I could ride a hundred miles without resting. I wandered this morning to the cathedral, and had the enjoyment of hearing the service performed. The building is very flat outside, but there were several objects of interest within. King John is buried there, the weakness of whose government was of more real service to the liberties of Englishmen than were the wisdom and vigour which we are so fond of admiring "in the days of good Queen Bess." But two things struck my fancy wonderfully. The one an old woman, stooping over a bench in the choir, her hands in a praying attitude, moving upwards with her heart towards heaven, while her tremulous frame just tottering over the grave, formed a beautiful contrast with the energy of her soul, which seemed to be totally absorbed in devotion—this was the work of God. What I am going to describe, was a copy of that noblest work of God, "an honest man," by Roubilliac; what I refer to is the monument of John Hough, Bishop of Worcester; but I have not room, and must tell you more about it in my next, in which I will also give you more particulars about myself. May he, who gave the

apostle what he should say, be a mouth and wisdom to me on Saturday; and be in an especial manner with me on the following important day. This is my prayer; it is, I believe, the prayer of more than one of my dear friends; but I am persuaded it will be uttered by none with more fervour than by yourself. May it be effectual.

TO THE SAME.

Hereford, Aug. 6th, 1820.

I have just returned from the Bishop, and have been writing my father a full account of the examination. The more solemn part of the business, and that which is more between God and my own soul, takes place to-morrow. The ordination will be public in the cathedral, and afterwards all the candidates will seal this dedication of themselves to God by partaking of the Sacrament with the Bishop. The candidates are not numerous; I think about twelve. — is not here, he was ordained lately at Winchester; but there are several Wykehamists here, one in particular who was remarkably dissipated, has got the charge of 5000 souls in S——: what an awful charge! but I am happy to say he is much altered for the better, and I was particularly struck with the seriousness of his manner and conversation. I wrote to you from Worcester. I think I left off with the old woman at prayer in the choir; the other sight was the monument of Dr. Hough, by Roubilliac, the most animated piece of sculpture I almost ever beheld; his hands are clasped, and his fine countenance turned upwards towards heaven, seems to exult in the anticipation of waking up after the likeness of his Redeemer. The epitaph describes him to have been a man of a firm and masculine mind, but of the most amiable temper, his conversation was full of piety and good sense, his style was elegant, nervous, and impressive. He served God by his talents, and honoured him by his life, and defended the principles of the Reformation and of the Gospel against the attempts of the papists in James the Second's reign. "Blest with uninterrupted health (this is the concluding sentence) and tranquillity of mind; happy in his life and

in his death; full of honour and full of days; in the ninety-third year of his age, and fifty-third of his consecration; in the entire possession of his understanding; in the consciousness of a well-spent life; in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection, he expired without a groan." If anything short of the substance of that good old woman's faith were worth dying for, it would be to have such an inscription to one's memory on such a monument. But even this honour is vain and transitory; and if the sufferings of this present life are not to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed, much less is the honour which cometh of man to be compared with that which cometh of God. I intended this letter to have gone to-day, but was obliged to break it off to go to the palace to subscribe the articles, and I have this instant returned from dining with the Bishop. I met accidentally with a brother Wykehamist here who lives at Brecon, and has invited me to go over with him there on Monday.

I did not leave Worcester until two o'clock. As I was setting out, a commercial gentleman, in the vulgar dialect a traveller, offered to accompany me if I would wait for him. This, as you may conceive, I was not very anxious to do; and therefore having suggested the possibility of his overtaking me, I delayed about Worcester until I thought he might have set out; but to my utter confusion he had taken another road out of the town, and we paid the first turnpike together. Escape was now out of the question, so I commanded my brave soul to endure it, and resolved to make the best of my bargain. He told me every uncle and aunt he ever possessed; his father was mayor of Leicester at this present time; and his brother was very clever. He told me about the state of trade, and explained his uncle John's plan for paying off the national debt—in short, he was talkative, fat, and good-natured; but one might as well attempt to escape from a nightmare as to let one's imagination loose with such a heavy burden at one's side. At one time I proposed to stop and sketch—my fat friend was not in a hurry; at another I would ride faster—his horse could trot a good pace

when put to it. At last we came to Malvern, where the scenery was too grand for me to be encumbered with this appendage any longer, so I fairly came to a halt; and though we had travelled only eight miles, ordered my horse to be rubbed down, and to have a feed of corn. Notre ami wished me good morning, and jogged on, saddle-bags and all. I was amply repaid for this delay by looking at the magnificent scene which stretches from the base of the range of hills at the foot of which the village of Malvern stands; and also by looking over the church.

From Malvern I rode on to Ledbury, but when within a mile of the town, I came to an extensive stone quarry, which I found to possess some very curious fossils. I asked some men who were working there, if they ever found any shells, "Aye, sure sir, a many; butterflies and sich." In short, I remained here a long time butterfly hunting: and on my arrival at Ledbury, found it was too late to proceed to Hereford. I therefore dined there, and spent the evening in comfort and quietness. The next morning I rose early, intending to reach Hereford by breakfast; but I began to feel very hungry, and seeing a tidy looking woman cleaning a milk-pail, I begged some new milk; the good woman was very kind, and not only gave me milk, but brought her best bread and butter, and offered me cider and perry "as good as any in the country." It was with difficulty I could make her take anything for this good breakfast, and I rode on not a little pleased with having bilked the inn-keepers, and having met with so pleasing an instance of rustic hospitality. By the way, I should have told you that the bishop has directed me to read the Gospel at the ordination to-morrow, which will be my first official ministration. I feel anxious to be engaged in the work, and see every day reason to be thankful for the opportunity of commencing my labours under such favourable circumstances as the retirement of Woodford appears likely to afford. I say appears likely, for God's ways are not as our ways, and perhaps, though I may think otherwise, a more bustling situation might be better for me.

TO THE SAME.

August 8th, 1820.

I set out from Hereford early on Monday morning to avail myself of the invitation I mentioned having received to visit Brecon. After a very delightful ride I came within sight of it, and found my friend, who had walked with his two sisters, some distance out of the town, to welcome my arrival.

If I might judge by the number and size of the churches, I should say that Brecon was once far more populous than it is at present. But this, I was told, does not appear to have been the case; that the houses being small, escape observation; and that they are inhabited by more individuals than in districts where refinement, by adding the comforts to the necessaries of life, makes each man occupy a greater share of room in the creation than he would otherwise require. The churches, however, are very far from being filled; but this arises from another cause, I mean the prevalence of dissent. The poverty of the clergy degraded them below their rank in society; nor did they make any attempt to maintain or regain it by secular learning or zeal in the discharge of their duties. Some few, indeed, were honourable exceptions to this remark. Actuated by that divine love which always displays itself in compassion for the souls of men, they made extraordinary exertions to rouse their countrymen from the stupid insensibility into which they had fallen. Their minds were too fully occupied with the great cause in which they were embarked, for them to confine themselves, on all occasions, within the strict bounds of ecclesiastical discipline, and they certainly were guilty of some irregularities. Whatever might have been their real motive, the clergy who were slumbering on in undeviating orthodoxy, made their irregularities the pretext to commence a persecution which ended in depriving the Church of men who were its only effectual supports, and who, having previously won the affections of their people, drew them away into separate places of worship. But the history of Welsh Methodism is too long and too grave a subject for one of my

chit-chat letters; besides which you probably know more about it than I can tell you, and if you do not, may receive much pleasure and information from reading our friend of Creaton's "Welsh Looking-glass."

Whatever may have been the cause, the effects of Methodism are very evident in the largest church, which bears every appearance of neglect, and where, as I heard, the vicar preaches to a very "select" assembly. The service is performed here alternately in Welsh and English; a practice which the activity of the present bishop has made very general. As I am talking about men and women rather than the scenery which it was at first my intention to describe, I must tell you that a visitation has just given me an opportunity of viewing the Welsh clergy. Of course I can only describe the outside: and from what I saw, there certainly was no ground to charge them with an undue respect for the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. Few were adorned with a gown; but those who had not this appendage wore bands proportionably long to make up this deficiency. The prevailing colour of their hair was black, and it was combed down straight. Their coats were for the most part cut in the way of the last century, with that extravagant consumption of broad cloth with which a quaker professes his humility, and a dignitary proclaims his importance. Which of these two motives influence my Welsh brethren, I will leave for the decision of more competent judges. You must understand me when I say that another article of their costume is uniformly black. Most of them wore top-boots, and the tops, which were not uniformly white, were appended to the above nameless article by a hempen cord. These and certain particulars, of which it is not easy to convey a distinct idea, such as their physiognomy, manner, and so forth, exhibited an appearance similar to what I should have expected at one of our cousin of Huntingdon's clerical assemblies.

You will be tired of reading this long prattle, and will fairly give it up when you come to the crossing, so I must wish you good-bye for the present.

In the retired village of Woodford Mr. Shirley took up his abode at a farm house, and there, in happy and profitable seclusion, he spent the first months of his ministry.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Woodford, Daventry, Aug. 14th, 1820.

I deferred writing till I could inform you of my ordination.

The bishop is a very amiable man, and always notices with particular kindness and attention those who have been under his care at Winchester.

I felt very thankful at having been conducted through what might have disappointed me of the object of my most anxious wishes and prayers. The following day I received orders; and I hope the Spirit of God sealed the ordinance, and that he will communicate to me that assistance by which alone I can execute the commission with which I have been entrusted. On Monday I rode to Brecon, on a visit to a friend. I ascended the highest mountain in South Wales, and had a view of the country for, I should think, forty miles round. There is a something sublime and elevating to the mind in standing upon such an eminence; buffeted by the winds of heaven, and detached from the little puny cares and occupations of men, to contemplate the magnificence of Omnipotence. On the summit of this hill there is a level area of about twenty yards diameter, and as I walked round with my head bare, and looked up to Him who created all these wonders, I wept through very joy and admiration. I returned from this grand scenery on Tuesday, through the beautiful country watered by the Usk and the Wye, to Monmouth and Cheltenham, and arrived within two miles of this on Saturday evening, having ridden fifty-three miles that day. I am very thankful, as it happens, that I did arrive here yesterday; for it gave me an opportunity of seeing my father; and as I preached, and read prayers before him, he

was able to point out to me my deficiencies. Let me hear from you soon, and tell me anything you think likely to be of use, on my interesting and important duties.

The following prayer is found in his journal of this date ;

O God, the fountain of all wisdom, in a deep sense of my own ignorance, and of that great charge which lies upon me, I am constrained to come often before Thee, from whom I have learned whatever I know, to ask that help without which I shall disquiet myself in vain. Most humbly beseeching Thee to guide me with thine eye, to enlighten my mind, that I may see myself and teach others the wonders of thy law ; that I may learn from Thee what I ought to think, and speak, concerning Thee. Direct and bless all the labours of my mind ; give me a discerning spirit, a sound judgment, and an honest and religious heart ; grant that, in all my studies, my *first* aim may be to set forth thy glory, and set forward the salvation of mankind ; that I may give a comfortable account of my time at the great day, when all our labours shall be tried ; and, if thou art pleased that, by my ministry, sinners shall be converted, and thy kingdom enlarged, give me the grace of humility, that I may never ascribe the success to myself, but to thy Holy Spirit, which enabled me to will and to do according to thy good pleasure. Grant this, O Father of all light and truth, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Woodford, Aug. 23rd, 1820.

After having had the pleasure of seeing you, it will be unnecessary for me to proceed in the account of my ramble, though this retreat is so very unproductive of incidents that I would gladly have had that fund to draw from. In fact, I do frequently draw from it, and with a foot on each hob tell myself all I saw, or felt, or thought. Do not however suppose that I do this for want of occupation ; it is only after

dinner, and now and then, when I have a mind to turn my chair from the table and take a quarter of an hour's holiday, that I do this. In general, time slips by much faster than I wish; I never was more fully employed, and never was engaged in a more delightful employment. Before breakfast I study a chapter in the Bible, which I explain in the best way I am able to the family at prayers. After breakfast I read and write until about one, when I go out and pay visits. I have only got three or four poor patients at present. What a difficult duty it is to visit the sick; nothing so convinces me how much I have to learn, as the deficiency I experience when thus employed. I was reading the concluding passage of the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which St. Paul requests the prayers of those to whom he was writing, that he might have utterance and boldness. He felt his need of these gifts, which formed perhaps the most striking feature of his ministry. I am persuaded you never forget me; but how much more need have I of that grace which alone can enable me to speak boldly as I ought to speak. I do find ease and fluency in composing sermons, but regret to find them, when finished, so deficient in energy and simplicity. I have told you all my difficulties, that, whether you or my father write next, you may know where I stand in need of advice. My father was preparing an episcopal letter for me; tell him, with my love, that I hope I shall not lose it. I really make a very decent hermit, and like solitude even better than I thought I should. I know nothing of what is going on, nor do I much care to be informed. The Queen may have been hung, drawn, and quartered, for ought I know to the contrary. I hope that God will preserve the nation from any danger on her, or rather on *his* account; but I am not an alarmist, and do not believe there is any reasonable cause for fear at present; believe me, I am more anxious to hear that you and a few others are well in mind and body, than I am about the fate of empires.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Woodford, Sept. 16th, 1820.

Good Bishop Wilson, whose life I have just read, says, that nature wants little, and grace less; and I am persuaded that the greatest happiness of which we are capable, here below, is to be expected when we are actively engaged in duty, and have reduced our wants so far within our means of supplying them, as never to fear distress, and to "have to give to him that needeth." Whenever I have the least headache, it makes me exceedingly thankful for the good health I have enjoyed since my residence here; for I feel that my spirits depend altogether upon my health, and I have nobody else's spirits to support me when mine are exhausted. If there are any two intervals of my life, in which I see the hand of a kind Providence more decidedly than another, it is the pause I enjoyed between leaving Winchester and going to Oxford, and the quiet opportunity of thinking and studying with which I have been favoured here. I must beg a copy of your notes of Robert Hall's Sermon. I have found much use for those notes which I had taken, at different times, and, when I do not compose without assistance, had much rather fill out such short abstracts, than clothe Mr. Simeon's one, two, three, skeletons. Daniel Wilson preached here, last Sunday, a very excellent sermon. I held a plate, and was vastly amused with the characters of the people who cast in. One honest old brother, with his full brown coat, gave me, with all his heart, two half-crowns. Then came strutting along that Mrs. —, the simpering mistress of £1000 per annum. She dragged from her unwilling pocket a splendid shilling; and then, as if half ashamed of her magnificent donation, lingered back, directing my attention to her maid, who was following in her train: "non deficit alter argenteus," and a silver sixpence jingled in the plate. "My son, give me thy heart;" that is the only way to the pocket.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

1820.—*Hoc age* is the greatest wisdom: do not indulge in distant speculations. It is much better economy to make use of the resources we possess, than to spend our time in calculating how we may increase them. It is better divinity to do good works, than to speculate whether they are the cause or effect of our election. It is better philosophy to study how we may enlarge and make the best use of our mental powers, than to inquire into the origin or certainty of knowledge. The reason that so little proficiency is made in knowledge is, that men are not sufficiently practical in their pursuits, but are perpetually following what Lord Bacon so often calls Atalanta's balls. This is the error of a listless and unenergetic mind; but he who thus wanders in the regions of high and desultory speculation, will at length discover that he has deserted the straight though narrow path of truth in search of some ignis fatuus, some meteor of the fancy, splendid indeed, but transitory and unsubstantial.

The mechanic who is toiling through the day for the support of his family, is influenced by affection or by piety. Still, however, this influence, though real, is remote; and the object immediately present to his mind is wealth. But when he returns in the evening to the bosom of his family, the exalted influence resumes its importance, and his mind is warmed and purified by receiving into it all the charities of domestic life. Thus it is, on a larger scale, with regard to God. The constant object of every good man is to live to the glory of his Maker and Redeemer; but the detail of his life is often directed by subordinate motives. In those seasons, however, which are set apart for devotion, when sickness snatches him from the turmoil of worldly occupations, or when the recurrence of the Sabbath opens a harbour for his troubled thoughts, then it is that the love of God bears undivided and immediate sway within his breast.

Why am I to look to Jesus? To be fed by him with the bread of life; to be conformed unto his image; to be

saved by him from the penalty of sin. What do I see in him? I see him to be man; persecuted, crucified, forsaken, an offering for sin. But what hope is there here? As man he owed this obedience, perfect as it was; nor could his sufferings have any expiatory merit whatever. But I also see him to be God. Here is something for my soul to rest upon; here is infinite merit, infinite power, infinite love! But why not look to God the Father? What! to my Judge! to infinite justice, to infinite holiness? What hope have I there? His hand is armed with thunders against my sins. Besides which, how can I look to God, considered in the abstract? There is nothing for my faith to attach itself to, there is nothing for my mind to lay hold of. If I try to think of him, who is he? what is he? where is he? how is he? I cannot tell—I do not know—I am lost in the idea. Then look to Jesus; there is his express image.

People speculate about Southey's motive in writing the life of Wesley. Dissenters think it is a deep-laid scheme to support the tottering fabric of our Ecclesiastical Establishment. High Churchmen think that it was his intention to laugh at the Methodists, but that he has rather burned his fingers: in short, that he is much too kind to Wesley, his followers, and his tenets. Church people of piety, particularly if they are Calvinists, think that his object was to aim a deadly blow at vital religion, by great professions of candour towards the Methodists, accompanied with those little insidious remarks which hitch in the mind, and leave an impression which weighs down a whole page of eulogy. I am inclined to think that his motive was far more simple. He is an author by trade. A life of Wesley would be a good speculation. He is very fond of studying man, and has had very extensive opportunities of doing so. The history of Methodism presents many curious cases of theopathy; many very extraordinary psychological phenomena; wonderful instances of moral salivation; some splendid ghost-stories, &c. Southey is a curious reader; deeply versed in the old chronicles, the "Acta Sanctorum,"

&c.; and why not read the works of John Wesley, as curious as any of the others? Perhaps to this may be added the circumstance of Southey's having been in America and Germany, where he has heard and seen much of Methodism and its cousin Moravianism. Now, putting all this together, I can easily conceive Southey to have written what he has, merely from the bent of his own mind, without any design, sinister or otherwise, towards the followers of his hero. Whether the book may not injure them, and with them the cause of real religion, is another question. Southey is certainly somewhat on the smile throughout; and there is always danger in treating a religious subject in this temper. The soil of Methodism is rich, highly manured; there is much good corn, and abundance of weeds. Many of these weeds are interesting to the botanist; and Southey has gone in search of them, without being sufficiently careful of the wheat, which he treads down and pulls up in all directions. And yet the general tone of Southey's mind is above that of the great proportion of his readers, to whom he may perhaps be of some service; and those who have souls in sympathy with the beautiful passages of Christian experience which he quotes, will derive much pleasure and profit from them, and will be sufficiently fortified to resist the influence of his cold or sneering observations. Perhaps there may be some well-meaning and pious people whose ideas will bear lowering to something more like common sense, and whose phraseology will bear reducing to something nearer the converse of ordinary mortals.

The following letters appear to have been addressed to a friend holding Socinian views. They are given to the reader as they were found among the late Bishop's MSS., without date or name, but supposed, from collateral evidence, to have been written early in the year 1821:—

The reason that different people arrive at conclusions so totally opposed to each other from perusing the same book,

or listening to the statement of facts or opinions, is, no doubt, that they come to the investigation with preconceived notions, which place each in a different point of sight, so that the one cannot perceive distinctly, if indeed he discover at all, that bearing of the subject which strikes the mind of the other observer with the greatest possible force and perspicuity. You will see the drift of these observations. I mean that they should apply to the study of the Bible in general, and more particularly, in the present instance, to the examination of the accompanying volume. But, to be more explicit, I think it is of the greatest importance that we should bear constantly on our minds the real object to which our attention should be directed. The object of this inquiry is, whether certain articles of faith, which you may have hitherto overlooked or neglected, are or are not contained in the Bible. Now if you were to confine your attention to those passages which assert the unity of Jehovah, the manhood of Jesus, this would clearly be standing precisely where you were before; and you would therefore still see that side only of the subject which you had contemplated before. We do not deny either of these propositions. We assert them as unequivocally as any who call themselves Unitarians can do. But the question is, whether, beside these truths, there is not also another revealed, namely, the union of the divine and human natures, in the person of Him who, "though he thought it not robbery to be equal with God," yet condescended to take upon him "the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men." (Phil. ii. 6 and 7.) The mysterious nature of this truth must always involve it in a certain degree of obscurity, when addressed to beings of such limited capacities as ourselves. It was, indeed, in the power of God so far to have elevated our natures above their present fallen and debased condition, that we might have comprehended such a truth. But this His wisdom has not thought fit to do; and we must consider man as he is, not as we may suppose he might have been constituted. The simple answer, however, to such objections as these is, "Shall the thing formed say unto him that formed it, why

hast thou made me thus?" We are in a state of probation, in which not only our obedience but our faith is brought to the trial. Such an explicit statement of the hidden things of God as some people require, might perhaps have been made, so as to leave the understanding no possible subterfuge. And if the only object of God, in proposing these truths to his creatures, had been to gain the assent of their understandings, we may imagine that this would have been the case. But the mere assent of the understanding is not what God requires: it is not that faith upon which so much stress is laid in his word. What could be more important to the Jews, than to be well informed of the character and offices of Him that was to come? But how was this event foretold? Why, with that mixture of clearness and obscurity which, while it was sufficient to enlighten the minds of those who, in humble faith, were looking for the spiritual redemption of Israel, proved a stumbling-block to the proud, disputing Pharisees: and thus it is now. The only proper state of mind in which to approach the oracles of God is, "What I know not, teach thou me." It is an humble consciousness of our own blindness and ignorance, and a deep-felt sense of our entire inability to save ourselves, and a consequent despair of everlasting happiness, unless that God whom we have offended "make his soul an offering for sin." But if we are constantly asking, How can this be? Is this consistent with the Divine nature? Is this reconcileable with the responsibility of man?—this is not faith, this is not a teachable spirit; but is that human wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of God. We have not yet got powers such as the cherubim; how then can we expect to comprehend fully those depths which even they look into with wonder and admiration? There is much wisdom as well as Christian humility in the remark, I think, of Pascal, that the same thing cannot, at the same time, be the object of faith and of reason; much less can that which is the object of faith be subject to reason. My reason tells me that A. is worthy of credit: I believe his testimony. While I was ascertaining the credibility of A. there was no exer-

cise of my faith; and when I rested in my subsequent belief reason was silent; it had done its work. Let us ascertain distinctly the provinces of faith and of reason; and may God enable us to keep each within its proper bounds. You will find many admirable remarks on this important subject in different parts of Bacon's works. The existence of God—the authenticity of that book which professes to be a revelation of his will—the question whether this or that fact or doctrine is to be found in the Bible;—all these are objects of reason; not, indeed, that reason will be likely to form just conclusions on them without the Divine assistance. There is, in the human heart, so much that is opposed to the humility and holiness which the Bible inculcates, that the bias is strongly towards the rejection of such a revelation; but, beyond what I have mentioned, reason has no right to advance. And, if reason could go farther, what would be gained by it? Reason might build a beautiful system of ethics: so could Socrates or Cicero. But religion is more than a system of ethics. Reason may erect a theory of theological metaphysics; but Christianity is more than this. It is an *inward, practical belief* of the Bible. Now look at the Bible; observe its tone, its temperature, and say whether these systems of ethics, these metaphysical theories, that rational or philosophical Christianity, are not below zero. I can conceive of no better test than this. If St. Paul had thought as these people do, where would have been his zeal, his warmth, his animation? Would he not have preached and written as they do; dry, cold, ethical, and unimpressive?

I hope that you will not mistake my motive in writing this letter, or sermon, or preface, or whatever else you may think fit to call it. If I did not think the subject of *vital importance*, I would not waste either your time or my own about it. Believe me, I would not walk across the room to persuade a man to join this or that religious communion, or to gain his assent to nine-tenths of the controverted dogmas which set Christians scribbling angry pamphlets at each other. The essence of Christianity lies in a very small

compass; for that I would contend earnestly. On other matters, *piu tranquillo io sono*.

TO THE SAME.

As I shall, in all probability, not have another opportunity of conversing with you at present, I wish to make one or two remarks on the note which I had the pleasure of receiving from you yesterday. I am sorry you should have fallen under your own displeasure, on account of what you said about the — invitation, and can assure you that we were much more lenient judges of your conduct than you were yourself. I like calm and friendly discussion, being persuaded, that when my motives are fully understood they will bear looking at. You know my reasons for not engaging in amusements of this nature. Perhaps, had I greater stability of mind, I might walk in the fire without being hurt by it: as it is, duty does not call me there; I know that my mind requires to be watched with more than ordinary jealousy and care; and my habits of life make me independent of such amusements. Indeed, they rather make me run away from the bustle of a crowd to the snug, and, to say the least of it, less dangerous enjoyments of a friendly fireside. I cannot help thinking there is a more than ordinary degree of circumspection and gravity, I had almost said of reserve and severity, required in one who has solemnly dedicated his whole man to the service of God. But, whatever we may think upon these subjects, the common people, who, though easily duped by specious doctrines, are very acute judges of conduct, will instantly lose much of their respect for that minister whom they observe engaging in pursuits which they think to be inconsistent with the clerical character.

When I had it in contemplation to request your attention to Mr. Burgh's book, the only objection which occurred to me was, its being written in a controversial form. Do, pray, endeavour to forget that there are such people as Messrs. Burgh and Lindsey. I believe Mr. Lindsey to have been an honest man, and certainly should require very strong

proof to convince me that he had been guilty of a wilful perversion of Luther's expressions: that is to say, that he was not an honest man. But I have not, at present, a very distinct recollection of the passage in Burgh to which you refer. I think you must acknowledge that Mr. Burgh has, in general, written with more mildness and candour than controversialists usually think it befitting them to assume. But, even if he had not, I should not take much trouble to defend him; because I wish the question to stand or fall by its own merits, not by those of its supporters; many of whom, I am very ready to acknowledge, have manifested a spirit very unworthy of the holy and humbling principles for which they were contending, and who thus proved how possible it is to have all knowledge without one spark of charity, how easy to acknowledge an abstract principle without experiencing its influence upon the heart. I always feel a certain degree of uneasiness when talking of the moral tendency of the doctrine in question, being well aware of the personal argument to which I expose myself. I cannot but see myself outdone by many, whose religious opinions I cannot but think (and charity compels me to state my opinion) to be fearfully erroneous. But of this I am certain, that if there is any time in which my mind, raised a little above the earth, is less than usually insensible to the spiritual and temporal wants of those around me, and less exposed to the turbulence of conflicting passions, it is when contemplating, with the most fixed attention, the abundant love of God to sinners in assuming our nature, and enduring that punishment with which his justice compelled him to visit our sins; then it is that I perceive the full weight of my obligations to Him who died, that we should not "henceforth live to ourselves, but unto him that gave himself for us," and has acquired the right of a master over all our powers of mind and body. I agree in some measure with your objections against a too close definition of the nature of this mysterious union. I am not anxious to know *how it is*; the inquiry would be presumptuous; it is sufficient foundation for my hope to rest upon, if the Bible assures me *that it is*. I shall be very happy to talk on Burgh with

you when you have read him ; but let us keep the question clear of extraneous matter. The Bible is the only complete tribunal ; and it is to the Bible I must appeal. The best chapter in Mr. Burgh's book, and, indeed, the only one to which I have paid very particular attention, is that in which the passages of Scripture bearing upon the subject are brought together. Read St. John's Gospel, and try whether, according to your present view of the subject, it is not involved in inextricable obscurity and confusion. Look also at the Epistle to the Hebrews, particularly the first chapter ; and at the Epistle to the Colossians, particularly the first fifteen verses of the second chapter.

I hope that you will excuse what I have said and written to you on this subject. If you will allow me to call you my friend you will, I am sure, have given me ample means of making my defence. There may, however, have been some faults of manner, for which this will be very far from being an apology. I fear this may have been the case in the sheet which I wrote the other day at P——. My mind was warm with the subject, and, perhaps, my pen ran along somewhat roughly. If you think this was the case, I hope you will do me the kindness to burn the paper to which I allude, and forget that it was written. I hope you are not yet arrived at the eleventh hour, but have some half-dozen more hours yet to run. Happy indeed should I be in having been honoured as the humble instrument of cheering them by that blessed hope (see 1 Peter i. 8) to which I am most anxious to direct your mind.

TO THE SAME.

This is not a letter, though it looks like one, but talk ; and my reason for not waiting till the 20th to give it to you, *vivâ voce*, is the same that made me rather avoid a subject to which you alluded in the letter I had the pleasure to receive the other day. My reason for not entering with you into the causes which prevent the mind from receiving the truths of Revelation was, that I thought you had considered some expressions which had dropped from me respecting pride of heart, as a principal source of unbelief, as intended

to apply personally to yourself. I had not the courage to meet such an accusation. But I can write coolly what I could not, perhaps, have said without embarrassment. Allow me then to assure you, that I had no such intention. My remark was a general one, and as such, I believe it is well founded. Under a strong impression of its general accuracy, I threw it out rather to elicit from you the tendency of your mind, than from any more direct motive. I could not take upon myself to affirm, because I had not possessed sufficient opportunities of ascertaining, what it was which had influenced your opinions on the important subject about which we had been conversing. I knew, indeed, from the first, that you had much to encounter from early prepossessions, from the influence of those whom you loved and respected, and from having read books almost exclusively on one side of the question. I now see quite sufficient in these circumstances to account for the difficulty you found in receiving the divinity of our Lord; and even if I might at first have been induced to add pride of heart to the other causes, I can assure you most candidly, that I should now erase it from their number. Nothing extends my charity to others so much as looking back upon the history of my own mind. I was favoured with the pious instructions of most anxious, but at the same time most judicious parents. The principles of Christian faith were early inculcated on my mind, but religion was never forced upon me. Religion was presented to me in its most lovely form, producing happiness and contentment under very great afflictions; and though it existed in a degree which some people might think precise and overstrained, yet I saw nothing cynical or morose in it, and I was convinced that, if the Bible was true, the one thing needful demanded the entire man, and was certainly much more than people were in general inclined to allow it to be. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, my mind became unsettled, and wandered from error to error, until it sunk into a state of listless scepticism. I cannot look back at this period of my life without the deepest remorse; but the retrospect fills me with gratitude to God for having roused me

from such a condition; it makes me anxious for those I chance to see holding sentiments which formed one of the steps which led me into that abyss; at the same time I can easily account for the difficulty they experience in receiving truths, which I found it so much beyond my power to retain. I am persuaded that I do not aggravate the matter when I say, that in my case there was an abominable mixture of ignorance, weakness, and pride; and every time I look into my own heart now, I see strong traces of them still remaining. We have an arduous conflict to fight, let us ever be looking to the Captain of our Salvation, who has overcome our great enemy, and who can "cover our head in the day of battle;" may He guide us into all truth, and keep us by his power, through faith, unto salvation. But if a sense of our weakness should send us to Him who is our strength, it should also keep us out of the way of temptation.

I am persuaded that the principles I maintain are, in the main, true—that is, that they are founded on the word of God; that by them only can the different parts of revelation be reconciled with each other; that they, only, form a system of faith, which comes up to the spirit and tone of the Bible; that they, only, point to a method by which the love of God can consist with his justice, which requires perfect obedience, and consequently, that they, only, give me any well-founded hope of attaining to everlasting happiness. What has any body to offer me in lieu of such a hope as this? Why am I to risk its loss by retracing my steps over that thorny path I once trod? No, my belief is fixed; and even if I should meet with some objections which I could not answer, some apparent inconsistencies which I could not reconcile, yet I go to the Bible, and there I find quite enough, after all that an ingenious sophistry can deduct from it, to warrant my faith, and I am silent. I hope you will excuse all the egotism which this sheet contains, but should it by any accident fall into other hands, they might not be equally charitable; you must therefore be content to guess who it is that assures you of his sincere regard.

These notes from Mr. Shirley's common-place book,

seem to refer to the same subject as the preceding letters.

After having been discussing deep matters in religion with —, we went together to see a poor woman. She had been in a state of absolute despair, and even of derangement, but had received comfort from hearing in a sermon that the Son of God came to take our sins upon himself, and to deliver us from the guilt and punishment of them. On leaving the house, I said to —, See the consolation which that humble believer receives from the doctrine which you reject. See the delightful temper which has been produced by that doctrine which you think to be injurious to morality. I believe that this had more weight than all my former arguments.

CHAPTER IV.

MR. SHIRLEY'S ministry at Woodford was short, but it was singularly acceptable to his flock; and he had subsequently many touching proofs that, short as it was, it had left a lasting impression on the hearts of many. To himself this was a period of much enjoyment, to which in later life he often referred with pleasure.

He left Woodford to reside with his parents at Ashbourn, and to fulfil the engagement he had made to undertake the curacy of Parwich for the Rev. J. Dewe, whose declining health prevented him from performing his own duty.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

At Woodford I was becoming popular—a most tremendous pinnacle to be placed on. At Parwich I feel but little interest in the people; and they have been too well fed to be satisfied with the meagre diet which I give them; the consequence is, that I find an increasing listlessness coming over me. This is a very great evil. But what does all this prove but that I am impelled more forcibly by the desire of meeting with the approbation of men than by a sense of duty to Him whose servant I am. O Lord, impress me deeper with a sense of the value of those souls for which

thou hast bled; teach me more of thy will—give me more energy in thy cause.

. . . . If I were older, had more internal experience of religion, and felt more weight about me, I think I should say strong things from the pulpit; particularly if I ever acquired knowledge of my subject and confidence sufficient to preach extempore. Cecil is my beau ideal; and perhaps, if it should please God to spare my life and to give me spiritual knowledge as I grow in years, I may one day or another (*magno tamen intervallo*) be a little like Cecil; I feel a strong sympathy with that man, more than I ever remember to have felt with any person dead or living.

. . . . I believe that I have systematically suppressed my imagination, and cultivated my reasoning powers, that reason has checked feeling, and that my prevailing literary pursuits have been unfavourable to that simple, tender, unoccupied state of mind which is best adapted to the reception of the power of religion. But this is a very sad case. I try to pray, and sometimes succeed; but I find it much easier to pray for others than for myself. I love others, and pray to God for them that they may escape the evils into which I have fallen. But if I have any love to God, it is cold and lifeless, and does not make me find my greatest delight in communion with Him, which is, I am convinced, the greatest. I read my Bible, but I read with my head instead of my heart. O Lord God, pour out thy Spirit upon me; teach me—quicken me—that I may instruct others with energy and success.

The Death of Mr. Dewe, which occurred about a year after Mr. Shirley's removal to Ashbourn, was a source of unfeigned sorrow to him. He entertained a warm affection for this eminently holy man, and accounted it a singular privilege to have met, thus early in his ministry, with such a guide and instructor.

March 9th, 1822.—Just returned from paying the last

tribute of affectionate respect to dear Mr. Dewe. If ever there was a saint on earth, that man was one. Such simple unaffected piety, such ardent zeal, such delicacy of mind and tenderness of spirit, he always seemed as if his whole body and soul belonged to God, and to man for his sake; and though an invalid for several years, his personal sufferings were the last subject which occupied his thoughts; everybody was to be thought of but himself, everything was to be taken care of but himself. He was, indeed, a father to the children of his parish, and they were sensible of his worth. I observed their dear little faces suffused with tears during the whole of the service. He was not a man of rapturous feelings, was by no means of an imaginative turn of mind, and none but those who did not know him could charge him with enthusiasm. He did not even uniformly express those feelings of firm assurance with which some Christians are no doubt favoured; but sometimes even doubted his interest in the Saviour, and with that strict adherence to truth for which he was remarkable, would never disguise these sensations of doubt from those who conversed with him on the subject. The testimony, therefore, of such a man is peculiarly valuable, and it was one which I hope I never shall forget. As his end drew near, his doubts and perplexities seemed to yield to a certain anticipation of heaven. He exclaimed, "I see everything clearly with the eye of faith. I am deeply convinced of the truth of the doctrines I have held and preached. I see the absolute necessity of placing our whole and sole dependence on Christ. He is our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption—God in the world. I feel as if angels were surrounding me. I shall soon be among them; I am convinced they are always surrounding God's people—'I desire to depart and to be with Christ.'" With the agonies of death upon him, he said, "Do tell my dear people, that on my dying bed, and in the immediate prospect of eternity, I am deeply convinced of the truth of those doctrines I have preached to them." He often repeated, "I am going to Jesus." During the whole of his affliction he evinced an entire reliance on the merits and blood of his

Saviour. Christ he was ever acknowledging as the rock on which he built his only hope and joy. Nor was his conviction of his own interest less strong than his confidence in this being the only way of salvation. The last sermon he heard was from these words, "There remaineth a rest for the people of God." He was deeply affected, and wholly absorbed in the subject, during the whole sermon. In the evening he prayed with his family, and earnestly intreated that God would give them all the marks of God's people that they might worship him in spirit and in truth. This was the last time he prayed in the family. He said, "I would cheerfully suffer a thousand times more than I have suffered for the happiness I now enjoy. I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed. (Rom. viii. 18.) O, my dear gracious Saviour! I long to be with him. I feel the earnest expectation of the sons of God."

Shortly after this loss Mr. Shirley undertook the lectureship of Ashbourn for the Rev. Mr. Buckstone, whose increasing infirmities prevented him from preaching. As this office involved only two services, one of which was on a week-day, with no pastoral charge, he accepted the curacy of the neighbouring village of Atlow.

TO AMBROSE BARBER, ESQ.

January 5th, 1822.

. . . . I have always thought conformity with the world one of the most difficult questions of christian casuistry; some good people say nothing is more easy, cut it altogether; but this is impossible; I have, however, found such difficulty in ascertaining the line of demarcation, and in keeping on the right side of it, when ascertained, that I have been almost tempted to run away with them, and hide myself in complete retirement. When we sit down in our study to

calculate on what ought, and what ought not, to be done; we are apt to form many impracticable schemes, and allow some things which experience would prove to be dangerous. An enlightened and tender conscience, open to the dictates of the word of God, is, after all, the best guide; it will act as a sort of moral thermometer, and when kept in good repair, and honestly consulted, will tell us when we go too near the Arctic regions. They lie on both sides of the temperate zones. But the worst of it is, people will put their fingers to the bulb, and play other dishonest tricks with their thermometer.

When I began this I fancied myself so busy, that I could only write you two lines; but there is nothing so tempting as a bit of chat with a friend. It is well for my sermons and my essay, that you are not here in person. As for the essay, the theme is "The Study of Moral Evidence." It is very hard—will take much thinking—admits of little reading; and therefore, in my hands, will produce a large mass of original nonsense.

Subsequently, in the month of May, the prize was awarded to this essay of which he speaks so disparagingly by anticipation. Many very flattering opinions of it were expressed at the time. It was considered a very extraordinary performance for so young a man. His old schoolmaster, Dr. Gabell, wrote to him, "My objection to the subject was that it was too difficult, but you have proved me to be mistaken."

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Matlock Bath, March 27th, 1822.

I am always glad to receive your counsel on all subjects, but more particularly on those connected with my ministerial duties. The work appears to grow upon me, and to put my own insufficiency in a stronger light every day. There is a Greek Testament lying open before me, in the

• blank sheet of which are written those two texts, *πρὸς ταῦτα τίς ἰκανός*; and *ἀλλ' ἡ ἰκανότης ἡμῶν ἐκ τοῦ Θεοῦ*, and that is the only, and the sufficient solution of the difficulty. My people at Atlow are very ignorant; there seems, in general, to be very little interest about religion among them. The Methodists, even, have tried in vain to raise a congregation; and yet I ought to be thankful, for I have some who are a great support to me. Our school opened last Sunday with twenty-two children. It is very difficult to talk to children, and still more difficult to make them talk to you; and it is more difficult still to teach the teachers, so that they shall be able to attain both these very desirable ends. Can you give me any hints on these subjects? Have you seen the pamphlet published by the Irish Sunday School Society, and what do you think of it? In particular, what do you think of their ideas respecting praise, reward, and emulation? It is a very well written little book, and I think you would be pleased with it. There is another subject which has excited a good deal of interest of late. I mean Mr. Stewart's (of Percy Chapel) hints for prayer, for the general outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Tell me, if you please, what you think on this subject also. What is meant by *the* general outpouring of the Holy Spirit? It forms one of the questions for a clerical meeting in which I am now engaged, and comes on for discussion after breakfast this morning. We spent a delightful day yesterday, and I trust shall return home to our respective parishes strengthened for the work. There is something very animating in thus holding communion with those who are servants of the same master, independent of the information one receives from the remarks of an able and experienced man. I have often heard my father speak of "Edwards on the Affections," and intend to take the first opportunity of reading it. There certainly is a medium between the study of souls and books, and neither should be pursued to the neglect of the other; but their relative importance will, I should conceive, depend in some measure on the circumstances and character of each individual.

The foregoing letter alludes to the clerical meetings

at Matlock, which Mr. Shirley first joined about this time, and in which he continued to take the greatest interest for the remainder of his life. The subject is frequently referred to in his subsequent correspondence.

The following passage relating to this subject is extracted from a letter written to his widow by the Rev. Philip Gell.

“ I feel much interest in his connexion with our dear old Matlock clerical meetings, of which he became an early member, and, after he was Archdeacon, the constant director. He assumed no pre-eminence here, but in almost all respects he had it: and all knew that he deserved it by the real superiority of his talents, his attainments, and Christian graces; and no man ever engaged attention more by the real value of his remarks, independently of official influence, than he did.

“ He was the very man to regulate such a meeting; softening, as he did, the strictest requirement of order with the most acceptable gentleness.”

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

September 18th, 1822.

I am too well convinced of the pressing nature of your engagements, and have too much confidence in your affection, ever to need an apology for silence; you know I am always glad to hear from you, and I am sure you will write when you can. . . . Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to find several of those with whom I was educated, taking such serious views of the importance of ministerial duties, and feeling convinced that those sentiments which were so much spoken against, are, after all, the only road to men's consciences. I perceive, in many instances, smothered convictions which lead individuals to an approval, and encouragement in others, of what they have not got the grace to practise openly themselves. In some instances I can, with

heartfelt gratitude, say, that I perceive far more than this, and I believe that there is now a work going on among those chiefly about our age, somewhat below the surface, which will, in God's good time, appear and bring about glorious days for the Church of England and of Christ. I have a very strong impression on my mind, produced by many unconnected circumstances, that we live in a religious crisis of far greater magnitude than those who calculate merely on the agency of our religious institutions, however sanguine their expectations may be, are apt to imagine. May we be found urging on the wheels of His chariot. I am truly happy to hear that your confirmation has been useful. The practical benefit which you and others have experienced from that ordinance convinces me, or rather tends to make up my conviction, that the Dissenters take a narrow view of human nature. The *cui bono* too rigidly applied; is one of the most unphilosophical arguments that can be, to say no worse of it. My school causes me some anxiety, and I am ruminating all sorts of plans to increase the interest of both parents, teachers, and children in the cause. I was almost persuaded by a book written in general with much good sense, and always with much piety, to do without rewards, and with little, if any, emulation. But the children are at present composed of flesh and blood, and it will not do. I hope that there is a spirit of inquiry abroad in my parish, and the promise "Seek and ye shall find," encourages me to hope still better things for them, for it encourages me to hope for myself in the midst of much darkness, and not a little doubt, "faint yet pursuing." I would press on with trembling, though I trust believing steps. The death of the Warden of New College will probably bring me to Oxford; but I cannot promise myself another visit to Woburn just yet; for though you are my dearest and oldest, you are not, I am happy to say, my only friend.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

October 10th, 1822.—Introduced to Mr. Wilberforce. . . .

A large measure of grace must have been granted to the man who has gone through so long a course of public life without losing his ardour or simplicity of mind. I have seldom seen any one in whom the best qualities were more delicately balanced than in him—a sound judgment, a lively imagination, and a tender heart. The state of Ireland seems uppermost in his mind; and his opinion of Catholic Emancipation is the same as ever. He would have the Protestant clergy paid in proportion to the number of their Protestant parishioners, as a stimulus to exertion. He looks to India with sanguine expectations, and remarked with gratitude and wonder on the change of feeling and opinion which a few years have effected with regard to that country. Formerly it was said that any attempt to convert the natives would be a signal for rebellion, now we see a Missionary college quietly rising on the banks of the Ganges.

A sketch of the progress of moral and religious feeling in England since the Reformation collected from the spirit of the different public and private documents, and the institutions which have been formed in each successive period, would form an interesting work.

TO AMBROSE BARBER, ESQ.

February 18th, 1823.

. . . . It gives me great pleasure to hear of Heber's appointment to India; with his prospects, I really consider him as making a great sacrifice of interest to duty. I understand that the friends of the missionary cause have received very encouraging promises from him, and I do hope he will be blessed and be a blessing. When men get into India, and engage in large doings, they seem to lose all the little notions which contract our English mitres, and make them pinch the heads of those who wear them. It is impossible not to observe the operation of these causes (as secondary means) on Dr. Middleton's mind. The man's heart expanded, and I verily believe he is now praising God for having sent him to India, and I am sure the Church has reason to be thankful on the same account.

This is the last letter that has been preserved that Mr. Shirley ever wrote to this friend, who was a young man of great promise, talents, and piety. A few days of feverish illness terminated his mortal career in the year 1825. He was often alluded to in after life by the subject of this memoir as one whose memory he cherished with fond affection.

TO EVELYN JOHN SHIRLEY, ESQ. M. P.

August 1st, 1823.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

The remote situation of the living you mention at once decides me to decline accepting your kind offer; for though it would have given me great pleasure to have made the acquaintance of your mother and family, it is neither prudent nor desirable that I should accept a temporary charge, so far from my immediate relations, and the neighbourhood in which I shall eventually reside. Under these circumstances it is not necessary for me to make that distinct explanation of my views on religious matters, which I should otherwise have felt myself imperatively called upon to give; but I must in candour say (in reference to a remark in your letter) that, although I am very far from being an apologist for enthusiastic irregularities, and believe that my own failings are on the side of coldness and negligence; yet it is my sober conviction that the stigma to which you allude has, in a large proportion of instances, fallen on men, who were not only laborious and scriptural instructors of the people entrusted to their care, but were among the most conscientious adherents and effectual supporters of the Church of England. I have said thus much because I wish to act in an open manner towards one from whom I have experienced much kindness, and trust you will appreciate my motives.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Ashbourn, Nov. 4th, 1823.

I am glad to find that my letter was the first addressed to you at Old Newton, and beg that you will consider it as a pledge that I am unwilling to yield to any of your friends in affectionate interest in your welfare. By this time I should hope that the vicarage is nearly ready for your reception, and that you are tolerably acquainted with your new flock.

We are taking steps towards building at Shirley; and some gentlemen, appointed by a commission to inquire into the value of the living, are to meet there on Thursday to make their report; but there are many difficulties in the way. My dear mother is in much distress, in consequence of the death of Mr. Wm. Hoare of Limerick. He was a brother of the late Chancellor Hoare: and, perhaps, there is scarce an individual in Ireland whose death will be a greater public loss, to say nothing of the grief it will occasion his relations and friends. He was the life and soul of every thing that was done, in that most afflicted part of the country, to supply the temporal and spiritual wants of the people. He was a father to Limerick, and his death is mourned as that of a parent. The shops were closed; all business was at a stand; the bishop summoned his clergy to attend the funeral; the corporation went in a body; and it may be said that the City of Limerick followed, to testify their respect, and gratitude, and sorrow. He was killed by a fall from his gig, the day after he had been delivering, in the most emphatic manner, the message of God to his people; reminding them that before another sun should set, he who spoke, and they who heard, might be summoned to render up an account of their stewardship. This event is indeed a voice to work while it is day, and that with all our might. I am sure I have much reason for confusion of face before God, on account of my want of energy in his service: yet I trust he is pleased to bless my most unworthy labours; and I only wish I had time and opportunity to relate to you the

interesting scene I witnessed last night at Atlow, where I went to visit a poor family who had lately lost their head. I trust that the event has confirmed the work of grace in the mind of a young man whom I had for some time observed in a very serious state of mind.

TO THE SAME.

Ashbourn, Feb. 18th, 1824.

I have been absent nearly a month, wandering about among some of my friends, and take the first opportunity, since my return home, to reply to your last kind letter. I have seen and heard several things which will interest you. What presses most on my mind at present, is the very serious attack of illness from which my dear father is but just recovering. I have felt that such visitations serve to bring futurity more distinctly within our view; and while they remind us that our dearest earthly blessings are suspended on a slender thread, make us value them more, and certainly tend to increase our affection for each other, lest, when the sum of tender feelings and kind offices is for ever closed, we should be pained by the bitter recollection of all that we might have ministered to the pleasure or instruction of each other. College business took me to Oxford; and I was very glad of the opportunity to see how things were going on in a place in which I take a very great interest. I was delighted to receive your testimony of —, though I had heard, from other quarters, that a great change had taken place in his habits and sentiments; and a great change indeed it must be. But he is not the only instance, though certainly the most striking one, of the mighty power of Divine grace. One Fellow of New College, who had led a very frivolous, not to say an immoral, life, up to the time of his taking orders, had from that period become serious and devoted to the service of his Master. I corresponded with him, and marked with joy and gratitude his advance in every Christian attainment. I hoped that his very superior talents would have made him eminently serviceable to the

church of Christ, and that his example would have had its influence among his college friends : but it seemed fit to the Head of the Church that it should be otherwise ; and my friend has departed in the faith and fear of God his Saviour. I heard some particulars about him at New College ; for there are others there who could enter into his feelings, and rejoice in his testimony. One other Fellow, whom I remember, formal and ignorant but decorous, had been, since I last met him, to Geneva, and had received much benefit from his intercourse with the few simple and affectionate Christians, who have preserved the purity of their faith in the midst of the heresy which prevails there. A third Fellow I could talk to you of even with tears, such as a letter I received from him not long since could not fail to draw from any one who had the least spark of Christian love. I could tell you some good things of several others ; but we will pray that their faith may be strengthened and their number increased. At Clifton I had an opportunity of seeing my dear old friend your uncle. He looked better than I expected, and was very cheerful.

I spent two days at Bath, and heard Mr. Jay preach. He is a very extraordinary man. There is a commanding energy in his manner, and a weight in his style, which gives authority to what he says, and secures attention ; for he is evidently in earnest, and utters the result of much thinking and prayer.

TO A COLLEGE FRIEND.

Ashbourn, Dec. 29th, 1823.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I happened to be from home when your truly interesting letter arrived, and now hasten to assure you that it filled my heart with joy on your account, and with gratitude to Him who has, I trust, made you partaker of his grace. I hope that, in the words of the apostle, I may go on to express my confidence that He who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ : and it shall indeed be my earnest prayer, that your love may abound yet more

and more in knowledge and in all judgment. I only regret that you have not some friend whose experience and Christian attainment would render his advice more useful to you than mine can be; but I am glad that you have learned that no Christian need say that he is destitute, for he has a Father, a Friend, and a Counsellor, in Him to whom all hearts are open, who knows all our wants, who can perform all our petitions, and who has promised to dwell with those who are humble and contrite, and who tremble at his word, and to give his Holy Spirit to those that ask him. I observed with pleasure the serious turn which your thoughts appeared to have taken when I last saw you at New College, and I have reason to accuse myself of not having spoken to you more fully both on that and on other occasions; but many motives have restrained me, and often prevented me from doing as much as I ought for Him who gave himself for me. Not being very particularly acquainted with the circumstances in which you are now placed, I can speak only in general terms, but my feeling is that you ought to be careful not to give unnecessary offence by any of those irregular or eccentric practices into which young men sometimes fall, when the sense of the worth of men's souls is fresh upon their minds. We should, however, declare the truth as it is in Jesus, that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his, and that there is salvation in Him and in none other, without any reserve, or qualification, or the slightest regard to the opinions of those even whom we most esteem and love. Take the word of God for your guide, and follow wherever it leads you, bowing to the paramount authority of truth. I am very deeply persuaded that the main cause of prevalent departures from sound doctrine is, that men take their sentiments from each other, instead of deriving them directly from the Bible. And this persuasion makes me less sorry that you have not a greater command of the best religious publications. I should be glad to hear that you had read "Scott's Force of Truth;" for though I am by no means anxious that you should arrive at precisely the same conclusions with him, or any man, yet it is a most instructive instance of a masculine and honest mind working its way

through the clouds of error and prejudice to the enjoyment of the light of truth. Either of the subjects about which you wrote would more than fill my paper, and therefore I must check myself for the present, on that which is most interesting; but be assured that you cannot write to me too often, and that it would afford me the greatest possible pleasure if you could contrive to pay me a visit this winter. I like the theme much; but you must read a good deal before you can think of writing. There have been some interesting papers on Aristophanes in the Quarterly, which contain valuable remarks on the Athenian character, and the state of society in the age of Pericles, though I cannot subscribe entirely to what they say against Socrates, and in justification of Aristophanes. Read Plato's dialogues, particularly the Symposium; the first two books of Thucydides; Plutarch's Lives of Pericles and his contemporaries. I suspect there are some sensible remarks in the Encyclopædia Metropolitana. Read Suetonius' Life of Augustus. Remember Horace. Think over the masterly sketch which Tacitus gives, Annal. 1, 4. Your comparison will naturally arrange itself under several heads,—politics, morals, public spirit, fine arts, &c. The policy of Pericles and Augustus were directly the reverse of each other. Pericles was a Cimonian, and sought peace at home, conquest abroad. Augustus was a crafty politician, and aimed at strengthening the power of the empire, but was not desirous to extend its limits. The people differed from each other *toto cælo*,—the one radicals, the other Tories. The character of their literature—their architecture, was very distinct. But I have no more room to talk, and must leave you to read and think.

Believe me,

Your sincere friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE SAME,

Ashbourn, March 18th, 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It gave me real pleasure to receive your kind and interesting letter, though it has been a long time getting through

the press, which, in this instance at least, I will attribute rather to the anxiety which your sister's illness has occasioned, than to the habitual indolence of which you complain. I dare not preach to you on the latter subject, being conscious of much guilt on that score myself; but this I will say from experience, that a listless and procrastinating disposition is a very serious evil, and one which is apt to become inveterate, if strenuous measures are not taken to counteract it. Much self-command is frequently necessary to face any important business, particularly if it require original thinking; and I often find myself doing a hundred little things which scarce require more than mechanical exertion, to defer the making a mental effort which must, after all, be made.

The recollection that we are not our own is often necessary to rouse one to activity, and even that constraining motive is not always sufficient. Any event, however painful, which awakens us to the call of duty is a blessing; and I would almost say, that I am glad for your sake that your sister has been ill, "to the intent that you might believe." It must, indeed, have been a great comfort to her to have received you as a brother in a far higher sense than she had hitherto known you; and I trust that your intercourse has tended to confirm each other's faith, and animate each other's zeal; knowing that the time is near, and that those who weep on account of temporal afflictions should be as though they wept not, and those who rejoice as though they rejoiced not, for all things present are passing away.

It is a most instructive spectacle to see a believer adorning the doctrine of Christ under the most trying circumstances, and proving that religion is something more than a theory or a name; and I am truly thankful for the opportunity which you have enjoyed of learning that lesson under circumstances eminently calculated, through God's blessing, to impress its truth upon your mind. You might, and I hope you did, derive instruction of the same nature from Mr. —, for I scarce know any one who has been more useful and consistent in his life, or borne the heavy afflictions with

which he has been visited with a more meek and submissive spirit.

Believe me,

Yours, with affectionate regard,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Ashbourn, Sept. 14th, 1824.

I must thank you for your valuable letter on the subject of confirmation, which, I hope, was a means of exciting me to greater diligence in this most important and interesting ministry, than my cold heart might otherwise have impelled me to use. I have found the young people very attentive, and there has been a marked seriousness in the behaviour of many, from which I am encouraged to form good hopes for the future. But ours is eminently a work of faith; and I think we should carefully avoid being too much elated or depressed by the visible and present success with which our labours may appear to have been attended. Upon the whole, I have much reason to bless God for this opportunity of coming into a more intimate connection with my people; and it must be my endeavour to make use of it, as an additional means of usefulness: but I feel how very much I lose by not residing among them; more particularly as my visits under existing circumstances necessarily assume more or less of a formal and professional character, and I cannot easily bring them to that unrestrained communication of their feelings, which the habit of seeing them more frequently, and as it were by accident, would have a tendency to produce.

The confirmation took place on Friday last, and was conducted in the most impressive manner by our apostolical bishop (Ryder), who addressed the young people after the service, in that pious, simple, affectionate, and earnest manner, by which his personal character and style of writing are so eminently distinguished.

The Bishop spent the previous Thursday at Sir M.

Blakiston's, where I had the pleasure of meeting him and Mr. Kempthorne, together with a large party of Christian friends from the neighbourhood. His manners are particularly elegant, and he has the happy art, which so few possess, of making conversation profitable without being constrained. I ought to have told you that, the week before last, he held his primary visitation at Derby, which was very numerously attended. The charge was chiefly on the peculiar excellence of the Church of England, which he stated to consist in a happy union of peace and truth, observing the middle path on those great subjects which have so often disturbed the harmony of the church. His whole conduct appears to have given very general satisfaction; and many have expressed their astonishment, that a person could be an "ultra religionist," without being the morose and violent ascetic they expected to have found the bishop. He gave all the clergy copies of the charges he delivered at Gloucester.

Pray tell me a little about yourself and family, and your new house, when you next write; for your last letter was most barren in terrestrial information.

It is not known to whom the following letter was addressed:—

1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

It gave me much pleasure to hear from you, and I put your letter into some safe place, intending, at one of my most lucid intervals, to attempt an answer to the difficult and important question it contained. I am sorry to say I have hid your letter so effectually that I cannot lay my hands on it, and sit down to write to you rather because I am ashamed to delay doing so any longer, than that I feel at this moment in any degree less stupid than usual. A young country curate has no business to have any very decided opinions on such a subject as Catholic emancipation; and, therefore, to save my credit for modesty, I beg to state that I am only expressing my present convictions, and have such an un-

feigned reverence for truth, that I shall be most happy to be set right if I am wrong. My main reason, then, for thinking as I do respecting Catholic emancipation is, that by the confession of all parties the present system has failed; and the result of the experiment we have made, compared with the result of experiments of an opposite nature, made at other times and in other countries, confirms the conclusions to which previous reasoning would naturally lead me, that every species of restriction has a tendency to disseminate, instead of repressing, the opinions against which it is directed: and that political disabilities, on account of religious sentiments, must convert a religious sect into a political party; and this is my theory of the present state of Ireland. For there is not a more energetic principle in the human mind than the spirit of opposition; and if you set this principle at work in a large body of individuals, you make them active and keep them united; and I believe that the political danger to be apprehended from Catholics, arises solely from the unreasonable measures we have adopted towards them; for I hope that in the nineteenth century it is unnecessary to discuss the dangers to be apprehended from that "damnable position" respecting the pope's supremacy, a position, be it remembered, against which the Ghibelines of the middle ages fought, which Ferdinand the Catholic resisted, and against which the British Parliament repeatedly protested long before the Reformation; to say nothing of the independence of the Gallican Church. You say the Jesuits are busy, and Popery is gaining ground. What remedy do you propose; additional restrictions? That measure has failed; but even if it could be proved to be as beneficial as I think it has proved to be injurious, it is impossible, under the present state of things, to impose additional restrictions. Let us then attempt some other course, for the urgency is pressing: we cannot well do worse; we may do better. Why not revert to that state of things in which our ancestors thought themselves sufficiently secure; when the purity of protestant faith, yet in its infancy, had to struggle with the matured errors by which it was surrounded? I think it is enthusiasm to trust

to Providence without making corresponding exertions ; but at the same time I think it is unbelief not to feel confident that the light of truth shall never be extinguished ; but that it will shine brighter and brighter, if we do but allow it free air, without obtruding our clumsy and injudicious aid. If the system of restriction has failed, I can confidently say that the more liberal and enlightened system has succeeded. I was talking the other day with a gentleman who resides at Hamburgh, where they have recently admitted Catholics to a seat in the legislature ; and he said, that no evil consequences result from the measure ; and that as far as his observation reached, Popery is everywhere on the decline. And yet it is on the increase in Great Britain ! Is not such a fact enough to startle the stoutest defender of our present system ? I would not have you think, however, that I am blind to the temporary inconveniences which would attend a return to the same counsels. I believe that in their kind they would be as great as those which attended a return to cash payments, and that the two cases are very analogous. Upon the whole, if we argue as politicians, I think it as absurd to talk of the dangers of Popery, while experience proves our present system to be impolitic even should those dangers be real. But if we argue as Christians, the kingdom of our Master is not of this world, the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, and the "man of sin" must be destroyed by the Spirit of our God, and by the brightness of his coming. I cannot conclude without saying that I really feel I have been taking too low ground, for it is your part to prove why British subjects should not possess equal rights.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Ashbourn, Oct. 27th, 1825.

I put your letter into my portfolio, that it might accompany me to the Matlock clerical meeting, on the 25th of this month ; but I have been to Matlock, and returned yesterday, without having been able to catch a single half hour to deserve the pay, as the Romans used to speak, of another letter from you. I have, however, gained one advantage by delaying

my answer a little, that I am enabled to tell you, what I am sure you will be glad to hear, that I met a knot of as devoted Christian ministers as, I believe, any neighbourhood in the country will produce. We are, indeed, highly favoured in Derbyshire in this respect. We discussed one particularly useful question, which led to several important practical remarks, both with respect to ourselves and our manner of "behaving ourselves in the house of God," though the subject was not one that admitted of much novelty. Formality of manner and spirit were noticed, and the practice of confining our attention, especially personal visits, to the more pious people of our congregations, and, after having visited people up to the time of death, neglecting the surviving relatives; preaching fine, long, loose, dry, and undigested sermons, without particularity of application and point; love of ease, of society, a putting off of the strictly ministerial character when not engaged in directly ministerial duties; fear of man—fear even of pious people in our own congregations, who may have a prejudice in favour of a particular style of preaching or tone of doctrine; neglect of interceding for our people, and of exciting in them a spirit of intercessory prayer for us; forgetting that the work is of God, not of us; vanity, jealousy, and many other faults which form a list so long, that it is humiliating to think they should attach to ambassadors of Christ; and still more, that so many should concentrate in oneself. We are indeed earthen vessels. I am sure I sometimes think of myself, not only with shame but with amazement, and never more so than when I have reason to think that I have been in any degree made an instrument of conveying "manna" to others. I meet with much to harass and distract me in my present situation, and wish, most sincerely, I was settled as you are, in some quiet spot, with one to assist and animate me. I am thankful to say that I have a good prospect of obtaining the former part of my wish, though not in my own parish, for we are really preparing to build at Shirley in the spring—"sed nisi Deus frustra," as I read on an old house built by one of Cromwell's generals in this neighbourhood.

The missionary meeting mentioned in the following letter, took place monthly, in Ashbourn, in the house of a friend to the cause, and was attended, with interest, by Mr. Shirley for several years, both before and after his marriage and settlement in another house.

TO HIS PARENTS.

New College, June 2nd, 1826.

I long to hear of your missionary meeting, and wish I could have been with you; but we cannot be everywhere, and on Monday last I had the gratification of being present at the anniversary of the Oxford Bible Society. With regard to myself, I find that I have undertaken a very laborious task, (as examiner) but I get through it very tolerably to my own satisfaction; at least better than I expected. We have been rather unfortunate in our subjects, and have rejected several. In the case of one man, I anticipated your tender advice, for, as he had done the rest of his business in a very asinine manner, I put him on the asses' bridge; but he was an ass of greater bulk than it was calculated to bear, and it fairly broke down with him. Pray write to me when you can, for a letter is a great treat to me in the midst of these lines and syllogisms. This is a cold place certainly, but it is one of great importance, and I have already had some work provided for me, by having been put on the Bible Society Committee. Eyre only preached once, and has returned to his charge; but I trust he has been the means of making a sensation which will be long felt after his presence has been withdrawn. Lord Ferrers writes in kind terms, but complains of indisposition; he talks of going into the country earlier than he did last year.

June 7th.—This is the day of commemoration, and as you are nervous about the manner in which my labours have been received it will give you pleasure to hear that the names of the examining masters were called out by the young men in the theatre and applauded unanimously, though we have unhappily been under the necessity of rejecting several who have come before us.

In connexion with his labours as examiner, an anecdote is told of Mr. Shirley, that on one occasion an under-graduate coming into the schools without cap or gown, he was under the necessity of setting him a "punishment." Some years afterwards they met in society, and on being introduced, "I believe, sir," said the gentleman, "that I ought to have the pleasure of knowing you, for you are the only person who ever set me a punishment in Oxford." "And I, sir," replied Mr. Shirley, "ought to remember you by a parity of reasoning, for you are the only person to whom I ever set one."

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

January 2nd, 1826.—During the last year, I have been more quiet, and trust that I have found the benefit of it. But still my heart is not one with God, as it should be, and many hurtful passions prevent me from holding communion with Him whom I love and wish to serve. O Lord, do thou enable me to sustain the unequal conflict against these enemies of my peace. Unite my heart to fear thy name, and give me grace to join myself to thee in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten.

How enormous is the evil of inconsistency! but it is never more conspicuous than in education. The children of some real Christians of rank and property are just shown the world, and told they must not enter into it; sometimes their parents go a little way into it with them; sometimes they stand on one side of the hedge and suffer their children to wander the length of a leading-string to the other side. This leading-string is in time not strong enough to retain them; they break it, and the conflict between high principles and low practice is decided in favour of the latter. This I have observed with pain and grief in others, and I have felt something of a similar effect produced in my own mind. May God enable me to walk with more jealous circumspection. I can see that Satan

acts a wise part in filing down practice by little and little: he knows, and I know, that principle will soon be reduced to the same level; and, vice versâ. If a man were to speak, and write, and act, as St. Paul did, would he not now provoke the same observation from many a Festus, "Paul thou art beside thyself; much *religion* hath made thee mad?" How much alike is man in all ages, and under every variety of external circumstances!

Feb. 17th.—Lost my sermon on my way to Atlow, and therefore preached extempore for the first time on 1 Cor. xiii. I preached under a strong sense of my dependence on divine assistance, and succeeded much better than I could have expected. I really am inclined to think that if you can get on tolerably, extempore preaching is the best for a country audience, there is a freshness in what one says under such circumstances; and there is a greater sympathy between the minister and the audience. But there are many inconveniences, and one is the *sin* of length—there is also tautology, and rant, and nonsense.

Every day strengthens the conviction in my mind, that humility is the great lesson we have to learn, both as it respects God and man. "Learn of me," said Christ, "for I am meek and lowly in heart." This is the distinguishing feature of his character; and it should be the same with the Christian. Extend this parent of every grace into the various relations of life, and we shall soon see that it would make a heaven upon earth. There would be no pushing and acrimony, no contempt and dogmatism, but each would esteem other better than himself.

I am grieved to see the expenditure of so many good people pressing hard on their income, even if it does not exceed their means. Such conduct is, I think, very criminal; it is the bane of charity, of usefulness, of respectability, of independence, and of comfort. If a Christian has £50 a year, he ought to live within it, and his personal expenditure ought to fall short of it by a considerable proportion.

CHAPTER V.

IN the autumn of 1826, Mr. Shirley prepared to execute a plan of foreign travel, which had at times occupied his thoughts since he gave up residence at the university. He felt a strong wish to visit Italy, but had been deterred from indulging it by the fear, which some of his friends suggested, that the excitement of a tour might indispose him for the sober routine of pastoral duties; or the attractions of worldly society, and the over-cultivation of literary tastes, divert his mind from the pursuit of spiritual things. But time and reflection had cleared his view of the dangers to be apprehended, and the benefits to be derived from an acquaintance with foreign countries. A concurrence of favourable circumstances afforded him at this time the necessary leisure, and he resolved to embrace an opportunity which might never recur.

Before leaving England, he made an offer to undertake the duty of the English chapel at Rome during the winter, a labour which at that time was entirely one of love. Indeed, for many years after the first establishment of an English place of worship there, the

services of the church and the occasional duty were gratuitously undertaken by such clergymen as accident brought to the spot. In the discharge of this undertaking Mr. Shirley looked forward to an important and extensive field of usefulness. He had carefully considered the means of turning to the best account the various opportunities which his travels might afford for his own improvement and that of others; and in the sequel he was favoured with many occasions of doing good which he could not have anticipated at the outset.

He never repented of his resolution, nor ever doubted that his visit to Italy had contributed to his spiritual as well as his intellectual improvement.

Previously to his departure he took leave of his early and now aged friends, Lord and Lady Ferrers, to whom he had latterly devoted as much time as his clerical duties permitted.

The interview was solemn and affecting. "Nothing," he writes, "could be more kind. We parted with tears in every eye." The separation would indeed have been affecting, if glancing into futurity, he could have foreseen that this farewell would have been their last.

To his parents, on the eve of his departure from London, he thus expresses himself:—

I feel deeply the anxious affection of my dear parents, and wish I were more deserving of it. From all I hear, there is no particular danger to be apprehended. I hope I go with God's blessing; I hope he will enable me to live to his glory, and for the rest I do not feel myself very solicitous.

Mr. Shirley was fortunate in his travelling companion, an old Winchester and college friend, the Rev. Richard Young, of whom, in one of his first letters

home, he thus speaks:—"He is indeed a valuable companion, and I reckon his society among the many mercies with which I have been favoured."

His letters to his parents contain a journal of each day's employment. They were always written in the greatest haste, and generally in the hours stolen from sleep.

The following extracts will give some idea of the course of his tour, and of the usual employment of his thoughts and time; but as all passages referring to his ministerial connection with individuals have, for obvious reasons, been suppressed, they can give but an imperfect idea of the faithfulness with which he improved every opportunity of awakening and strengthening in the minds of others the convictions of religious truth.

TO HIS PARENTS.

*Novi, near Alessandria,
Monday Evening, Dec. 18th, 1826.*

As I find myself not only at leisure but alone, by a little adventure to which the course of my history will shortly conduct you, I have resolved to spend the evening with you, and give you a more full account than I have yet been able to send of what I have seen and heard. * * * * Our route from Lyons lay through a fine country of which we saw nothing up to Pont de Beauvoisin, where we got among the Alps.

War, with all its horrid circumstances, has been very forcibly brought to my mind during this tour; and nowhere more than during the passage of the Alps, which is guarded with every kind of military defence. Nothing could be more favourable than the day was for our ascent, which commenced at St. Michel, until we breakfasted at Lans-le-bourg,

a village at the foot of Mount Cenis. It is no use attempting to describe this stupendous scenery. I never could bear to read a description of mountain scenery, and certainly shall not attempt to make one. You feel lost in the midst of God's wonderful works, and are silent. In the diligence from Lyons, we had two American students of medicine, a Milanese, a Florentine, a Corsican, a Scotch gentleman who is a merchant at Trieste, and for part of the way a Frenchman. The Corsican was a shrewd little fellow, and gave me some useful information. The Milanese Mr. B. recognised as a distinguished opera singer, but both he and his friend the Florentine spoke a guttural Italian, and were sufficiently vulgar; besides they committed the heinous sin of chattering to each other nearly all the night, when we transalpine people were desirous of sleeping. By the way the Florentine afforded us a good specimen of Italian courage. As we were going down Mount Cenis, the traineau, in taking one of the sharp turns of the zig-zag road, slipt a little on one side, and some one out of fun cried out "tutto è finito," upon which the signor, who sat at the farthest corner from the door, rushed over us all to make his escape, trembling from head to foot; we quietly replaced him, and told him it was but fair we should all share the same lot. Of the two Americans, one was a young man with a fair share of acuteness, but with no larger portion of good breeding than usually belongs to his countrymen. He appeared to have made up his mind thoroughly that America was the best country of the world in every respect; and yet I suspect he had a slight suspicion that it contained few citizens superior to himself. The other American was a more grave character, and was certainly a man of sense. I was sorry to learn from them that Socinianism prevails to a considerable extent at New York, and I am inclined to think that they themselves were of that anti-christian persuasion. The Trieste merchant was a respectable man in his way, and asked me how he could get Italian Bibles to put into the hands of his servants, whom he had recently directed to be taught to read; but before he knew that I understood any-

thing of Italian, I heard him observing to the Milanese singer that, under the existing constitution of human nature, he who pretended to uniform devotion must be a hypocrite; however, we became very good friends, and he was of service to us at Turin. We arrived at Susa so late that I threw myself on a bed without taking off my clothes, and we set off for Turin, having resumed the diligence at three in the morning. Susa is remarkable for possessing a Roman triumphal arch of considerable beauty, but I was obliged to content myself with seeing a print of it at the inn. We passed over a very fertile country, being part of the great plain of Lombardy, which is watered by the Po from Turin to Venice, and arrived at Turin soon after ten a.m. The evening set in so soon that we had only time to walk into the cathedral, and see the palace, which is fitted up with considerable magnificence, and contains a few celebrated pictures, which we lost for want of light. The cathedral is a clumsy dark structure, in very bad style. We set out the next morning at four in full vigour for Genoa, intending ourselves to stop short at Alessandria or Novi, and spend the Sabbath there.

There was nothing of interest on the road to Alessandria, where we arrived about seven p.m. This is one of the strongest towns in Europe; the fortifications, which were intended by Napoleon to contain 100,000 men (though the whole design was not executed) are still very stupendous; but their strength consists chiefly in the facility which is afforded of completely insulating them by turning in the waters of the Bormida, a branch of the Po. We experienced the efficacy of this river; for soon after our arrival it began to rain, and continued to rain all night, so that the next day (Sunday, Dec. 17th) the diligence could not pass the river, over which there is only a bridge of boats, which does not reach across when the stream is swollen. Young and myself were very glad of this circumstance, for we had resolved to stay at any rate, and the diligence was thus left at our command. I proposed to Mr. B—— and his friend (two Englishmen with whom our travellers had joined company) to have service in my bed-room, to which they willingly acceded. We passed, in

short, a very pleasant, and I trust profitable Sabbath. The next day it was still impossible for the diligence to pass the river, and there was no saying when it would pass; not choosing, therefore, to lose my time in an uninteresting town, I proposed to take a gig, which we learned was on the other side, to visit a distinguished convent of Dominicans at a small village called Bosco, a little out of the road to Novi. But no one would go; so I even set out by myself with an Italian driver, who stunk so horribly of garlic as to be almost insufferable; however, he was very good-natured and beguiled the way by singing his beautiful language. We arrived at Bosco between twelve and one, having passed the plain of Marengo, so celebrated for the battle which Napoleon gained there. The brethren were at dinner, and I amused myself for half an hour with walking about the open part of the chapel, taking a rough sketch of the building. As I began to be tired of waiting, I found my way into another court, where one of the monks met me and very civilly conducted me over the chapel, which amply repaid the trouble of my journey. It is fitted up in a very splendid manner, with the most costly marble; but the subject of interest in it is, a magnificent basso-relievo, by Michael Angelo, representing Pope Pius the Fifth, the founder of the convent, looking up in the attitude of prayer to our Saviour rising from the tomb; two fine figures of faith and hope stand on each side, and on the top of the monument the Arch-angel Gabriel is slaying "him that hath the power of death." Oh, it is a grand design, and wonderfully executed. There are, also, two other works by the same great artist, and some respectable specimens of other masters, especially Vasari; but the best part of my adventure is yet untold. The first monk who came up to me was a kind, old, uninteresting man, but there afterwards came a young man of two or three and thirty, who showed me the works of art with great enthusiasm, and immediately entered into conversation with me on religious subjects. Finding I was an Englishman, his first question was respecting the probability of Catholic emancipation—what were the objections to it? I told him

that I saw no present prospect of its being carried, and that the strong feeling against it appeared to arise from the divided allegiance of Catholics between the king and the pope. When he found that I was a Protestant, he turned to the controverted points; but I knew that would prove an endless discussion, and therefore told him—for he seemed to be a man of piety—that if we both approached the same heavenly Father, trusting solely to the merits of the one only Mediator between him and us, even the Lord Jesus Christ, we were brethren, though we might differ on some points, and those even of considerable importance. He took my hand very warmly, and said that he hoped we were brethren; but then you know that there is but one Church, out of which there is no safety. I said, true, there is but one Church, and none can be saved but those who belong to it; and then I explained our idea of what the Church is. He asked me if I believed in the Virgin Mary. I told him I believed she was the highly favoured mother of the incarnate Deity, but that I did not need any human mediator between me and my reconciled Father. We dwelt on several topics of this kind, until he took me into the sacristy, where he showed me some very beautiful illuminated missals, and gave me a cup of coffee. After which he asked me for my name and address and gave me his, declaring that we should be friends for life, and that he would correspond with me in Latin. He is a very accomplished man, and speaks good Latin, besides French and his own language. I then shook hands with all the monks who were there, and wrote a Latin note in an album, wishing them the increase of faith, hope, and charity. This is a curious, and perhaps it may prove a very important incident, if God grant his blessing.

I have my doubts whether my new friend is a sincere searcher after truth, and fear that his affectionate manner towards me may have proceeded from a well-intended zeal to rescue me from an heretical communion, but I shall be able to judge from the nature of his letter, which he is to write in May next, when I told him I hoped to be in England. I am glad I went to this convent, and am more than ever

resolved to go as my Master's servant wherever I can gain admission, trusting to Him for strength and wisdom.

From Il Bosco I proceeded to Novi, where I began this long detail in the dining hall of the inn. Finding that the diligence did not arrive, and being assured that there was no prospect of its passing the Bormida for twenty-four hours, I determined to take the gig on to Genoa. The drive from Novi to Genoa was very striking. At three, I got the first view of the Mediterranean, and very beautiful it was. The Apennines formed the east and west boundary of the prospect, the sun was shining over them rather to the west, and the vista opened to the south upon the dark blue boundary of the sea, which mingled in the farthest distance with a richly gilded sky. I have seldom seen a finer combination of colours. As there are no leaves on the chestnut-trees with which the mountains are covered, the scenery depends chiefly on form, and such combinations of colour as I have mentioned. It is to summer scenery what statuary is to painting.

About five we arrived at Genoa, a city of palaces, stretching round the bosom of a harbour of singular beauty, and rising, street above street, with its lofty stone-coloured houses, up the hills. I am in a beautiful bedroom, which has windows down to the ground, and opens upon a terrace commanding a view of the shipping and harbour, with the light-house projecting into the sea. I do not feel the least want of a fire; nor do the orange-trees which are growing on my terrace, some green, some nearly ripe, appear at all sensible that it is winter. I have walked out with my companions, to see what we could in one day of the city. . . . We then took a row for an hour in the bay, from which we had a fine view of the city, and returned to dinner at four. We had green peas which grew in the open air. Young and I agreed with a vetturino to take us to Pisa by "Sabbato a sera,"—that is the Italian phrase. We have a carriage to ourselves with three horses, and get on very comfortably.

TO THE SAME.

Roma, Jan. 1st, 1827.

The former inhabitants of this place were, you know, particularly anxious to begin everything under a good omen, and would, I have no doubt, have congratulated me on the felicity of entering upon a new year in the midst of this magnificent and interesting scene. And even to the feelings of a Christian, there is something very impressive in the association of a day, always calculated to give rise to serious thought, with a place which reminds one so strongly of the frailty of man's works, and the melting away of time into eternity. I have just heard that I have been appointed joint minister with Mr. Brereton (brother, I believe, of your curate) to the English Church here. I have taken a general view of some of the most striking remains of antiquity. I have been at St. Peter's; have arrived in safety at the end of a long journey, and find so much subject for gratitude, admiration, and prayer, that I really feel quite oppressed by the thoughts which crowd upon my mind.

My last letter was dated Pisa, and, if I recollect right, contained no information beyond the day on which I left Genoa. The road we came was most lovely, and we travelled very comfortably for two days, having a roomy carriage to ourselves; for we had bargained not to be intruded on by any of the monks, or other unclean animals, whom the vetturini are apt to pick up by the way.

Sarzana.—Here our vetturino, finding his horses tired, transferred us to another man, who conveyed us to Pisa in a gig with one horse, or, I should rather say, in gigs with one horse to each, for we changed conveyances at Massa. This was a cheat on the part of our Genoese; but his countrymen, even in Virgil's time, were famed for fraud, and we thought, upon the whole, it was better to pocket the affront, and take one fresh horse instead of three tired ones. Our mode of travelling was neither magnificent nor commodious; as you will easily conceive, when I tell you that Young and I, with our luggage, were in one gig, on the apron of which sat our driver. The gig, moreover, was covered with mud,

which I have no doubt concealed a coat of paint in all its primitive freshness; for the vehicle never could have been washed since it came out of the maker's hands. When I complained of the dirt, and suggested that "aqua pura" cost nothing, and was not at any great distance, I was told, with an elevation of the shoulders truly Italian, "That's very cold work, sir:" however, the only way in travelling is to take what you find and be thankful. This day we passed through some very sweet scenery, particularly about Massa, which is near the Carrara Marble Works, and the road, which M^cAdam might have studied, was literally made of statuary marble.

At S^{ta} Petra there was a tolerably good inn, over the principal room of which was an inscription on a tablet of marble, which I regret not having copied. It stated that on such a day of such a year the Grand Duke of Tuscany had slept in that house, the master of which, having had so great an honour put upon him, was desirous to hand down the glorious memory of it to his posterity! We were cruel enough, notwithstanding, to complain of our omelet, and secretly regretted that the exertions which were doubtless made to entertain his Imperial and Royal Highness, had not produced a more permanent effect on the culinary department of the hotel. We did not get to Pisa without encountering a fifth custom-house on leaving the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and a sixth on entering the gate of Pisa, where we arrived about five on Saturday evening. We had just time that evening to look about us a little, and observe the general effect of the city, which is remarkably good. The Arno is a river full of classical associations to my mind, from the interest with which I read Dante, and I saw it here for the first time to great advantage, a fine stream, flowing in a beautiful curve through a double row of houses, many of which belonged to the old nobility of Pisa, and are built on a large scale; some are fronted with marble. The leaning tower in itself is certainly very beautiful; but I do not like the effect of a tower standing without any base on the ground. The cathedral is heavy for want of tower or steeple of some kind.

We were in the cathedral at vespers on Christmas-Day, and witnessed a scene which gave rise to many conflicting feelings. The Archbishop was there, and led the service, which was in some parts imposing; but there was a great deal of mummary, which was little even in point of external effect. There were several instances of great apparent devotion. I doubt not there were sincere worshippers, groping their way to heaven; but the general impression was that of spectators witnessing a performance by actors, whose only anxiety was to perform their part well. But I must not enlarge on this subject at present, for I have not room to tell you a tenth part of my thoughts about it. One scene was worthy of Hogarth. On the day the reliques of San. Rameri, the patron of Pisa, were exhibited in a rich casket, and the people came to say certain prayers, and kiss the glass through which the hand, or foot, or whatever it was, might be seen, we stood for some time observing the various devotees; at length a fat woman came up, adjusted her dress, dropped down on her knees immediately before the casket, looked round to see which of her friends were near, and no sooner had she turned towards the saint than her mouth expanded into a tremendous yawn: when she had recovered from this spasmodic affection she devoutly kissed the relique and departed, secure of the indulgence attached to the observance. We were favoured with a quiet Sabbath, and had the comfort of our own beautiful service both Sunday and Christmas-Day.

There was only one service on Sunday; but we had Leighton to preach to us in the evening. During the afternoon we took a walk, and passing by one of the churches were tempted to go in, and were very glad we did, for we heard a very eloquent sermon in Italian, delivered to a large and attentive congregation. The doctrine was—imitate Jesus by becoming poor in spirit, and mount up into heaven. But, I hope I shall not forget the lesson conveyed by the mode of that man's address. Though we were two days at Pisa we saw little of it, as one day was Sunday and the other Christmas-Day, which is more strictly observed by Catholics than any Sabbath.

I visited the cathedral at Florence with the feelings of a pilgrim, for it contains a curious picture of Dante, and a spot outside, which is marked by a slab of marble, was the favourite seat of that most extraordinary man. The campanile is cased in the same way as the cathedral; it is a very high, square tower, very beautiful, with a remarkable air of lightness, from the width being small in proportion to the height, the higher windows being long and intersected with a thin spiral mullion; and, perhaps, the effect is still increased by the windows being much larger than those on the lower stories. The Florentines are justly proud of the Bridge of the SS. Trinità, for it is a most elegant structure: its character seems to me to arise chiefly from the space between the keystone of each arch and the balustrade of the bridge being very small; but some pieces of white marble, containing a coat of arms or something equally foolish, have been stuck just on this delicate point.

On the 28th, about two P. M., we set out from Florence by the courier, that is to say by the mail; but the style of travelling is more that of going with a king's messenger, and is the most delightful I ever experienced in any country. This, however, lasted only to Perugia, where we entered the Pope's dominions, (29th,) and soon discovered where we were, by encountering a priest at the Custom-House. He seemed to care about nothing but books, and I saw regarded ours with much suspicion. When he was examining Young's, I told him that il signor had only a few volumes for his private use, and none that could make him more heretical than he was at present. However, he laid hold of "Scott's Essays," which he mistook for Pascal's, and of "Pascal's Thoughts," which he showed us were in the "Index;" but Young happily saw that the "Index" mentioned Voltaire's notes, and as neither of our copies contained these notes, we escaped, after paying certain fees.

I have found my friends here full of kindness, and have opened my eyes on this glorious place.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Monday, Jan. 15th, 1827.

. The society of Rome appears to be devoted to frivolity and pleasure in a more than ordinary degree. The circle is not so large as in London—they live nearer to each other—they more easily become acquainted—they have all abundant leisure, being separated from their ordinary engagements; and the consequence is an incessant round of parties. One of the most crying evils is on the Sabbath. In the morning the church is crowded so as to be quite unpleasant; as there is only one door through which this large assembly can clear off, many are obliged to remain for some time after the service is ended. The consequence is that the church becomes the scene of ordinary conversation, which goes far towards expelling all serious thoughts from the mind. Then they go almost in a body to the public promenade on the Pincian hill. In the afternoon there was no sermon, the prayers only were read, at which about thirty persons attended, after which, these joined the great body of their countrymen and countrywomen at St. Peter's, to hear the music at vespers, during the performance of which, they are walking about the church, and do not behave even with so much decency as they would at a concert; they disturb the devotion of those Catholics, who, in their misty manner, may be spiritual worshippers, and I should think, convey the impression that Protestants have no religion at all, or they would not thus interfere with the religion of others. And yet, in point of fact, I do not believe that this is the impression generally received by the Catholics from what they see of English habits. Their own conduct at church is generally scarcely more reverent than that of their heretical visitors, and their domestic manners are fearfully worse. To meet this evil in some measure I have determined with the assistance of Mr. Brereton, to give full service in the afternoon, and having consulted Lord Compton on the subject, we began yesterday with a second sermon. The congregation was as large as usual in the afternoon, perhaps rather larger; but I fear we shall lose as many as we gain, for when they find that stay-

ing for the sermon will make them too late for St. Peter's, I fear the stronger attraction will prove to be against us. However, I thought it my duty to make the effort. There are upwards of 1,500 English here, and they ought at least to have the opportunity of a second full service. I cannot tell you how much I feel the arduous nature of the task I have undertaken: it is not the number of people that I consider, but the extensive influence they possess over others, from their rank, or fortune, or talents; and consequently the vast importance of every sentence that may be delivered to them. I suppose that upon the whole you would scarcely find such another congregation. I have, indeed, much need of wisdom from on high; and may God send forth his Holy Spirit to teach me what I ought to speak, and to prepare their hearts to receive the message. Yesterday I preached on the Advent from Isaiah xlii. 6.

It is particularly affecting to walk among the memorials of our countrymen who have died here far from their friends. Some of the inscriptions are very touching, others betray a lamentable want of christian feeling. I mean to copy one or two of them; among others, that of the Bishop of Lichfield's son, which I read with much interest.

TO THE SAME.

Saturday, Jan. 20th, 1827.

After writing to you on the 16th, I went with Young to the Sciarra Palace, which contains one of the most choice collections of pictures in Rome. There are two Magdalenes by Guido, one considered as nearly his best work; it is certainly very fine, very affecting, representing a beautiful woman in all the agony of penitent remorse, while angels above are pointing towards heaven as the source of pardon and peace. Yet the picture did not please me so much as I expected, perhaps not so much as it ought. I do not like Guido's luscious style, and cannot help feeling that such a state of mind was not a fit subject for painting; as far as art is concerned, it wants composure, and there are I think graver objections. I went afterwards with Mr. Smith Wright

and Lady Sitwell to the tomb of Caius Cestius, a beautiful marble pyramid; at the foot of this tomb the Protestants had their burial-ground.

I went afterwards to see three churches, all rich in the marbles which once adorned the baths of Titus. S^{ta} Praxede, who is said to have wiped the blood from the Christian martyrs of the Coliseum; San Martino, a side chapel of which is cased with the most precious and beautiful marbles; and San Pietro, in Vinculis, part of which is composed of the original halls of the baths, and is built over the spot on which St. Peter is said to have been imprisoned. Mr. S. W. and his party left me here, and I walked alone into a convent which affords the best view of the Coliseum, on the side which is but little injured. Nothing bears looking at so often as the Coliseum. In itself it is a most sublime object—in all its associations overpowering; its shape continually presents new forms to your view—its relative situation in respect of other objects, perpetually gives rise to fresh combinations. From this point you see the baths, a palace of its founder close by, and the broken line of the aqueduct, by which water was conveyed to cleanse this scene of murderous revelry. I went into the baths of Titus, or rather, into the remains of Nero's Palace, which Titus used as the foundation for his baths; for of the baths themselves scarce any vestige remains, except what forms part of the churches I have mentioned. These ruins are very interesting, the rooms in general are not large, but all at least twenty feet high; the principal apartments appear to have been cased with valuable marbles; there is no fire-place, and the only window is over the principal entrance; the ceilings are painted in fresco with great freedom and beauty, and in many places the colours are as vivid as when they were first laid on. This palace was burnt down, and there are traces of its deserted halls having been used as houses by the common people; the marks of their staircases still remain, and you still see on the plaster their rude fresco ornaments, which were not even drawn in a straight line. I rambled about here till the sun set behind the broken arches of the Coliseum.

Thursday, 18th.—I went to the Vatican and saw the great pictures there for the first time. The Transfiguration stands eminent above all; the room in which it is placed is perfectly naked and unadorned, its frame is quite plain, without a single ornament, I do not believe it is even gilt, there is nothing to awaken attention. On first entering the room I saw the picture, but supposed it must be a copy, from the circumstances I have mentioned; but the sight of a very fine full sized copy which was near it, and a few moments' observation, soon convinced me that I was in the presence of this inimitable creation. The countenance of our Saviour is the most divine thing I ever beheld, and though there is perhaps no authority for representing Him raised above the earth, yet this position assists one's imagination to realize that mysterious transaction, the emblem and prefiguration (if one may use such a word) of His second coming when His saints shall meet Him in the air. There was a lady making a small copy of the picture, and her canvass hid from me at first the lower part, where the possessed boy is represented; and I do not know whether this circumstance was not favourable to the impression produced on my mind. First there was the sacred elevation of our Lord, the adoration of Moses and Elias in their glorified state, the devout amazement of the disciples on the mount; but all these partook of heaven. Then you descend to earth, and see what in the mean time is going on there, the distorted countenance, the stiff distended muscles of the boy, the anxious agony of his parents, the curiosity of the multitude, the confusion of the disciples, all earthly and perturbed: it is very wonderful and very instructive. The last sacrament of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, is placed opposite to the Transfiguration; some people even prefer this picture to the last; they say the Transfiguration has two subjects which distract the attention, this has but one; that the handling of a subject so mysterious and preternatural must fall short of the idea we had previously formed of it. Domenichino on the other hand has made of the administration of the sacrament to a dying

old man one of the noblest and most perfect compositions in the world. All this is true. Domenichino treats of earthly things, and has ennobled them—but Raphael, if he fails to convey a full idea of heavenly things, yet lifts us above matter.

Sunday, 21st.—In the afternoon I preached from 2 Cor. v. 10. I am told that they think my sermons clever, but that it would be well if I would dwell more on the moral duties of religion, instead of insisting so much upon faith. Of course this is to be expected, and I am prepared for a good deal of opposition; but I am in good favour personally with some of the most leading people, who will give me external support; and I hope that God will grant me the grace of His Spirit to deliver my message with fidelity and wisdom.

Monday, 22nd.—I accompanied Young to the Vatican, and found myself dwelling upon favourite objects, instead of going after new ones. There is a Demosthenes there—the most intellectual statue I ever beheld; it is quite a lesson in eloquence to look at it, and I must bring home a copy of it in some shape or other. Dined with Mr. S. W. When the rest of the party had gone, Mr. C. remained, and we had a long conversation about popery. He explained things smoothly enough, but when he had done, I put one or two questions to him which elicited answers very different from his former statement. The fact is, there are two species of popery—one for the educated, and another for the vulgar. I mean to collect all the evidence I can on these subjects. Here I must stop for the present.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Monday Evening, Jan. 29th, 1827.

I sent off a letter for you on Saturday, but as I did not bring my journal up to that date, I must go on with it, for fear of getting too deep in arrears; and shutting up my book, as tradesmen sometimes do when their affairs are desperate.

Tuesday, 23rd.—We had a day of Italian rain, that is to

say it fell in torrents, such as one seldom, if ever sees in England. The quantity of rain which falls here in the year, is greater than in England, but the proportion of fine days is also much in favour of Italy; so that the rain has to make up for a good deal of lost time. However nothing keeps me at home, and I set out with Young to see the studio of Thorwaldsen, the celebrated Danish sculptor. There were several things that I admired, but none that I felt particularly desirous to possess, except a basso relievo on a baptistery, of our Lord blessing the children, which I have long wished to see well represented; and still I am by no means satisfied, though this is very lovely. I then came home, and joined Mr. S. W. in going to a church on Monte Cavallo where, for some reason which I did not collect, vespers were to be performed with extraordinary pomp. The music was as fine as violins and the best singers in Rome could make it. The church, too, was gilt and painted with the greatest elegance. The arch of the side gallery in which I sat was ornamented with gilt grapes, and vine leaves, painted in chiaro-oscuro, and everything else was in the same style. To my utter astonishment, the psalms were sung to Rossini's music, which I had heard a few days before at a concert. Anything so far removed from devotion I never witnessed. It was, if possible, worse than St. Peter's. It is a very painful spectacle; as indeed are all their religious performances; and though I think it right to see everything, my visits will be as few as possible. After leaving these churches we went to the Palatine hill, and walked in ground belonging to the English college, upon the first floor of the palace of the Cæsars, which commands a beautiful view in several directions. What magnificent scoundrels those Emperors were! Now their vaulted apartments are either crumbling to pieces through neglect, or serve as barns for hay, with which I saw a long range of them filled.

Thursday, 25th.—Was still very wet; but I went to see a nun profess at the church of San. Sylvestro in Capite, so called from containing the very head of John the Baptist. It was the final ceremony of taking the black veil after the year of

her noviciate. She was not in the church, but stood behind a grating over the altar. After some prayers had been said, and a psalm had been very beautifully chanted by the nuns, the cardinal bishop, who officiated, delivered a sort of charge to the nun, as he sat upon a chair, or rather seat, supported by gilt pillars and covered with rich silks. As he turned towards the nun, it was not very easy to follow him; but I could make out that he was reminding her what a glorious thing it was to die to the world, and to become the spouse of Jesus Christ—what a blessed and memorable day this was for herself and the Church—how edifying to men—how delightful to angels; and he quoted those passages of St. Paul which bear upon the advantages of celibacy. After more of the service had been gone through, the nun was dressed entirely in black, and had a crown, which appeared to be of diamonds, fastened on her head, so that altogether she had a very strange appearance through the grating. The service then went on to the *Benedicite*, and the cardinal was conducted into the convent, where the most interesting part of the ceremony takes place. But no strangers are admitted. I am told that the nun is laid on the floor, a black cloth is thrown entirely over her, and the burial service read, to denote her death to the world, and that afterwards a marriage ceremony takes place between her and the cardinal, to signify her having become the bride of Christ.

I called as I came home upon Mr. Eastlake, a very good man, and the best historical painter here, to whom I had a letter of introduction from the clerk at the Bible Society. He is executing a picture for the Duke of Bedford, the subject of which is the pilgrims catching the first view of St. Peter's. It is a great amusement to me to watch the progress of this picture which promises exceedingly well.

28th.—I preached in the morning from 1 Cor. iv. 9, latter part, and said some strong things about the peculiar temptations to which we are exposed here, and the importance of our example to the Roman Catholics, particularly as to our attendance at our own service, and our behaviour when witnessing their's. The Pope has complained of the conduct of

the English at the churches : I am sorry to say not without reason, though the Italians are nearly as bad themselves. I dwelt on that subject also, and I am told the sermon excited great attention. I wish I had the power to say all I wish to say to this important and interesting congregation. Young and I enjoyed our evening together.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Feb. 5th, 1827.

* * * * *

I just told you my proceedings on Tuesday the 30th, but there were several things of which I wish to speak more fully. Cheney* gave me a better idea than I had before of what must have been the original effect of the buildings, of which we now see only the ruins, and explained to me the distinguishing characteristics of architecture, from its most perfect state to its decline in the time of the lower Emperors. I could not make these details interesting to you without at least prints of the buildings before you ; but when we meet once more round our own dear fireside, we will talk of all these matters, without being afraid, as I continually am, of coming to the end of my sheet before I have finished my story. By way of specimen, however, just conceive that a double temple, dedicated it is thought, to Venus and Rome, designed by the Emperor Adrian himself, stood on a raised platform of marble, with all the buildings of the forum behind. The triumphal arch of Titus at one angle, the interminable palace of the Cæsars on one side, the Coliseum in the front, and the temple of peace on the other side. This double temple of Adrian's was built on a platform 535 feet long by 321 wide, to which you ascended by flights of marble steps. The whole of this surface was coated with the richest foreign marbles ; a portico ran round it of Granite columns 30 feet high ; and the temples themselves, which stood back to back within the portico, were supported by

* An old school and college friend, to whom many of the letters in the following pages are addressed.

columns of white marble, sixty feet high, of a rich corinthian order. Of this splendid edifice there now remains only the platform, which is covered with soil and ruins, a mass of brickwork which formed the inner cells of the temple, and some broken columns, from which the proportions of the whole are calculated. Such is Rome in its grandeur and decay. Everything external is in perfect harmony with the state of religion and morals. Barbarous churches built upon the ruins of ancient temples, and inconsistently patched with their splendid decorations, while a creed, scarcely less pagan than the one it superseded, spreads its deadening influence all around.

C. wants me to prepare, for subsequent publication, if possible, four or five sermons particularly addressed to travellers on the Continent; pointing out the dangers to be apprehended by them, the advantages to be obtained, the duties to be performed; what they may learn from Popery as they see it; how they ought to contemplate the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church; the importance of their conduct as an illustration of Protestantism; the Sabbath, &c. A large, difficult undertaking at any time, at present almost impossible; but I hope to attempt something on which I may hereafter engraft more.

Tuesday, Feb. 1st.—I called on the Abbate B.; he lives in a street which bears the magnificent name of Campo Marzo, but it is narrow and dirty. The staircase which leads to the abbate's apartments, or flat, as the Scotch would call them, is more than dirty, it is offensive; and his house is not much better. In the hall I was amused by seeing prints of the Leicestershire hunt, which some English lady had given him. His study is a complete den. I attempted to talk with him on the common faith, but met with no encouragement. He is only a politician, and I suspect not a sound one. I do not like the expression of his countenance, nor his manner; he is too soft and plausible to be sincere. The system here is one of secrecy, suspicion, intrigue, and *espionage*. I am glad to find myself obliged to use a foreign word for the last characteristic. The abbate

told me he had so much to do that he could not sleep more than five hours. Going on along the street I laid out two baiocchi, in the purchase of a fine apple and twenty roasted chestnuts, which I ate as I walked, in a very philosophical manner. I afterwards spent more than half an hour in the Pantheon, admiring its extreme beauty, and observing other things which meet one there. A heathen altar, receiving money for the benefit of souls in purgatory ; a heathen priestess sustaining the character of a Madonna, but though of very fine workmanship, not attracting half the attention which is lavished on another statue of the Madonna and Child, rudely carved, which has the credit of being a great worker of miracles, all attested by offerings affixed to the wall by those who have derived benefit from her intercession. Is not this idolatry ? for if the image be merely a memorial, why is one more respected than another ?

I then went to Mrs. Cheney, who had engaged to drive me to some palaces. We visited the Palazzo Costaguti, and had the benefit of being conducted by the marchioness, who came out to see Mrs. Cheney, with whom she is acquainted. My lady marchese is a good-natured, dumpty woman ; her manners are not elegant, her voice harsh, and her mind, I should think, uncultivated ; yet I liked her, she was so kind and unaffected. The palace is dirty, and betrays the decline of the family from former grandeur. There are, however, several good pictures, a great many finished paintings and sketches by N. Poussin, who was a friend of the family, and lived here for some time, and three ceilings painted in fresco. One by Domenichino, represents Beauty flying to Apollo from the ravages of Time,—I suppose a hint to Italian ladies, that if they would preserve their beauty they must rise early, which they are not in the habit of doing. Another ceiling was by Albani, and very beautiful ; the third I forget. It was worth seeing this collection, if only for the sake of reading the catalogue which the marquis had composed in English for the benefit of strangers. It described the first ceiling I mentioned as “Apollo drawn by four sparkful steeds in a shining cart, the egregious Domenichino’s work.” There

were several "countries," by Poussin, and "an angel, who leads a soul by the hand to paradise." One of the pictures that pleased me most was a child, by an unknown artist. Before we went la marchese took us into her sitting-room, where were several birds in cages and some scraps of music, but no signs of activity either mental or bodily. She showed us their chapel, where they have the right of marrying, and introduced us to her step-son, a fine unlicked cub of fifteen, who was dressed in a long rough coat, and looked like a shepherd's boy. This is the state in which they live at home, but they come out perfectly smart.

The English Catholic bishop has sent me word that he would be glad to see my sermon, of which he has heard such contradictory statements; but I know better than to let him have it.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Wednesday, Feb. 7th, 1827.

. I went with Mr. S. W. and Lady S. to the Sistine Chapel, where Mr. Wilkie had engaged to meet us, to explain Michael Angelo's frescoes. Cheney would not let me go there before, because he thought my eye had not been sufficiently accustomed to the higher style of art to comprehend Buonarotti. I think he is right, and am persuaded that a person must be an artist to understand his full merit; yet, uninitiated as I was, I was astounded at the sublimity of his conceptions. The chapel is about the size of the chancel of Ashbourn church. Along the middle of the ceiling are painted the Creation, the Fall, the Deluge, Providence, &c. On each side of the ceiling are prophets and sibyls alternately, full of power and inspiration. Ezekiel opens his hand as he says, "Can these dry bones live?" Joel reads his scroll of woes; Jeremiah meditates his lamentations; Isaiah is younger and more cheerful, as the bearer of better tidings. The Delphic and Cumæan sibyls are so manifestly inspired that one could believe them. Then down the whole length, at the angle formed by each window, the Holy Family is

repeated,—“to Him give all the prophets witness.” Michael Angelo meant that the sibyls also testify of Him. The Last Judgment is the final object of prophecy—the consummation of the Divine dispensations—and occupies the end of the chapel from side to side, from top to bottom. The upper part, which represents the Saviour, with the Madonna at his side, and the saints around his throne, disappoints me sadly, as well it may. But I think the design is not so good as one might have expected; the Saviour has nothing of divinity about him; the Madonna is far too prominent; but that is a religious error; St. Peter is putting forward his keys somewhat ostentatiously, but the judgment appears to go on without him; yet even here there are some splendid groups. The centre, where on one side are the blessed ascending to life, and the cursed falling down through mid air to the regions of eternal death, is wonderfully conceived and very appalling: so is also the lowest part, where on the one side are seen skeletons rising from the earth, and ascending gradually as they grow into spiritual bodies. On the other side *Charon!* has a boat full of victims, whom the devils are waiting to receive as their prey.

I drank tea with Mde. Buensen, and had a very pleasant evening. From one subject to another we got to the difficulties of religious biography: how much danger there was of giving too perfect a picture, lest some should be discouraged and others offended; and yet how much knowledge of human nature was requisite to analyse a character, so as to make acknowledged blemishes consistent with the resignation of the heart to God. We must take the natural character into consideration, and sometimes the consequences of a change of heart will be such that the individual will run into an extreme exactly opposite to that of the natural disposition; so that one who was originally self-willed and irritable, shall become singularly submissive and even phlegmatic.

Tuesday.—At breakfast Mr. S. W. told me that Lord and Lady Compton had called the day before wishing to see me, and expressing great anxiety about what I had said in my sermon of the 28th about the Roman Catholic ceremonies,

which it seems has been so represented to some of the English Roman Catholics, that they have taken the greatest offence at it. My object was, on the one hand, to remind the English that when they go to St. Peter's they witness a religious ceremony; that they have no right to seek their amusement on God's holy day, and in his house; and still less have they any right so to behave when there as to disturb other people's devotions, for there doubtless are devout worshippers among them; and having said this, I reminded them what jealous witnesses the Roman Catholics must be of their conduct; that it became us to let our light shine before them, to vindicate our own separation, and to demonstrate that a purer faith would be productive of a more holy life. I used one or two expressions which I should not have used, had I been aware of the extreme suspicion and irritability which prevails here; but I thought I was addressing Protestants, not Catholics, and certainly said far less than I should have done in any other part of the world, and far less, I will venture to say, than any Catholic would have said under similar circumstances: however, I have learnt something by what has occurred. Lord C. was afraid I might be pressed to show what I had written to some Catholics, who would torture expressions and make mischief; but the notes are happily destroyed.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Saturday, Feb. 10th, 1827.

After reading your letter of the 19th line by line twice over, I walked alone to the capitol, much better inclined to enjoy myself than I had been for some days past. I spent some time, in what is after all the most pleasing occupation, dwelling at my leisure on the finest works, especially the Dying Gladiator, which is the gem of the collection, and is, to my mind, a more impressive statue even than the Laocoon, which is in the Vatican; but I do not think that anything I have seen in Rome equals, in epic pathos, the Niobe and her Young Daughters at Florence. The Apollo I think a higher conception than any of them, but in another style.

But still I think the Demosthenes stands by itself, in its own department, as the most intellectual statue I ever beheld, though, as a mere work of art, it is not in the first class. There is in the capitol a very complete series of busts of the emperors of Rome, and many members of their families, which our knowledge of their general characters renders extremely interesting to a physiognomist; to a craniologist I suppose they would be still more so: though I fear that the statuaries of antiquity, not having sufficient feeling for this last *ology*, may not have copied the bumps with that accuracy which their importance demanded. While I was in this room, a young man, who was looking at the marbles, suddenly fell down on the floor, and I feared at first that it was an apoplectic fit. I loosened his neckcloth and got some water for him; but the apathy of the Italians around was truly provoking. They are very selfish, and seem to act completely on the maxim of not troubling themselves about other people's business; but, in truth, a good deal is to be attributed to indolence, for they are very slow to exert themselves on their own account. I could not persuade any of the attendants to go for a medical man; but the young man recovered without further aid. He was an Italian: his clothes were good; and his handkerchief, which was particularly fine, was worked round the border; but everything about him was very dirty. Perceiving him to be very weak I determined to walk home with him, though he was very unwilling to permit me to do so. As we went along I found out that he had fainted through extreme exhaustion, having had nothing to eat for two days; but there was nothing else the matter with him; so I took him to a restorateur, and gave him a few pauls to spend there, which I thought would be the best medicine for him. I fear that there are many such cases in Rome.

Friday 9th. — I went to the Colosseum by myself to hear a monk who preaches there every Friday, about three o'clock. It was a curious scene, and still more so from the place in which it was exhibited. The preacher was attended by a fraternity of which there are several in Rome who dress in a

rough coarse stuff which covers them from head to foot, leaving only two holes for their eyes. In this dress, which conceals the rank of the members, many of whom are gentlemen, they attend religious ceremonies and follow funerals, some bearing torches, and others supporting the bier, on which the body is carried through the streets with the hands and face exposed. There were besides, some thirty or forty hearers of the lower orders, or a little above them. The monk stood in a long raised reading-desk, which gave him room to move about. He was about four feet above the congregation, and the front of the desk came up to his middle; all were in the open air; the greater part were uncovered, and I remained so myself for some time, but observing that some Italians had their hats on, and not being anxious to appear more orthodox than my neighbours, I put on my hat. Unhappily, I lost the text, having been at the opposite side of the Colosseum when he began; but it must have been the parable of the wheat and the tares. It had been raining so hard, that he could not begin till four, when the sun came out; this served as an exordium, together with some general remarks more immediately connected with the subject. Then he coughed, and was not restrained by the circumstances in which he was placed, from clearing his throat in the most effectual manner. He then proceeded, that we were placed on this earth, not to be idle, but to work, (an infelicitous topic, thought I, for a monk), that there was bodily work and mental work; the first related to our ordinary duties, the latter to the discipline of our mind. Then he alluded to particular sins by which the old or the young might be tempted, and said how good God was to offer his grace to assist us in resisting these temptations by means of our guardian angel. We were good seed, planted by the great husbandman, and must take care to grow up fruitful, that we might deserve to be gathered into his barn, for if we turned out tares we should be burned. This was the general strain; his manner was not vehement nor impressive, and his voice was monotonous, or rather, he had two tones; one in which he began every clause of every sentence, and

another in which he ended; so that from the frequency of similar terminations in Italian, he almost appeared to be repeating rhymes. At the conclusion, he took down the crucifix, which is always placed in every Roman Catholic pulpit, and, holding it with one hand, knelt down and prayed for a blessing on the sermon; his prayer terminated in a sort of general confession, which was apparently a well-known formulary, for all the people followed him, beating on their breasts at some parts. It was something in this style—"Most sweet Jesus, thou wast raised to that cross for us, thou didst suffer for our sins; we were the cause of thine agony; yes, we will never, never, do so again, but will love and serve thee all our life." I saw one elderly woman weeping heartily during the sermon; several seemed in earnest, but many appeared very indifferent, and some young women were evidently amusing themselves at the monk's expense.

I fell in with Mr. L—— here, and went with him to take another look at Michael Angelo's Moses, in San. Pietro in Vinculis. It is to be sure very open to criticism, if one dare take such a liberty; but he looks as if he would get up and dash his tables of stone at your head if you presumed to indulge a slighting expression. He is not the meek man of Scripture, but just the person I suspect Buonaroti would himself have been if the law had been intrusted to his hands. I dined at Cheney's, but left him early to hear an improvisatore. This was a curious exhibition, which I was very anxious to witness. A man, whose name is Sgricci, gave notice that he would deliver an extemporaneous tragedy on any subject that should be proposed by the assembly; the tickets were from five to ten paoli each. At the entrance a box was placed, into which people put subjects as they passed. The first drawn was Plautilla, condemned to death by Vespasian. This puzzled Sgricci, who confessed that he had not the honour of a very intimate acquaintance with that lady; but that if any of the audience would supply him with characters he would do his best. No one, however, came forward, and the general cry was "Draw another subject," which I was glad of, for this Plautilla was

an obscure person connected some how or other with that brute Caracalla, who, (not Vespasian) had her put to death. The next subject was "Turnus, King of the Rutuli." This subject gave general satisfaction; and having considered about three or four minutes he said, in a quiet manner and rather low voice, "The dramatis personæ are, Turnus, King of the Rutuli, Æneas, King of the Trojans, Latinus, Amata, Lavinia, &c. As the subject is ancient, the tragedy shall be founded on the model of the ancient drama, with a chorus. There shall be a chorus then of Rutuli, of Trojans, and of Bacchantes. There shall also be a prologue, by Venus, the mother of Æneas." He then asked at what point in the history he should begin; and immediately came forward to deliver the prologue in the character of Venus. The prologue and the choruses were in rhyme, the rest was in blank verse. His manner was rapid and impassioned, so that I did not understand much of what he said, but the Italians near me praised his style, and were delighted with the performance. As a mere physical effort it is extraordinary, for the performance lasted between two and three hours without intermission, excepting a few minutes between the acts, for there was no music nor any one to render him the least assistance; but as a mental effort, it is wonderful. I staid rather more than an hour, and then came away, for I did not care about the substance of his tragedy, even if I could have followed him better, and I was very sleepy.

Sunday 11th.—Mr. Smart being unwell, I preached both morning and afternoon; in the morning, a second sermon on Numbers xxiii. 10; in the afternoon, on 2nd Thessalonians i. 7—10. In the morning the church was crowded to excess, and I hope that against next Sunday another room will be thrown into it, which will provide accommodation for one hundred and fifty more. I have so much more to say than my paper will hold, that I cannot enlarge upon my feelings; but I can most sincerely thank God that I came abroad, and feel persuaded that I shall reap a rich harvest from it through the rest of my life—I trust through eternity.

TO THE SAME.

Rome, Thursday Feb. 22nd, 1827.

Friday 16th.—I went with Mr. and Mrs. Fitzherbert to St. Peter's, where we heard a military service performed for the Austrian soldiers previously to a troop of them being blessed. We then went into the Pauline chapel, but, as all your books will tell you, it is impossible to see anything there. It is a dark, and rather small theological theatre, with pieces of glass, gilded trumpery, and a succession of flat boards painted so as to represent pillars; everything, in short, got up for stage effect in the pantomimic exhibition of Christianity which takes place there. I was just able to imagine that the figure of St. Paul, overcome by the brightness of the heavenly vision, must be very fine. The Carnival began this day between two and three p.m. I have looked in all the books for an account of it, and can only find a few lines about it in Mde. Starke; but she gives no adequate idea of the singular foolery by which it is distinguished; and I think it is scarce possible to describe it, for such a thing could not exist in England; and it requires some personal acquaintance with the Italians to understand how it can exist anywhere. The people appear to be all mad, and yet it is the most stupid madness I ever witnessed, for the Italians have scarce any humour. The most perfect order is preserved by soldiers posted at every twenty yards. The horse-race is much the same in point of effect, dignity, and cruelty, as if one was to fasten kettles to the tails of so many dogs and set them to run down a long street lined with people on each side; this is the way people here prepare for the austerities of Lent, just as coachmen drive their horses rapidly down one hill that they may break the neck of another.

Feb. 26th.—On Monday the 19th, I called at Cheney's on my way to the Capitol. My main object in going there was, that M. Bunsen wished to show me two views of the Forum by a Prussian artist, which were about to be sent to Lord B. I had seen them in his rooms

on Thursday evening, but he was anxious they should have all the benefit of day-light. As M. B. was going my way we walked together, and had a good deal of conversation on the question of ecclesiastical establishments, for which he is a very warm and enlightened advocate, though he would give more liberty to the minister and more discipline to the church than we have in England. I took him into Eastlake's, not without a secret feeling that he would not easily find a Prussian artist to place by his side. The evening of Monday I spent at Dr. Peebles', who had asked to dinner Mr. Long, Grenfell, an Oxford friend of mine, Mr. Thompson, a friend of Barber, and tutor in the Duke of Hamilton's family, and Mr. Erskine. I looked for so much from *him* that I was rather disappointed; but I do not know why I should have been, for his conversation is very much like his books—ingenious and eloquent, but troubled by mazy metaphysics, refined beyond the staple of his argument, and collecting himself for special efforts of thought, where a very ordinary mental exertion would be quite sufficient. His mind appears to be in a state of great spiritual elevation, and I doubt not he enjoys much intercourse with his God in private, but I cannot help thinking that his plan of extreme seclusion from society detracts considerably from his usefulness, just as I think that his notion—partly Scotch, partly Genevese—of what ought to be the character and state of the church is inconsistent with the actual condition of human nature.

Monday 26th.—From two till half-past four I had a most instructive walk with M. and Mde. Bunsen about the Forum and its neighbourhood, of which I have taken full notes. He is by far the best informed person in Rome on those subjects. * * *

Now I must go on with my diary, and that in a very cursory manner; for I write from Naples, March 9th and am deeply in arrears. I came through Santa Maria Maggiore, where, in a side chapel, there was a large congregation praying before the Host, which had been exhibited there during the week to draw people from the carnival. The air was so delicious that I staid out till after five, and came

home well tired. But I took a glass of wine and a crust of bread, and went out again to see the last scene of the carnival. As soon as it was dusk, almost everybody in the windows, on foot, and in carriages, carried about wax tapers, and the object of everybody was to extinguish his neighbour's light. The whole street was a firmament of little twinkling lights. The houses were illuminated from top to bottom, and all below was light and motion and noise and folly. It was like one great mad-house; and yet the general effect was singularly picturesque, notwithstanding its extreme absurdity. At the firing of a cannon, between eight and nine, all was silence, and Rome settled into the more than ordinary gloom of quaresima, except that they all had suppers, and kept feeding till a late hour so as to carry themselves as far into Lent as possible. At eight I had an evening party to tea, Messrs. Smith Wright, Long, Erskine, Grenfell, Wilson, (his friend,) and Dr. Peebles; Mr. Erskine was in good spirits, and the evening was highly interesting. Read his "Essay on Faith," and you will know what we talked about; he is very ingenious, but rather obscure, and I think confounds faith and justification with the results of each.

March 1st.—I went with Mr. Long to the Vatican. By the way I called at the post-office and found three letters for me; one of introduction to Mr. Erskine, with your very welcome little note of my being appointed lecturer. This news determined me to prepare for my visit to Naples immediately. I took a ride with Mr. Erskine to St. Paul's without the walls, which is rebuilding, after having been burned. We came back to the tomb of C. Cestius, rode outside the walls of the city to the gate of San Sebastiano, where we entered, and parted at the tomb of the Scipio family. Our ride had been very delightful, for the country was interesting, and so was Mr. Erskine's conversation; but this solitary visit to the burying-place of that illustrious family whose history is an epitome of the History of Rome, was more impressive than anything I had experienced since my first sight of the Colosseum. The tomb of Scipio Bar-

batus, which was discovered here, has been removed to the Vatican, and Africanus was buried abroad; but there are still several inscriptions to the memory of members of the family. It is the most sacred spot in Rome of which we have certain knowledge, unless we are willing to believe that St. Paul and St. Peter were confined in the Mamertine prisons.

Saturday, March 3rd.—I had a most agreeable breakfast with M. Bunsen. We talked over the Catholic question, on which we are nearly agreed. He told me all his designs for the establishment of episcopacy in Prussia, which opens a very interesting prospect for the extension and consolidation of the Reformation in Europe. He talked a good deal about missionary exertions, and regretted that ours had in general been of so desultory and unconnected a character. He regretted, also, the rejection of the Apocrypha from our Bibles, because he knew that the Court of Rome made use of it, not indeed to prevent their distribution, but to cause their almost universal destruction in the east.

TO THE SAME.

Naples, Monday, March 12th, 1827.

On Wednesday, the 7th, we set out from Mola at three A.M. so that we were not able to complete our view of its beauties which our late arrival on the preceding evening had given us so little time to see. As we drove along I saw lines of broken aqueducts stretching along to our right in the sombre and appropriate colouring of twilight. As the day dawned, the beauty of the scene opened before us; the temperature was that of a fine May in England; the sky was clearer, and of a deeper blue than we ever experience, and the prevalence of evergreens, almost made one forget that we were scarcely emerging out of winter. The mountains rose rapidly from each side of the road, forming very narrow, and therefore, very strong passes. At one of these passes we found fortifications that had been thrown up by the constitutional Neapolitans during the late revolutionary movements,

and certainly such a post might have been held by three hundred Spartans against any number of men. But the Neapolitans were not Spartans, and surrendered at the first shot. The road was good and broad, but very dusty, as all the roads in this neighbourhood have been ever since the eruption of Vesuvius in 1822, at which time the summit of the mountain fell in, was instantly calcined, and thrown up a thousand feet into the air, falling in an impalpable powder so thick, that the road from Portici to Naples was rendered impassable, and the dust was two feet deep in Naples itself. Of course such a body of dust would not soon clear off, and we found everything about us penetrated by it when we arrived at Naples. It was six, and rather dark, when I entered the city, but I could perceive that the approach is very imposing, the houses handsome and lofty, the streets long and wide, the public buildings of a vast size, everything on a grand scale. The hills rise up bold and richly at the back of the city, which is commanded by the Castle of St. Elmo, awing the inhabitants into passive obedience. The bay stretches from side to side as far as the eye can reach, with the Island of Capri in the centre, projecting its beautiful outline from the bosom of the sea. The shore is lined with a succession of towns in every direction, every inch of ground teems with animal or vegetable life, except Vesuvius, who stands in solitary grandeur, the tyrant of this earthly paradise. We persuaded Mr. and Mrs. Truell to join us in the carriage for a drive to see the bay, &c. We went up a road that was formed on the side of the hills by Murat, commanding a splendid view of the bay and town in all their beauty, which was set off by a clear blue sky, and such a warm balmy air as no other country possesses at any season of the year, though I ought to say that we are particularly favoured in respect of weather, for they have had six months of almost incessant rain. We returned by the Grotto of Posilipo, and visited the tomb of Virgil. It is a plain, vaulted tomb, in a beautiful situation above the grotto, built in the common form of family tombs with columbaria, i. e. small recesses about a foot wide and eighteen inches high,

cut out of the wall. There is quite sufficient evidence in favour of the authenticity, to allow me to believe that the ashes of Virgil were actually deposited here, and I very willingly resigned myself to the feelings which such a thought awakened. The grotto does not correspond to our idea of a grotto. It is a tunnel cut through the mountain about half-a-mile in length, very high, and more than sufficiently wide for two carriages to pass. Returning home from this delightful drive we set ourselves to search for lodgings; I met Mr. S. W. &c. as we were going about, and was invited to go with them the next day to Pompeii. To Pompeii accordingly we went, setting out at half-past eight on Friday, the 9th. On our way the road on both sides bore witness to the ravages occasioned by the lava, which stands a rough, black, stagnant river of rock in the midst of the richest cultivation. The streets of Naples and the road over which we passed are made with blocks of lava, the houses are built of it, and the whole country is covered with volcanic products: yet in the midst of all this, people build houses of lava. Portici has been built six times; Torre del Greco is fast rising the sixteenth time from its ruins, and I do not see that any other effect is produced by these awful exhibitions of the power of God, and the uncertain tenure on which life is held under such circumstances, than that of making people sensual and superstitious. How well may we understand from such instances the truth of what our Lord said, that not even a messenger from the grave would affect those who refused to listen to the revelation of the mercy of God to returning sinners. It was towards eleven when we turned up the short lane that leads to Pompeii; and it was indeed a moment of very oppressive interest when I found myself walking along the street lined with tombs that leads to this silent city. We entered into their houses, marked with their names, and knew that we were in the very house of Pansa, where Augustus lodged: there are the wine jars leaning against the wall in a cellar where the skeleton of the mistress of the family and several of her slaves were found. There were little memoranda scratched

on the pillars, marks on the marble counter of a shop of the glass or rather bronze in which hot wine compounds had been sold. A priest was found with a plate containing fish-bones, in the Temple of Isis; three men were found in the stocks—horses in the stables—a man with the key of his house and a purse of gold—half-eaten bread—marble working to repair the injury of a previous eruption; every article of domestic use has been discovered; they were interrupted in the midst of their ordinary engagements, and the whole city was sealed up to minister to our gratification or instruction at this remote period. Nothing can be more interesting or affecting than such a sight, and I would almost come blindfolded from London to see it. But the design and execution of the buildings and statues are not better in general, than might be expected in a remote country town. We dined on cold meat that we brought with us, on the pedestal of Hercules, in the very shrine of his temple, and returned to take tea at Naples.

Monday, 12th.—After having spent some time writing to you, I went out in search of some one to make a party for Paestum. I saw, looking out of a window, a fellow of New College, A. and his pupil, with whom I agreed to go the next day.

I set out with Mr. A. and his friend to visit Vesuvius. On our way we stopped at the post-office, where I found your two letters of the 23rd and 26th February. I hastened to open them, thinking there must be something important to make you write so soon; and you will well conceive the emotion with which I read the contents of the last, (announcing the death of Lady Ferrers.)

Poor woman! I parted from her in a very affecting manner, evidently under the mutual impression that there was more than ordinary probability of our not meeting again on this side the grave; but, as I had heard nothing of her increased illness, the intelligence startled me a good deal. She has had a life full of trouble, and that of her own creating; but I feel assured that she has of late been daily acquiring greater preparation for that awful change which has

passed upon her, and seeking that Saviour whom I doubt not she has found. I am much grieved that I was not with her, as I was to have been absent from Lord Tamworth under similar circumstances. I feel the most for poor Lord Ferrers, for they were very dependent upon each other; and I am sure it will be a heavy blow to him, thus left alone in the world. I hope indeed that it may draw him nearer to God. I feel anxious to hear about Lady Ferrers, and how Lord F. bears the stroke, and what he means to do.

I went to Vesuvius, as you may suppose, very thoughtful, musing on this event and all its consequences. It is a sad disappointment to me to have my tour cut short at this interesting moment; but I have enjoyed myself very much, and am delighted with the prospect of so soon being with those I love so much more than all that Italy or the world contains beside.

CHAPTER VI.

THE death of the lecturer at Ashbourn, which occurred early in 1827, led to the appointment of Mr. Shirley to fill the vacancy. The news of this event impressed on him the necessity of drawing towards home. The death of Lady Ferrers hastened his return. The following passages are extracted from the letters written in the course of his journey homewards:—

TO HIS PARENTS.

Bologna, Friday, March 30th, 1827.

On Sunday I preached a kind of farewell sermon on the Sacrament, which I thought was a subject which gave me an opportunity of saying strong things to my Roman congregation, to whom I really began to feel much attached. I cannot tell you half the kindness I have experienced at Rome from all quarters and all ranks; but we will talk of all these matters when we meet, and then I am sure I shall have reason to tell of the abundant kindness of my heavenly Father, which has followed me and watched over me all the way that I have gone, so that I have not a single accident to tell of. Farewell. I have written to poor Lord F., but did not receive any letter from him before I left Rome.

Francolino, March 31st.—After writing my hurried letter to you from Bologna, I went with a laquais de place to

see some of the principal objects there ; but I could only just look at them, being anxious to reach Ferrara early.

Bologna is one of those places with which travellers who enter Italy on this side are most taken ; for the pictures, of the Bolognese school, are just of that style of art which pleases at first sight, and before the eye has been better educated at Rome. Here are Guido's finest paintings : here are also the Carracci and Domenichino in all their glory, and certainly there is much to admire in them ; but they leave Raphael and Michael Angelo to walk alone. There is a splendid statue in the principal square, by John of Bologna, of Neptune ; but what has Neptune to do at Bologna ? He looks like a stranded vessel, and the sirens around him press their breasts in vain, for even the fountain over which the god of waters presided is dried up.

I went into the cathedral, which was rendered darker than usual by a large awning which, in large Catholic churches, is stretched over that part of the nave where the congregation sit when there is a sermon, and there are more sermons in Lent than during the whole of the year beside. The people seem to condense their religion into these forty days. I visited the university also ; that is to say, I walked into one of the courts, and into a hall where there was a painted ceiling, which represented Polyphemus, of Brobdignatic dimensions, having his eye poked out by a Liliputian hero. The young men were just coming out of a lecture-room, smart, staring, and conceited. I looked in vain for anything to satisfy the feelings which drew me to this venerable seat of learning : all I saw was comparatively modern and ugly. I believe I forgot to tell you any particulars of my journey from Rome to Bologna ; and, indeed, I have not much to relate, for a great part of the road was uninteresting. I travelled with great rapidity, even eating my dinner in the carriage, and passed some of the most interesting towns during the night ; beside which I was tired, sleepy, and rather out of spirits. My only companion was the courier, for the carriage, which by the way might have be-

longed to any English gentleman, did not carry more than two inside, and there were no outside seats.

The Italian courier is a much smarter person than our guard, though his office is precisely the same, and this courier was the smartest of his race. He had been one of Murat's soldiers, and was evidently more attached than he thought it prudent fully to confess to his former master, and the political principles connected with his service. Our conversation, before long, took a religious turn. He told me it was necessary to be acquainted with other religions to have a good understanding of one's own, and that he had therefore taken care to inform himself correctly on those subjects. He then told me the peculiarities of Judaism, of the Catholic Church, and of Protestantism; telling me that the great distinction of the latter was that it rejected the doctrine of the immaculate conception. I believe he thought himself not only a very learned but a very liberal person. When it was my turn to speak I set him right on these points, and went so far into heresy that he said, if he were known to think as I did, he would soon find his way into the Sacred Office.* At Rimini I walked on to see the fine bridge that was thrown over the river by order of Augustus. It is built of a fine white stone, which approaches nearly to marble, and has that union of elegance and strength for which the works of that age are so much distinguished. A talkative woman put her head out of a window near where I was standing to look at the bridge. She told me that the country people generally believed that the bridge was built by the devil; and when I expressed my surprise that he should have been so good an architect, she told me that, for her part, she was more philosophical, and did not believe all that folly. I permitted her to indulge herself so much to her own satisfaction, that she declared I was the handsomest and most delightful young man she had ever seen, (a very common compliment among Italians.) She said that the English who came to see the bridge were, in general, so proud that they would not speak to her. They

* The Inquisition.

stood thus, (putting herself into a very dignified and rather surly attitude,) looked about them, and walked away. I told her that the real fact was, that many of my countrymen could not speak, because they had not the happiness to understand the beautiful language of Italy, and, for the same reason, they could not profit by her conversation. There is, however, too much truth in what she said.

Now I will take you from Bologna. At twelve I set out in a carriage with two horses ; but, by the time I had got to Malalbergo, one of them proved so utterly unable to perform the task for which his master had contracted, that I got out, insisted on having fresh horses, and paid for them out of the sum I had engaged to give to be taken to Ferrara. Thus I reached Ferrara between seven and eight, had some warm rice soup, got to bed about half-past nine, and started at five this morning. Ferrara is an interesting town to the readers of Italian poetry, from the residence there of Ariosto, Tasso, and Guarini. The castle is a fine old picturesque building, with four towers, a drawbridge, and a trench ; just such a residence as suited the " antique brood of Este !" but the popes have *incamerated* the dukedom, and the castle is not equally suitable to the sacerdotal character of its present possessor. On I came with a level road, and everything apparently propitious ; but soon the rain began to fall, the wind began to rise, and on my arrival at this little place on the bank of the Po, which flows majestically by, I found the king of rivers would not allow me to pass. Here I have been already nearly four hours ; and here I may possibly remain many more hours, as the sailors tell me with perfect indifference. I write from the table of a small coffee-house, which answers nearly to our pot-house ; the master is also the parish barber ; and there are, in all directions, papal soldiers, fresh-water sailors, veturini drivers, in all the various attitudes which natural indolence and a rainy day can suggest.

Venice, April 2nd, 1827.—The wind having subsided about eleven, I got off in my little carriage, pressed on through Padua to Dolo, a small country town, which I reached about eleven P.M. ; had a comfortable night's rest, and rose at half-

past four on Sunday morning, April 1st. Soon after five I set out for Fusina, where I got into a gondola with four oars, and was wafted away in great style over the boundless expanse of still waters, from which the hundred minarets of Venice rise in every picturesque variety of shape. The silvery sound of innumerable bells had a beautiful effect in the absence of every other sound but the splash of my oars; and though the feeling was not such as English bells produce on an English Sabbath, yet there was something in them particularly soothing to my mind. After service Mr.* and Mrs. Money insisted on my going to the hotel for bag and baggage; and here I am in the midst of one of the most affectionate, delightful, Christian families I have met.

It was impossible for me to leave Venice, as I intended, this day. I have agreed to stay till Monday next, the 8th, and shall, if all be well, reach England the last week in April. I hope to meet you both, and Sir M. B., in London. How much we shall have to tell each other! What a moment of joy when we meet once more! yet here we meet only to part again, and our enjoyment of each other's society is imperfect, because we are ourselves imperfect; why then are we not longing, with more earnest desire, for the day of our final admittance into the house of our heavenly Father? Why are we not more desirous of that conformity to his likeness in this life, which is the only foretaste of heaven? Let us pray for each other and assist each other, that our faith may be strengthened.

TO THE SAME.

Venice, Friday, April 6th, 1827.

* * * * *

The lunatic asylum was a very affecting and humiliating sight. I had never seen anything of the kind before. One man, a poor old priest, kept close to us, and kept begging of us privately to get him some letter-paper; that

* The late William Taylor Money, Esq., Consul-General of the Adriatic.

he was confined there for being in error on the doctrine of the Sacrament, and he wished to write his confession to the Patriarch of Venice, that he might be absolved and set at liberty. There were some very horrid spectacles. One man, quite frantic, was confined with a strait waistcoat in a room by himself. He was a sailor, and seemed to think himself in a storm; for he was, without a moment's cessation, giving orders about the management of a vessel. The evening before he had been perfectly quiet, and indeed perfectly sane; for when the fit is not on him he is quite rational. There was something very fearful in the contemplation of this scene. On what a fearfully tender thread does God's best temporal gift depend! What reason for thankfulness to him have we, that he has not made our body the grave of our mind. I am sure we ought to endeavour to realize more the constant presence—the daily superintending care—of our heavenly Father. I can, in some measure, feel his goodness to me in the blessings I enjoy; but how little do we think of all the unseen danger, the unimagined calamity from which we are preserved. But I must check myself on this subject, for it is one of which my heart is so full just now, that were I to indulge my feelings, they would soon cover this paper, to the exclusion of every other topic. . . .

After leaving the lunatic asylum we went to a convent of Armenian monks, on the island of St. Lazaro, where the rest of the party joined us. This is a very useful institution, as they are engaged in printing many valuable works for their countrymen, and have printed many copies of the Scriptures for the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Archbishop, who presides over the establishment, is a venerable old man of peculiar mildness and benignity of character; and all the monks were particularly kind and attentive to us, showing us all over the establishment, and giving us coffee, Turkish sweetmeat, and liqueurs.

This visit to Venice was most important to Mr. Shirley in its results. It led to his engagement with his future wife, Maria, only surviving daughter of the

late William Waddington, Esq., a lady to whom he had been long attached, and who was at that time a guest beneath Mr. Money's hospitable roof.

TO EARL FERRERS.

Venice, April, 13th, 1827.

MY DEAR LORD,

You will probably be surprised to receive a letter from me at this date, after I had informed you of my intention to return home with all possible speed, that I might at least endeavour to do what may be in my power towards administering comfort to you under this most trying dispensation. I waited at Rome a few days, rather in the hope than in the expectation of hearing from your lordship, and set out on Tuesday, the 27th of March, by the mail, which travels day and night.

I have arranged to leave this place on Monday evening next, and may hope to reach Paris during the first week in May, and should be in London, please God all is well, about the 10th of May. I have not received any letters since I left Rome, and feel very anxious to have some more particular account of your lordship; how God has enabled you to submit to his will, and resign into his hands one who was so very dear to you. . . . But these events must, after all, be very afflictive, notwithstanding every topic of consolation that can be suggested. Yet still it is good for us to go to the house of mourning, for we there learn the comparative value of time and of eternity; and the future world is brought before one's mind with something like the distinctness of a real existence.

The family with whom I now am, have lately been called to undergo very severe afflictions, and I can scarcely conceive a more edifying spectacle than their whole demeanour and state of mind presents. Though they feel keenly, yet have they been enabled to cast every care upon their heavenly Father, knowing that he careth for them; and every temporal loss seems only to have set their affections

more entirely on things above. I pray that it may have the same blessed effect on your lordship. Certain I am that none of these things are indifferent; and I trust that the present dispensation will prove to have been one of special mercy, bringing you into closer communion with the God of grace, who is the only source of real peace and consolation. I shall be very desirous to talk of all that has passed on my return. I know that Lady F. was a very sincere friend of mine, and everything connected with her memory will be most interesting to me.

From Venice Mr. Shirley hurried to England with all possible despatch; but he arrived too late to see his early friend and patron Lord Ferrers, who had sunk under the burden of sorrow and a fresh attack of illness, shortly before his arrival.

Lord Ferrers had bequeathed to Mr. Shirley the next presentation of Brailsford, (a parish contiguous to Shirley,) on the death of the incumbent Dr. Gardiner, then much advanced in years. In the mean time Mr. Shirley's father (anxious to give his daughter-in-law immediate possession of a permanent home) resigned in his favour the living of Shirley, with its unfinished vicarage, which Mr. Shirley now resolved to complete in such a manner that no change of residence would be necessary on his succeeding to Brailsford. The various family arrangements, consequent on his marriage, had rendered it necessary to defer the ceremony till the autumn of this year, when it took place in the Ambassador's Chapel in Paris, as Miss Waddington's nearest relations at that time resided in France.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

July 27th, 1827.

I intend, if, please God, all is well, to leave home on the

6th of August, and hope the marriage will take place the first week in September, but when I know more I will inform you; for I should like dearly to feel that you were aware of the day, that you might be joining in prayer with us, that our union may indeed be in the Lord—that it may tend to draw us nearer to our common Head, and that we may be sanctified together to his service. I was much pleased with the expression to which I allude in the concluding blessing of the service,* and hope it will be true of us; for I believe it is our sincere wish to be entirely devoted to the service of our Redeemer.

I am much obliged to you for having written to me at Rome. I can look back on all that has passed with unmingled gratitude. I am sure that my tour has been a source of real good to myself, and I hope also to others. The congregation at Rome amounted to about seven hundred, and was, as you may well conceive, of a highly important character; and I had two very interesting cases of invalids, whom I attended during their last illness. The most pious Catholic I met was the Patriarch of Venice, who is on the most intimate terms with Mr. and Mrs. Money, and I spent one evening with them while he was there, in company with his friend, the suffragan Archbishop of Vienna. We had the Bible on the table, and were turning from chapter to chapter, without the thought appearing to cross any of us, that there was a shade of difference between us. He said to me, "What a pleasure it is to find oneself in the bosom of so truly christian a family:" and he gave Mrs. Money and M. leave to read the Bible to the sick people in the hospital.

The state of the church in France is improving and very hopeful. I am endeavouring to raise money for building a chapel for some Protestants, who keep the truth in all its purity, though they have had no church or regular minister since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. When we meet I will tell you more about them.

I remember, when you were married, you gave me Phil. i.

* "That ye may please Him both in body and soul, and live together in holy love unto your lives' end."—*Marriage Service.*

9—11, as a topic of prayer for you. I have often thought of it since, and hope you will make it the basis of your petitions for me and mine.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Red Lion Square, Aug. 9th, 1827.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

I wish I had time to tell you all that my heart and head are full of just now, for I would willingly communicate the contents of both to my dear parents; but you know as well as I do the hurry and fatigue of a few days in town. I wish I had seen my dear father again before I set out; but it appeared cruel to wake a Sunday labourer at such an hour on Monday morning. I am sure, however, that you know what my feelings were; and, however lovely the prospect before me may be, I would not own a heart capable of taking what in some sense is a final farewell of parents, from whom I have experienced such tender affection, and who have been the source of such inestimable privileges, without the strongest emotion.

It was not sorrow, either on my account or your's, for I am rather giving you a daughter than depriving you of a son; and I am sure that the event will scarcely contribute less to your happiness than it will to mine; but it was not a step to be taken with indifference for all that. I pray constantly that God may be with you, to comfort you, and establish your hearts in the love of each other and of him; and then I know all will be well. Nor can I doubt that it will be so, from the assurance I have that you are seeking entire conformity to the mind that was also in Christ Jesus. . . .

Such are my feelings with regard to myself; and I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to have left you under the assurance that we three, in our several relations to each other, were knit together in the bond of the strictest harmony and love. Pray give my kind Christian regards to my good curate, for he is very good, and that is better than very wise.

Believe me,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

After the marriage Mr. Shirley and his bride proceeded to Italy, and, as he was enabled to supply his place at Ashbourn for the winter entirely to his satisfaction, he was tempted to extend his tour to Rome.

At Rome he renewed many of the agreeable acquaintances of the preceding year, and carried out those classical and antiquarian researches from which he had before derived so much profit and enjoyment. But his chief object on this, as on his former visit, was to advance the cause to which his life was devoted. He again undertook the service of the English Church, conjointly with other clergymen, and used every means in his power to promote among his countrymen a taste for spiritual things.

He was accustomed to assemble a party of friends at his house, on the Sunday evenings, for spiritual intercourse, exposition of the Holy Scriptures, and prayer. When travelling, it was his habit to collect a congregation wherever any of his countrymen were to be found, in order to share with them in the services of the Sabbath. Throughout his life he set a high value on the privileges of that holy day, as a season of rest and spiritual refreshment. He would mildly check in his own family, in after years, the introduction of worldly conversation on Sunday, saying, "Let us try to forget these worldly cares for one day at least. Have we not higher and holier themes to meditate on?" When the services of the day were over, his conversation (if he was not too much tired to talk) was eminently pleasing and instructive; it was the overflowing of a heart filled with love towards God and man. Indeed, at all times, it simply and easily took a spiritual turn. Religion, with him, so thoroughly pervaded the ordinary business of life, that at all times

the transition to religious discourse, thanksgiving, or prayer, was perfectly natural.

He never lost any opportunity of seeking out those who were afflicted in mind, body, or estate, in order to bring to them the words of comfort and of life. Many touching letters have been found among his papers, expressing the gratitude of the writers, and proving the success of his Christian labours. After this season of usefulness and enjoyment, he returned to England at the close of the year 1827, with renewed vigour, to enter on his career of ministerial duty.

CHAPTER VII.

IN the month of January, 1828, Mr. Shirley took possession of the newly built vicarage. It was scarcely finished, and was, in a great measure, unfurnished; but he was anxious, without further delay, to enter on the scene of his future labours. He was now, as we have seen, a married man; and for the first time, he undertook the charge of a household and parish of his own. He thus describes the situation of his new home, in a letter to his brother-in-law, Captain Waddington.*

Our situation is very healthy and beautiful. Our house stands on a rising ground, and between us and the village, which is on another low and flat hill, there is a short valley. The country beyond is rich and well wooded. We are about a quarter of a mile from the great road to Manchester, ten miles from Derby, and four from Ashbourn; so that though perfectly retired, we are very accessible. We have as much accommodation as we could reasonably desire.

The prospect before him, if not brilliant, was certainly such as to awaken every feeling of contentment. His house was good, his income, though moderate, was sufficient for his wants; he was blest with the fairest prospect of domestic happiness, and placed in a field

* Now Lieut. Colonel Waddington, C.B, Hon. East India Company's Service.

of labour congenial with his character and tastes. He was not, however, exempt from the difficulties which surround a young clergyman who seeks single-handed, and with moderate means at his command, to raise the condition of a long-neglected population. The only dwelling in the parish which before the building of the new vicarage, had ever ranked above a small farm-house was the old moated hall of the Shirleys; but for nearly three centuries it had ceased to be inhabited by the family, and was now reduced to the level of its neighbours. The farmers, whose holdings were generally small, were, as a body, little advanced in intelligence above the labouring classes, and were wholly incapable by their position of supplying to the clergyman the want of resident gentry.

Mr. Shirley's father, during his incumbency, had been unable to procure a house in the immediate neighbourhood; and, though he had exerted himself to the utmost to overcome the disadvantage of non-residence, he was unable to eradicate the evils which had sprung up during a long period of neglect. The parish, moreover, including the hamlet of Yeaveley, comprised a district nearly five miles in length, over which the dwellings were thinly scattered; while the value of the living was so small as effectually to paralyse the efforts of every incumbent who did not derive an income from independent sources. The machinery of parochial usefulness was as yet to be provided.

At Shirley the church was disfigured by a half-ruinous wooden tower, was green with damp, and darkened with cumbrous galleries, which were far from sufficient for the population, though they were more than abundant for the actual congregation. There was no school-room nor any day-school, except one kept

by a dame who taught a few children in her own cottage; while almost the only redeeming point was a Sunday school, which, though held in an inconvenient apartment, had been rendered efficient by the persevering labours of Mr. Shirley's mother. At Yeaveley, the chapel, originally a barn, was situated at the extremity of the straggling hamlet, and was so ill kept up that on more than one occasion the service was interrupted by the intrusion of cattle, and the snow used to penetrate in winter through the closest fastenings of which the crazy windows were capable. There prevailed throughout the parish, as the natural accompaniment of this condition of the externals of religion, a low standard of morals, and one still lower, of cleanliness, order, and decency; but these difficulties did not seem to Mr. Shirley greater than by zeal and patience he might, under God's blessing, hope to overcome; and even the very necessities of the place had their attraction to his earnest and energetic mind.

TO HIS MOTHER.

May 22nd, 1828.

I hope the next week will see us at the end of our furnishing bustle. We have been walking together to-day to visit some of the people, and hope that these visits, which are good both for soul and body, will be more frequent than they have hitherto been, for we have been sorely let and hindered by the service of tables. Pray give my affectionate remembrances to my uncle and aunt, and Eliza. Tell me more about them, for your last hasty letter was not only deficient in personal information, but wanted also those two eyes of history, chronology and geography, a defect I used often to complain of when in Italy. I read myself in at Shirley last Sunday.

TO CAPTAIN WADDINGTON.

Shirley, June 11th, 1828.

We are placed exactly in the situation and circumstances that each would prefer, and we really seem to have scarce a wish ungratified as far as temporal things are concerned. Would that we were equally favoured with spiritual blessings. We both feel that the service of our entire heart is due to Him who has so mercifully provided for our temporal enjoyment; and we are convinced, also, that unless He lift up upon us the light of his countenance every other blessing will lose its charm. I hope, my dear brother, you are not satisfied with any degree of temporal prosperity or happiness, but are seeking, as the main object of life, to secure that unfading crown of glory which is reserved for those who are kept through faith unto salvation. I must add my assurance, that it will give me much pleasure to receive your child, treating him in every respect as though he were my own. I hope this arrangement will prevent the necessity for a separation, which I should very strongly deprecate if it can be avoided; as, also, that it will enable you to return to England at an earlier period. I do not think you have an own brother who will rejoice more than I shall at that event, or who takes a more lively interest in your present welfare. Tell me all you are doing or projecting; are you going to favour us with any more of your geographical notes on India? or are you too much engaged in actual duty? Are there any missionaries in your district? What success do they meet with? What do you think of the religious and political prospects of India? There is a theme for a long letter which I should be very glad to receive from you, though I have not earned it. The most interesting subject at present is the state of Ireland, which that inexhaustible source of ferment and disaffection, the Catholic question, has brought to a condition so near rebellion, that some decisive measures must immediately be taken. The demands of the Catholics can neither be conceded nor withheld at present without

danger, and what is to be done it is exceedingly difficult to determine. I fear they must be humbled by coercion first before the only remedy can be applied; that, namely, of removing those secular disabilities which have bound together a religious sect into a political party. However, I trouble myself very little about politics, and am quite willing to leave them to those whose unhappy lot it is to be involved in their perplexities.

TO THOMAS WADDINGTON, ESQ.

July 17th, 1828.

While Sir M. B.* was with us we had most of his old friends in the neighbourhood to meet him, besides which, it was the time of the Ashbourn and Derby missionary meetings. The Bishop of Lichfield presided at Derby, having preached in behalf of the society, on the previous evening, to a very large congregation, including about fifty clergymen. The meeting was a very edifying one, more so even than usual, and I think that a missionary spirit is gaining ground amongst us.

We were asked to spend a night at the house where the Bishop was staying, and thus saw a little of him, but he was so unwell and fatigued that he was unable to come down to breakfast. He is a most delightful man, and one of that now large and increasing body among our bishops, priests, and deacons, which gives us reason to believe that God is preparing a day of glory for his church; and that, through the instrumentality of that pure and apostolic branch of it established in these kingdoms. As you are not quite so high a churchman as I am, I must beg your indulgence for this effusion of orthodoxy; but such are my feelings. Tell me how all is going on in Paris, especially how the Roman Catholic Bible Society proceeds.

* Sir Matthew Blakistor, Bart., an old and valued friend.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

July 30th, 1828.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

All seems to smile around us in this sweet spot where the good providence of God has cast our lot: we have nothing to wish but the converse of the Apostle's prayer for his friend Gaius, that our souls may prosper and be in health, even as our bodies and all our temporal affairs are; and truly humbling it is to think that the converse of that prayer should be so much more applicable to our condition than the prayer itself. May the unmingled love which we have experienced constrain us to live not unto ourselves but unto Him who has so loved us, as to give himself for us, and to give us all things richly to enjoy.

I am glad to hear so good an account of yourself, your wife and child, and quite understand the intensity of parental interest which this new relation has awakened in your mind. What a thought it is that not only our general conduct, but even particular acts or expressions, may influence the character and everlasting condition of these immortal beings who have been intrusted to our care; and not only so, but their children, and children's children; and all who shall come within the reach of their influence or example, may be affected by the character which we have been the means of imparting. What a ramification of responsibility does such a thought open to one's view; and how does it raise into importance even the most apparently trivial action of life!

July 31st. — I was prevented from finishing this letter yesterday, and am so often called away, that I find the greatest difficulty in accomplishing that which every day requires. There is, as you may suppose, much to be done here, and chiefly in obtaining that personal acquaintance with the spiritual character of the people, which non-residence has hitherto almost entirely prevented. I am going about from house to house to get

subscribers to the Missionary Society, and find this a very good opportunity for observation. It is my intention to have periodical missionary meetings in my laundry, but whether monthly or quarterly I have not yet decided. I thank you for the intention of sending me the paper on the want of ministerial success. We have read it with the deepest interest in the Christian Observer, knowing that it was yours: and I shall be most happy to see it in an enlarged form. Your comment on the 119th Psalm was our travelling companion from Paris, and its chapters measured our married life until we reached Sienna on our way home, where we passed a deeply interesting Sunday with a widow in the greatest affliction, to whom we gave the book that had so often refreshed our own spirits. Have you undertaken the comment for the Tract Society; and what are your views about it? I suppose it will be too plain and practical to receive the result of your prophetic investigations; for my own part, I have not yet studied the subject of prophecy so much as my conscience tells me I ought, but I quite agree with you in deploring the rash and dogmatical spirit in which these inquiries have generally been conducted.

Our child has this day received the seal of his interest in the covenant of grace, under the name of Walter Waddington, and I hope you will join your prayers to ours, that, having been buried with Christ by baptism, he may also be raised up with him and walk in newness of life. I am glad to hear so good an account of your dear wife and child: when shall we meet, that our friendship may be extended to our families also?

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Oct. 8th, 1828.

I lay down Mr. Budd's book on "Baptism" to answer your letter which my morning's reading has brought to my mind. Had you not given me your opinion on this very interesting, and I think important publication, I should have felt

assured that it met your views. It really seems to me to be just the simple reception by faith of what God has told us in his word, and I am delighted with its spirit of tender charity and large catholicism. We want to be brought back to the simplicity and child-like teachableness which distinguished the ancient times of Christian faith, and I think Mr. Budd's writings are calculated to produce this effect. It is part of human weakness that we are apt to run into extremes, but we may attribute it to the merciful ordering of God's providence that those extremes often tend to their own correction; and so we may hope, that after a distrust of the mere opus operatum has led to low views of our baptismal privileges, we shall see its due importance attached to the spiritual reception of the sacrament, where faith stretches forth a discerning hand to take what God has placed within its reach. I am going to advance a rather hardy opinion for these no-popery days; but I am really inclined to think that baptism is not the only point on which modern sentiments have fallen below the standard of antiquity. The corruptions of the Church of Rome are indeed appalling, and the nearer one observes them, the more distinctly does one read the number of the beast; but the beast does not rule at Rome alone, though his influence there is doubtless less subtle than it is nearer home. The services, the ceremonies, and the current superstitions of popery, are gross and carnal to the last degree; as addressed to the multitude, in its exoteric form, it is heathenish idolatry; but there may be discovered at the bottom of all this wood, hay, and stubble, the vestiges of a church which must have been spiritual and believing to a degree of which we have, I fear, no extant exemplar. It must be our business to do what we can towards raising ourselves and our people, which, under God's blessing, we shall be most likely to do by taking our views of the Gospel directly from the Bible, with faith for our interpreter. All this is, however, much easier in theory than in practice; and I know few things more humbling than to turn from what one is convinced ought to be, to examine the actual state of our immediate charge. It is a constant en-

forcement of that lesson, "Not by might nor by power;" and I can see that the application of this rule of faith and love even to one's own child in any sufficient manner, will require much personal watchfulness, as well as great diligence and prayer.

I suppose you find that your dear partner is not so helpful to you in the parish as she used to be when I was last with you, at least I have found it so; and I am satisfied with the conviction, that for a mother, home duties are the first to which all other engagements should, if needful, yield. I hope, however, that I shall now have more of my dear M——'s very valuable co-operation. Pray tell me how your little charge goes on.

Mr. Shirley's views of the question of Roman Catholic emancipation have been already alluded to in a former chapter. In the course of the year 1829 he recorded his vote in favour of Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel, at the election for the University of Oxford, a step which he felt no hesitation in taking, but on which he experienced the pain of differing from all his most intimate friends, and even from near relations. He was actuated in thus giving his vote by the decided objection he felt to introducing into the University the practice of disturbing the sitting member, scarcely less than by his conviction alike of the justice and of the necessity of the great measure with which Mr. Peel's name was at this time connected. In consequence of his opinion on this last point he encountered an expression of feeling peculiarly painful to a minister. On his ascending the pulpit as Lecturer of Ashbourn, for the first time after his return from giving his vote, twenty-five or thirty of the congregation, in a marked manner, rose and left the church. So far can the vehemence of religious party lead men aside from the simplest rules of Christian charity and toleration.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Shirley, Aug. 31st, 1829.

I have of late been particularly engaged, partly by having a son of my friend, Sir M. Blackiston, with me, to whom I have felt it a debt of gratitude to devote a good deal of time, and partly because I have been preparing my young people for confirmation. The confirmation took place last Wednesday, and was most interesting to us. Our dear good bishop is, I think, particularly successful in his addresses on these occasions. I have seldom heard anything more searching, pathetic, and impressive than his exhortation. With regard to our own children, I do not know that I can speak with decided confidence of a real change of heart having been produced in any by the ordinance, but I have good hopes that several have received some serious impressions, and the event, which is in the hand of God, must prove where the seed has fallen on a prepared soil.

You will not be sorry to hear that I have cut off one source of distraction from the care of my parish, by resigning the lectureship of Ashbourn. It has long been my intention to take the first favourable opportunity of transferring it to safe hands, and I have now been able to procure the appointment for a son of Mr. Money's,* who came to me as my curate, and has hitherto resided in our house.

I wish I could have been present at the clerical breakfast in London, which you describe, and of which I have heard, also, from other quarters; but as I hear you were called to act a very prominent part on that occasion, I hope to find a good deal of what was said in your Pastoral, which I have just received, and have begun to read. I did indeed comply with your request, to pray that this book may be blessed to the Church, and I hope that it may be the means of conveying some fire of love to my cold heart. I am daily more and more sensible, that if we are to burn with a steady and clear light for the benefit of others, our own hearts must be fed daily and hourly with the oil of grace. All our plans with-

* The Rev. James Money, Rector of Sternfield in Suffolk.

out this will be deficient in that holy, compassionate; patient, and persuasive ardour which alone can make them really profitable. Sometimes I seem to work with little feeling, and am much discouraged; but I have generally found that the performance of duty has strengthened and animated me; and I am persuaded of the truth of your remark, that the more we are engaged in the work of the Lord, the more enjoyment we shall have of his presence. I wish I could see you in the midst of your parish.

TO THOMAS WADDINGTON, ESQ.

Dec. 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

We have been so much engaged with all the Christmas arrangements and distributions among the poor, Sunday-school rewards, &c., that M. has not found a spare evening, and has therefore requested me to write for her, while, by way of compromise, she decides the respective merit of the children whose tickets are now spread over the table. I must then, in the first instance, wish you, in good old English fashion, every blessing of this season of joyful recollections, and add our sincere prayer, that the coming year may be still more fruitful of spiritual mercies than this has been; and, if it be your heavenly Father's will, less chequered with temporal afflictions. But perhaps we know not what we ask for in this respect; looking for the effects of patience, experience, and that hope which maketh not ashamed, while we deprecate the painful means by which they have been produced. I do most sincerely wish we could see you and dear —, for I love you both with brotherly affection, and should delight to talk over all the way in which your God has led you, that he might do you good at your latter end. I wish, too, that you could see us, for I am sure you would enjoy the uncommon share of happiness with which we have been favoured, and would be interested in the state of our parish, "that beautiful flock" which has been entrusted to our care.

I administered the sacrament this morning for the first time to two people who have been brought to the edge of the grave by illness, and are not yet sufficiently recovered to venture to church in this most inclement weather. In both these instances I have reason to believe that affliction has been the means of bringing them back to that God from whom they had deeply revolted. It is impossible now to give you the particulars of these cases, but they are the subjects of our daily rejoicing and gratitude.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Shirley, Jan. 4th, 1830.

The many extra engagements which the close of the year brings with it, have had the effect on me which you have doubtless yourself experienced, of suspending all correspondence with my friends; but I have begun this week of comparative leisure with the intention of paying up my arrears, and my earliest and most valued friend stands first on the list.

In the first place then accept, dear Charles, the assurance of my very sincere desire that every blessing of this season may be abundantly granted to you, and your wife and child, and that you may all prosper with all spiritual and temporal prosperity, enjoying the "mens sana in corpore sano." I thank you for all the important suggestions and searching questions contained in your letter. It is with much thankfulness, but deep self-abasement, that I answer that all things shine around me. I have much to encourage me in the state of my family. I trust that among my servants there is increased seriousness, and, in some at least, a sincere desire to devote themselves to the service of God. Our darling little boy thrives to our hearts' desire; and in my precious wife I have a most efficient and active helpmate.

We have had some very remarkable and animating instances of the Lord's goodness in our parish, especially one, in the case of a young man who was brought to the very

edge of the grave, from which he has been restored, not only to bodily health but to spiritual life. He has given, and continues to give, very affecting evidence of the reality and power of the wonderful change which has been wrought in him; and his case has excited an interest in the parish which, I trust, may prove a source of blessing to many. A young woman, whose case is nearly similar, has been enabled to maintain the steadfastness of her walk; and I had the heartfelt gratification of administering the emblems of their Saviour's dying love to these objects of his redeeming mercy, for the first time, last week. This, and more that I could relate, is most encouraging; but then, when I turn to myself, and consider what a frail and mean vessel of earth has been the vehicle of this inestimable treasure, I do not know whether most to adore the riches of the grace of God, or to look with shame on my own utter unworthiness. But I will not talk more of self; it is a subject on which few can talk with entirely simple feelings.

It was my intention, when I wrote next, to have given you any remarks that occurred to me, on reading your Pastoral, and I delayed writing for some time with this view; but I lost the book for several weeks, and only lately discovered that I had left it at Winster, so that I have not yet got beyond the middle, and by this time your second edition must have gone to press. I am very glad to hear of its success, both on your account, and because it implies an increasing interest in the important subject of ministerial usefulness. I like much what you have written, and find a great deal to make me less satisfied with my own feeble and limited exertions. I could have wished that there had been a greater portion of original matter; for though the quotations are very admirable, and enable you often to say more than you could in your own person, yet I cannot help thinking that the book would, upon the whole, read better, and come with greater freshness to the mind, if the current of your own thoughts had not been so often interrupted by extracts from the writings of other people.

I rejoice in the prospect of your being more extensively

useful to the church, and I wish I knew in what way I could follow your example. Can you suggest any path of usefulness in which I could employ the time I have to spare from the immediate care of the parish? I have sometimes thought of ecclesiastical history, and my reading has been a good deal in that direction, but the immensity and difficulty of the work deters me. Other subjects have occurred to me; but in the mean time I go on without any definite course of study, and satisfy myself with the idea that I have enough to do in my own parish, and have not power to do anything which would be worth sending beyond it.

The following letter was addressed to his brother-in-law, Thomas Waddington, Esq., then in Paris, after the memorable three days of July.

Aug. 3rd, 1830.

We are most anxious to hear from you, and wish heartily that you, and all belonging to you, were safely placed in happy England. M. is very much distressed about you; and we have both made your circumstances the subject of our united prayers at the throne of grace, that you may be kept and guided, and that all these commotions may be so overruled as to tend to the promotion of Christ's kingdom. What a privilege it is to be able to look with the calmness of faith in a Father's love on every event, whether public or private; and yet nothing is more difficult than to be steadily influenced by this feeling.

I hope you will be able to send us rather more frequent letters than usual, for we are deeply interested in what is going forward. I must confess that the irreligious character of the government makes me feel alarmed for its security; but we may hope that the "ten righteous" will save the nation, and that in the end God's designs of mercy for his church will be developed, and the government of his Son extended.

Your letter gave the clearest and most realizing description of the three days that I have seen. Your little Goshen

was a beautiful picture of christian peace, and brought to my mind those verses at the end of the twenty-sixth chapter of Isaiah, in which the people of God are invited to gather near him in the time of trouble. I much fear that what has taken place is only the beginning of a series of disturbances which will shake Europe from end to end; and though I have no doubt but that the final issue will be for good, yet one cannot but tremble at the prospect of all the misery and confusion which will be caused by the universal conflict of principles which is likely to take place.

Pray tell me what is the present position of the Church of Rome in France, and how far the recent changes affect the present condition and future prospects of Protestantism.

TO THE REV. RICHARD YOUNG.

Shirley, Nov. 4th, 1830.

MY DEAR YOUNG,

It was very good and friendly of you to recompense my note with a letter which neither it nor its lazy author deserved, though it was, I assure you, received with the highest consideration and gratitude.

It gives me pleasure to find that you have the charge of a parish; and though, for the sake of your people and yourself, I had rather hear that the shepherd lived with his flock, going in and out among them, and teaching them by the eloquent example of a holy life, yet I doubt not you have good reasons for residing at college, and that you will be useful in the same way to the interesting circle with which you are surrounded. Do not, dear Young, shrink from the full exhibition of the gospel to them in word and deed, acting in the spirit of wisdom and of love. May God strengthen you for the arduous office. It is one which my conscience often tells me that I have discharged in a very inefficient manner.

I cannot tell you how grieved I am about the disputes between the warden and fellows to which you refer. I love New College, and hoped to have seen its peculiar system

fairly tried under the present warden ; but, whether he is right or wrong, those hopes are now at an end ; for nothing can be done where confidence and love are wanting. I do not fully understand the question in dispute, neither am I very anxious to enter into it ; but it seems to me that the simple view which a Christian should take of this and similar subjects is this :—A makes a certain claim, to which B objects ; C is the judge between them. If C decides in A's favour, B must cheerfully submit ; if otherwise, A withdraws his claim. But why need either party be angry ? Pray and strive for peace. It is just possible that I shall pass by Oxford before long, for we contemplate a visit to Southampton and the Isle of Wight.

Believe me,

Yours, my dear Young,

Very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

The following letters refer to a charge delivered by Archdeacon Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, in which were some passages which Mr. Shirley thought liable to misapprehension. The motive which induced him to come forward to state his views, when the proposal was made to print the charge, will be found in the subsequent extract of a letter to his father :—

It was with sincere reluctance that I came forward ; but I could not let it be supposed that the clergy had expressed their unanimous and unqualified approbation of such sentiments. The archdeacon assured me that he had nothing personal in view, and that German sentimentalism was the object of his attack. He said further, that if I would write to him, he had no doubt of being able to convince me that nothing of an offensive nature was intended. I replied, that I was very sensible of his condescension and courtesy, and would avail myself of his permission to write to him ; but I

suggested that it would perhaps prevent misconception, if he were to state more distinctly what was the precise subject of his animadversion.

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BUTLER, D.D.

Shirley Vicarage, July 1st, 1829.

MR. ARCHDEACON,

I gladly avail myself of the permission with which you favoured me, to communicate my feelings to you by letter, as it gives me an opportunity of assuring you how sensible I am of the indulgence and kindness I experienced from you, and of apologizing for whatever may have appeared irregular or unbecoming in the observations I ventured to make at Derby. I trust that I did not for one moment lose sight of the subordinate relation in which I stand towards you; and I believe that you will give me credit for having been influenced by a simple desire to state in candour the impression conveyed to my mind by your charge, and which prevented me from receiving it with that unqualified acquiescence that the request that it should be printed seemed to imply. I was aware how liable one is to misapprehend what is delivered only by word of mouth, and I was anxious, both for my own sake and that of others, that you should favour the clergy with some explanation of remarks which appeared, in the course of their delivery, to be of doubtful application. I will candidly say that my fear was, lest some expressions might be so taken as to leave men satisfied with something short of that earnestness and spirituality of mind without which there can be no sustained energy in the service of God; and lest, by a similar misconception, the indolent might be composed and the zealous discouraged; a deduction which I am sure you would be most desirous to prevent, at a moment when the existence of the Church of England depends, from hour to hour, on the exalted piety and unwearied diligence of her friends and ministers. With regard to foreign exertions, I could not help feeling that what you said implied something like disapprobation of a society

which is supported exclusively by members of the Church of England, and has the sanction of many bishops. But I am unwilling to dwell upon this point, or indeed any other, because I have only my recollections of what you said to go upon ; and, also, because the statement you were so good as to make after dinner, that German sentimentalism was the object of your animadversion, enables us to affix a precise meaning to the advice and caution which the charge contained. My only remaining hope is, that you may deem it expedient to prevent others from falling into the error which misled me, by appending to the charge some notice explanatory of your design, that thus the edifying confession of faith which it contained might produce the full benefit it was calculated to convey, without the risk of any deduction.

I have the honour to be,

Mr. Archdeacon,

Your very obedient humble servant,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

To the above letter the Archdeacon returned a courteous answer, in which he promised to append explanatory notes to his charge, and the following year he gave a further proof of kindly feeling to the subject of this memoir, by requesting him to preach his visitation sermon.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN working out his parochial plans Mr. Shirley had been very careful not to endanger their success by precipitation, and was anxious to carry with him in his progress, the understandings and the sympathies of his congregation. In order to estimate properly his labours and their results, it should be remembered, that at the period of which we speak, the details connected with the management of a parish were less understood than at present; and that in the first efforts which Mr. Shirley made for raising the physical and social condition of his people, he had to contend with those obstacles which ignorance and prejudice never fail to throw in the way of new schemes for improvement. The establishment of a clothing club, the benefits of which are now so generally acknowledged, encountered an obstinate resistance; and for two years, it was only by the addition of considerable sums to the subscriptions, that at first one, and then only two families could be induced to join it. But patience and perseverance had carried him through these difficulties. Both villages were now divided into districts; and to each district visitors had been appointed, tracts were regu-

larly exchanged from house to house, church missionary associations were formed, the clothing club had become so popular that few chose to be excluded from its benefits; and the comforts of the people were considerably augmented by the regular distribution, at Christmas, of blankets, bedding, and flannel. From the time of his giving up the lectureship at Ashbourn he had instituted a third Sunday service in his own parish. The Sunday school at Yeaveley had been remodelled, and there, as well as at Shirley, weekly lectures had been set on foot. It was also Mr. Shirley's practice to go to the more distant farm-houses on one or two evenings in the week, for the purpose of expounding the scriptures to their inhabitants, and such neighbours as they could assemble for the purpose. In after life he had not a few testimonies to the good effects of these pastoral meetings.

From the commencement of his residence at Shirley, he began the system of quiet, unassuming hospitality, which he never relinquished. His house was always open to the friendless and afflicted, and to all whom he could hope to aid by his counsel. He was anxious to cultivate friendly relations with the neighbouring clergy, and was persuaded that much mutual benefit might be derived from a free interchange of opinion, and a comparison of the results of their experience. To the young his conversation was especially attractive; his cheerful flow of spirits, placid temper, and readiness to understand and sympathize with their feelings, at once gained their confidence and secured his influence. It is not surprising that such a life was full of enjoyment.

TO THOMAS WADDINGTON, ESQ.

Dec. 29th.

I feel daily thankful for the station which has been assigned to me, and have so much reason to think it of all others the most conducive to real happiness, that I cannot help wishing a similar lot for those I love; but if all were hands where were the head? We must be content both for ourselves and others to stand where God places us, and to do what he bids us.

There is little doubt now of my accomplishing both the tower and the north aisle for Shirley church. Our national school opened with promising appearances on Monday last. My chief hope from the school is, that it will create a race of more intelligent hearers, and enable me to have that ministerial intercourse with the children which my full occupation on Sunday prevents me from having through the Sunday school. In short, my work increases under my hands. May the Lord prosper it!

The Shirley people are very affectionate, and I had three crowded congregations; in the evening I preached at Shirley from, "Take heed unto yourselves."*

The three following letters, the first addressed to a periodical, though never actually sent for publication, the other two to a friend, relate to the progress of the views now so commonly known under the name of Irvingism:—

I have read with much interest the statements which have appeared respecting the case of Mr. Irving, and beg leave to trouble you with a few observations to which they have given rise in my mind.

My opinion of the whole case is, that Mr. Irving is the victim of that love for exaggerated and paradoxical phraseology by which his publications have been so much, and so unfavourably, distinguished. If the greater part of what he has written had been rendered into our vulgar tongue, it would have appeared to contain little that was injurious or

* Deut. iv. 23.

even new; but then it would have excited no amazement among that very considerable and not uninfluential class of people, which admires in the inverse proportion of its comprehension. Not that I accuse Mr. Irving of any design to produce this excitement at the expense of truth; on the contrary, I verily believe that he has been borne forward by the flow of his own mazy periods, and perhaps by the astounded assent which accompanied them, to say what he did not mean to say, and thus to scatter firebrands among a most inflammable body, without being aware of the inevitable results of such a proceeding. The real question at issue is simply this, "Was concupiscence in the Son of Man?" a question which, when thus simply put, no one could answer in the affirmative, who was at all careful to be considered as a believer in the Catholic doctrine respecting the deity of our Lord. I do not know what a peccable nature can mean, unless it be a nature in which there is concupiscence; but concupiscence is itself sinful, and, when it has conceived, brings forth sin. The idea, too, of a peccable nature, restrained from the actual commission of sin by the indwelling of God's Spirit, implies the notion of concupiscence; for where there is no opposing desire there can be no restraint. Concupiscence is the object of grace, and the communication of the latter pre-supposes the existence of the former. Concupiscence is also the subject of temptation, without which no temptation can succeed; when, therefore, Satan came to tempt our Lord he failed, because he found nothing in him. Now, we may ask, what did he expect or wish to find? Not sin already existing, for then the assault would have been superfluous, for Jesus would have been disqualified for his work; but concupiscence, which, under the influence of his exciting injections, might bring forth sin. However, this is precisely what he did not find—the will of the Son was absolutely conformed to the will of the Father; for He and his Father were one. How could there be peccability under such circumstances? and if there had been peccability in any reasonable sense of that term, how could there have been freedom from sin, in the estimation of Him

with whom the averted will constitutes the very essence of guilt? I do not imagine that there is any novelty in this tone of argument; but perhaps in these times, when every wild speculation is secure of ready listeners, it may not be without its use to suggest matter for sober thinking. It may be useful also, from the same consideration of the character of the times on which we have fallen, to remind some of your readers, that neither have these speculations themselves the very attractive merit of novelty to recommend them to attention. The first ages of the Church were kept in a state of continual agitation by similar speculations, and the first four general councils were occupied more or less directly by the theories which were advanced, to reconcile the assumption of the likeness of sinful flesh with the proper deity of the Son of God. It strikes me that the theory which is deduced (and, as I think, correctly deduced) from Mr. Irving's works approaches very near to that of Nestorius, who maintained that there was in Christ Jesus a carnal nature subject to concupiscence, and a distinct spiritual nature which was exempt from all human frailty. It is moreover remarkable, that when the Church was undergoing what may be almost called its second birth at the Reformation, and the minds of men were, of necessity, much occupied with doctrinal discussions, subtleties of the same kind were again permitted to rend the body of Christ.

Your readers will find some important remarks on this subject in the last fifty or sixty pages of Dr. M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy. It is specially observable, and a most instructive fact, that Camillo Renato, who was in fact the master of Lelius Socinus, commenced his heretical career by maintaining that "Christ had concupiscence residing in him; was capable of sinning, though he did not actually sin; and that he is said to have been made a curse because he was conceived in original sin, and not because he was made a sacrifice for sin, or suffered the death of the cross for sinners." "It is not difficult," observes Dr. M'Crie, "to perceive in these propositions the elements which were afterwards formed into a system by Faustus Socinus. It is true Camillo did

not profess his disbelief of the doctrine of the Trinity, but some of his disciples, who enjoyed a large share of his confidence, made no scruple of openly disavowing it." Now I have not the most remote suspicion that Mr. Irving's real sentiments, when divested of the *voces ambiguae* with which it is his pleasure to clothe them, differ essentially from the "good confession" which he and his elders have witnessed, but I am sure he must either go backward or forward, for he cannot long occupy the slippery place on which he now stands; and I would therefore say to him, in the words of the prophet, "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."*

Allow me, in conclusion, to observe that this entire case is fruitful of wholesome warning to the doctors and disciples of a school which owes no small portion of its distinction, and injurious influence, to the use of inflated language, the paradoxical form in which it exhibits uncontroverted opinions, and the hardy dogmatism with which it asserts whatever is peculiar to itself. God grant that the still and simple voice of Truth may gain more patient hearers among us! So shall we "see the good of Jerusalem all the days of our life, and peace upon Israel."

I am, Sir,

Your faithful Servant,

Σ.

"What a privilege it is in these days to be seeking a city, and not building one:—what a privilege to feel one's soul so nourished and refreshed by the simple verities of the gospel as to have no need to run after novelties to produce excitement."

DR. MAYO.

MY DEAR —

I send you the above extract from a letter just received, because it exactly expresses my feelings. Whatever is truth I would earnestly desire to have grace given me to receive; but it is my serious conviction that in the class of views

* Jer. vi. 16.

which you appear to have so suddenly and I should fear inconsiderately adopted, there is little of truth, and much of very dangerous error.

I am reading the "Brazen Serpent," in compliance with your wish, though it is pain and grief to me. My present impression of the book is that it is distinguished above most publications I have seen, by superficial criticism, loose and inconsecutive reasoning, and a wanton innovation upon those forms of theological expression which have been in a measure consecrated by the usage of wise and holy men in the Church of Christ. Nor is the innovation only in phraseology, for there are many doctrines broached which touch closely upon Socinianism, and I assure you that (notwithstanding all the outcry of this party against Socinianism) my impression is that this is the gulph into which, like the seceders a few years ago, they will fall. And what are the arguments on which I am to receive this Erskinism, or Irvingism? I find a maze of mystical words and far-fetched similitudes, but assuredly a plentiful lack of proof. God bless and keep you in faith, and love, and holy joy, which I hope will outlive these crudities.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Dec. 15th, 1831.

I am sure that you mistake each other very much; I am sure that you have a strong mutual regard for each other; and that under the healing influence of holy love spread abroad more abundantly in each of your hearts, the past (whatever it may have been) would be forgotten, you would be united by strong affection, and your prayers would not be hindered. This would surely be a more happy and edifying effect of faithful prayer than any communications of preternatural gifts or private interpretations of Scripture. I can fully sympathize with Mr. H's letter, taking my own view of the promised coming of my Lord. We know that no man knoweth the time of it. I believe that we know very little about the circumstances of it, and that those

who think they know most, know least of all. But however these things be, let us be careful to be found of Him in peace and all will be well. Thank you for the books, but I have not at present any time to read them, nor, to say the truth, have I much inclination to read the works of Irving, for I cannot suppose that the Spirit is with a man who has put forth fearful heresy and countenanced fanaticism and delusion.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Dec. 15th, 1830.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

Your very interesting letter from Castle Ashby deserved an early answer, and it was my full intention at least to have anticipated your departure from England. Now I must follow you to that land of beauty and "far niente" of which you are so fond; not that I mean to charge you with idleness and self-indulgence on the present occasion, for your motives are unimpeachable. At the same time, I very much regret your absence on many accounts; my own loss of your society; also that these are not times when any right-minded Englishman can be spared from home.

Mr. C. gave me the sequel of your amusing account of an electioneering day at B. I find that * * * failed from want of energy and electioneering experience; that is to say, from not having brought himself to do what must be most abhorrent to the feelings of a gentleman. My own feeling is, that the law of franchise ought to undergo an entire revision so as to reduce it to the state which is most consistent with the spirit of the constitution. For instance, I would make an income equivalent to forty shillings in land the qualification for voting; I would then throw open the freedom of the towns to the qualified occupiers of houses, take the franchise from the nominal boroughs and extend it to the unrepresented large towns. That is my notion of civil reform. Then with regard to the Church, I would have a bishop to every county. The

present income divided among the whole number, and the present number returned to Parliament as the Irish bishops are. I would have a fresh valuation of all livings, and tax those above a certain amount for the benefit of those which are too small. Such are my foreign speculations.

At Shirley, being more my own master, I work instead of speculating. I have fitted up a school-room, and opened it last Monday for a national school, and you will be glad to hear that I am preparing to pull down the wooden tower of my church, which is to be replaced in the spring by a stone one, and a north aisle is to be built: then I hope to have a clock and an organ. So that we shall be quite grand when you next visit us, if I am spared to do what I wish. I am thankful to say that we have no agitators in this village, but there have been some anonymous letters sent about in the neighbourhood. I am not an alarmist, but still I am very strongly convinced that a very fearful crisis is at hand for our civil and ecclesiastical institutions. May God direct us! If His directions were more sought by those who are at the helm, I should fear less.

Whom have you at Rome? tell me all about the new Pope. A Paul IV. just now would overturn the papacy, the days of which are already numbered.

Ever yours very sincerely,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO DR. BISHOPP.

Southampton, June 3rd, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am glad you decided as you did on the Reform question, for I am deeply convinced that the success of the measure is essential to the stability of the empire; and above all, that without it no sufficient expression will be given to the religious feeling of the great mass of the middle orders of society. I fear that some mischief will be done by the first rush of the waters which have so long been restrained; but I have every confidence that the result will be beneficial,

because the principle of the measure is founded on justice. The abolition of slavery will of course follow almost immediately; and I hope, also, to see a different system adopted in India more favourable than the present to the extension of Christianity. The Church of England will, I fear, be handled rather roughly. In Ireland I anticipate a new distribution of Church property, which in its immediate effects will be very lamentable, and may, in its ultimate effects, tend to the overthrow of all ecclesiastical establishments whatever; unless the evils which they have contracted be removed in time. What need have God's people for prayer that this torrent which it is manifestly impossible to stem, may be so guided as to fertilize instead of destroying our country. In the mean time it is consolatory to think that there is so large a body of God's own people; his true Israel in the land, watching, working, and praying. I only wish it were with more unanimity and love. Here they are a small body, but consistent, zealous and self-denying. I came here for rest, but certainly this is not the place for it; there are so many plans of mercy on foot, in which even a stranger is constrained to engage more or less.

Believe me yours, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Sept. 30th, 1831.

I am, as you know, as little of a politician as it is possible to be at such a period as the present, and am on the whole, favourable to the Reform measure, but I must own that I view the aspects and prospects of society with more of anxiety than hope. I should like to talk with you about these things, or if you please, to forget them while talking and reading about the past and the future; that future which is beyond the reach of the chances and changes of this mortal life. But what will you say when I tell you that the influence of passing events has so far affected me as to make

it prudent in me not to decline an offer I have had of a pupil. He is to come to me next week, and I have agreed to keep him till Christmas to see how the thing works.

TO JOHN DUNNICLIFF, ESQ.

Shirley, November 24th, 1832.

SIR,

I am sorry to say that I cannot comply with your request, that I should take an active part in promoting Lord Waterpark's election. My vote will be much at his Lordship's service, but I am anxious, as far as possible, to keep myself clear of electioneering contentions. It is my duty and my desire to be the minister and friend of the whole of my parish, and not of a party only; and I shall therefore studiously avoid presenting myself to my people in the light of a political partizan. Besides which I really have not time for these matters. If, however, I felt otherwise, and had more leisure, I should still find it impossible to distribute one at least of the hand-bills which I have received this morning. I could not circulate among my parishioners sentiments which I could not express myself, and which I believe are calculated to lead them into error. I allude to what is said about tithes and the ecclesiastical establishment. . . . I will never aid in propagating the delusion, that the farmers would gain anything by the abolition of tithes, or in representing the establishment in the light of a convenient provision for the younger sons of the aristocracy, when I know that it is a free gift bestowed upon the nation by the piety of our ancestors, and one of the most important constitutional links by which the various orders of society are connected together, equally to the advantage of all.

I do not believe that Lord Waterpark would lend himself to the overthrow or spoliation of the Church, for if I did I would not vote for him; and I am decidedly and heartily in favour of a strong but honest and constitutional measure of Church reform. I am a constitutional Whig, and dislike Tory principles, because I think them unconstitutional; but

there is a third party still more unconstitutional than this last, for which I therefore entertain a still stronger dislike.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO LORD WATERPARK.

Shirley, Feb. 28th, 1833.

MY DEAR LORD,

I shall be obliged by your presenting a petition against slavery which I have forwarded by this post. It is a disgrace to the country that the question of Negro slavery should have been trifled with so long; but I hope that we shall obtain at last the settlement of this question from parliamentary reform. If Jamaica had been as near as Ireland it would have been settled long since. By the way, talking of Ireland, I must confess that I am astonished and grieved in no small degree at some clauses in the Irish Church measure. Surely it is unjust, cruel, and ungrateful, to tax the suffering and laborious Irish clergy for the payment of the church cess, in order to relieve their persecutors and murderers from an onus to which their land has always been liable. With regard to the alienation of three millions of episcopal property to secular purposes, I cannot see how it can be regarded otherwise than as an act of spoliation, unconstitutional in its character and of most perilous precedent. If such a fund is to be created, and this is not the point to which I object, surely it ought to be considered as exclusively applicable to ecclesiastical purposes; and certainly if the church cess is to be thrown upon the clergy, this is the fund from which it ought to be derived. I am grieved that ministers should be pledged to such a measure, which it seems madness to expect that the House of Lords will ever pass, except under the pressure of circumstances, which would virtually annihilate their existence as an integral part of the legislature of the country. I dread the formation of an absolute, and therefore unconstitutional and tyrannical

power in the House of Commons. Excuse these remarks, which perhaps proceed from my partial acquaintance with the case.

TO CAPTAIN WADDINGTON.

Shirley, June 6th, 1833.

* * * * *

I do not write to you of politics, because you may collect them from the papers, but they are a topic of great and increasing interest. Thus far things have worked tolerably well, and the abolition of slavery, which must be effected immediately, will be a great act of national repentance; but with regard to the Church, we have an act of unjust spoliation in Ireland, which is of evil precedent for England, without any measure of real reform in the national Church, without which it will cease to be national.

I have seen some numbers of a newspaper published twice a week at Calcutta, called the "Examiner:" if they find their way to Bombay, I should be glad of a file of them, and indeed of any publication which tends to illustrate the state of mind among the natives in respect to religion. It is a most remarkable crisis all over the world, and excites in me the greatest interest.

The following letters refer chiefly to the question then much agitated respecting the exclusion of Soci-nians from the British and Foreign Bible Society.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Shirley, November 15th, 1831.

I procured the life of Payson a long time since, on your recommendation, but have only just finished it; and my first feeling on laying down this most interesting and instructive volume is to thank you for having made me acquainted with it. I have written two texts on the last page, which express the impression left on my mind. "This kind goeth not out

but by prayer and fasting."* "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."† Not but that I think his abstinence excessive, perhaps it was also inconsistent with the circumstances of one with whom the Bridegroom was present: and his mental agonies were, to a certain degree, the effect of a morbid temperament. Yet who, after all, would not endure all that he went through, to enjoy that realization of heaven with which he was favoured? I think that in the course of the narrative many instructive facts come out which show us what a blessing an established Church is to a country, and in what a state of destitution and apathy many places among ourselves would soon be, if the legal provision for their religious instruction were withdrawn. Infidels know this full well, and therefore endeavour to overturn the Church; I fear that many pious people among the dissenters will learn the effects of their mistaken efforts when it is too late. At the same time we may safely leave the whole event in the hands of God, and may even see reason to believe that under such calamitous circumstances a spirit of more fervid piety would be enkindled, though the diffusion of religious knowledge would be restrained.

The worst feature of the case is, that there is so little harmony among the believing members of our church, the ecclesia in ecclesiâ; and it appears to me as if the formation of this new Bible Society would lead to an open rupture.

In compliance with your advice, I have not published my pamphlet, for I thought on the whole, that though mine were words of peace they might provoke words of war; but I am again almost induced to come forward with an earnest entreaty to my brethren and fathers not to lend themselves to this decomposing project. I hope, dear Charles, that you will never give the sanction of your name to this schismatical society, which will at once divide the pious members of the church into two parties. If our connexion in the Bible Society imply communion, then let us separate from all with whom we cannot communicate, and form a Church of England Society. But if it be only an association for a specified object, let us combine with all who are willing to further

* Matt. xvii. 21.

* Psm. cxxvi. 5.

that object. I wish I could bring you to take this view of the subject, and that you would step in and stay the plague. For my own part, I feel that my opinions would carry little weight; besides which I am exceedingly occupied, having (from motives which I explained to you in town) taken a pupil.

I am grieved to find my own apprehensions confirmed by the result of your observations in your missionary tour, as to the increase of fanaticism properly so called; what lamentable exhibitions are those at Mr. Irving's chapel! How active, subtle, and powerful is the accuser of the brethren! Have you read the "Edinburgh Review" on the subject? We have been favoured in this neighbourhood with several faithful and efficient ministers lately appointed to curacies; there are many labourers, though not in proportion to the harvest, and I hope the Lord is blessing them. In my own parish there is enough to sustain and encourage exertion, notwithstanding some discouragements. Tell me all about yourself, your family, and your people.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, April 21st, 1832.

In compliance with your advice I remained silent on the subject of the Bible Society question some time since, though I had a pamphlet written; and I do not regret having yielded to your judgment, for I believe that, at the time, it would have provoked a controversial reply. There seems, however, now to be an opening for Christian solicitation and remonstrance, and I have accordingly sent a short paper to the press.* The Trinitarian Bible Society has exposed the impracticability of the principle on which it was formed, and though it may be set up again, the result will still be the same. The only practicable Bible Society on Trinitarian principles would be one formed exclusively of members of the Church of England. Have not recent events

* Letter to the Members of the Derbyshire Auxiliary Bible Society.

brought you to this opinion? I earnestly pray that a spirit of unity and love may distinguish the meetings this year, and wish I could be present at them, if it were only for the gratification of seeing and hearing once more our dear brother who is going out to Calcutta. Is it not a delightful appointment? Surely God has designs of mercy for India. It is quite remarkable how admirably adapted the men sent out have been for the times on which they fell. There were first the Browns, and Buchanans, and Martyns, who laid the foundation and forced the Gospel on the attention of the world. Then came Corrie, Marshman, &c., and the very remarkable succession of bishops, each advancing in spirituality of views and character, as the state of the public mind was able to bear them. I tremble for the health of the new Bishop; but he is in better, wiser, and stronger hands than ours. I fear, too, sometimes, that his impetuosity of character may lead him into difficulties; but it may also carry him over other difficulties on which a more quiet and cautious mind would founder. May the Lord give him wisdom and grace according to his day! What a disgrace it is to this rich and professedly Christian country, that we should send a single Bishop to toil himself to death in the midst of our vast oriental empire. I have just been reading over again the life of dear Henry Martyn, and "Robinson's last days of Bishop Heber," so that I am full of interest for India; at the same time there is a great deal to interest one at home.

The remarkable manner in which the fast was observed, has given me the greatest encouragement, because it is a pledge to my mind that God is with us, and that he has a large body of his own people in this land. I had three overflowing congregations in my little parish, and the apparent effect was such as will not, I hope, be soon obliterated. I am convinced that we have erred as a Church, in neglecting the important duty of seeking God in this way; and I believe that if all were individually to make more frequent use of this means of grace we should experience much benefit from the practice.

The general appearance of my parish is, I thank God, more than usually encouraging, but the signs of real conversion are few and faint. My father's parish is, however, in a most remarkable state. There is nothing in Payson's life more remarkable than the present condition of Winster; such an earnest spirit of inquiry is there among people of all ages and conditions, what they must do to be saved. My father and mother thank God and take courage.

Should you attend the May meetings, pray give me an account of the spirit which pervades them, and especially of the Missionary breakfasts.

TO THE REV. JAMES D. MONEY.

Shirley, May 31st, 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

We had last Wednesday a party of about thirty friends, among whom were Mr. Latham, who has been a missionary, and Mr. Greenway, to dinner; and in the evening retired to the church, where was held one of the most interesting little missionary meetings I ever attended. The collection amounted to 11*l.* 8*s.* 6*d.*, and I hope that it will tend to revive the charitable sympathy of my dear people for those who are perishing for lack of knowledge.

I am extremely anxious about the Missionary Society, and much fear that all the disputations, speculations, and dissensions with which the Church is distracted, will dry up the sources of that love on which its resources depend. The Bible Society question also makes me very anxious, not only on account of that noble institution, which may be pulled down by people who could not build it up, but because Satan is using it as a most efficient instrument of division. I have written a few quiet pages on the subject, which you will find at Hatchard's. I am very thankful to see that Mr. Gerard Noel has returned to the society. I felt that his letter to Lord Teignmouth had been written under the false impression conveyed by the Record of the meeting of May 4th, and could not but hope that he would

see the matter in what I am deeply convinced is its true light. If we unite with those with whom we cannot worship, we must unite with all who are agreed upon the common object for which we combine. The less we discriminate the better; for exactly in proportion as we exclude some, our union with those we retain is more intimate, and our approbation of their sentiments more unequivocal. My conviction therefore is, that it is impossible to exclude any class of heresy or schism without an entire disruption of the society; we must then, if we begin to exclude, form an exclusively Church of England society. Other points I think might be conceded; the wording of the rules might be altered, and the proceedings might commence with reading a devotional portion of scripture; but even this last ought not to be compulsory. Nothing ought to be compulsory but the distribution of the pure word of God. These are my views; pray what are your's? We will talk them all over when you come.

CHAPTER IX.

HITHERTO all had been peace and tranquillity in the little world of Shirley; but a circumstance very trifling in itself introduced discord, and produced effects mischievous out of all proportion to the importance of the cause. A dispute between a considerable yeoman and a tenant of Mr. Shirley's, about a right of way, divided the parish into parties. The vicar exerted himself to the utmost to effect a reconciliation, but in vain; and as he was the landlord of one of the litigants, he found himself, to his extreme annoyance, considered as a party to the quarrel, and for a time his influence was diminished, and his plans of improvement obstructed by this untoward event.

Whilst travelling for the British and Foreign Bible Society, he writes thus to Mrs. W. A. Shirley—

Northampton, July 11th, 1834.

Your letter, which I received yesterday morning, distressed and surprised me exceedingly. I do not know when I have suffered more from suppressed feelings than during the whole of yesterday, for I was in public all day—had hardly time to pour out my heart before our common Father, and none to hold communion with her, whom He, in tender love, gave to be my partner and my comfort. What would I not give to join with you at the throne of grace, to seek for guidance in the trying circumstances of the parish, and I should be par-

ticularly glad to have the benefit of dear Dr. Mayo's* kind advice and Christian wisdom. I fully thought, when I had left the court, that I had persuaded M. to accept what appeared to me a compromise on fair and equal terms. I told both parties that they had no room to triumph; and particularly enjoined M. to abstain from any expressions of exultation, and flattered myself that the peace of the parish was permanently secured. For the rest let us go straight forward in the path of duty, and all will be right. We had, perhaps, expected too much of temporal comfort from our little Eden, and God designs to remind us that this is not our resting-place.

Afterwards, in allusion to the same subject, he writes home—

God has been very merciful hitherto, in keeping me from evil, and giving me much of pleasant intercourse among his own people; and if he gives me some few trials at home we need not complain, for they are not only fewer than we deserve, but infinitely less than have fallen to others. Therefore do not let your heart be cast down: "hope in God, for we shall yet praise Him, who is the health of our countenance and our God." †

TO THE REV. HENRY DEANE, ON HIS TAKING POSSESSION OF
A LIVING.

Shirley, March 2nd, 1833.

MY DEAR DEANE,

Your letter gave me very sincere pleasure, for I had seen in the papers a statement of your preferment, and was anxious to know whether it was correct; but I did not like to write, being uncertain where a letter might find you. I am glad to find that you are about to be drawn forth into the more active service of Him to whom you have devoted your-

* Dr. Mayo, late of Cheam, who was taking the duty at Shirley during the vicar's absence.

† Psm. xliii. 5.

self, and that you are to occupy so prominent and important a post. It is indeed an awful charge, to be entrusted with the care of five thousand souls, and I should tremble for you, if you did not tremble for yourself. Blessed is he that feareth always, where it is a fear which draws the heart in conscious weakness to the source of all power and might, and does not sink it into unbelief and despair.

My charge has been so very humble a one in comparison with yours, that I can scarce venture to give you advice. I would recommend to you, however, one or two books, which I have found useful; some, at least, of which you probably will not have seen: Charles Bridges on the Christian Ministry; Baxter's Reformed Pastor; Parochial Duties Practically Illustrated; (get a dozen to give to clerical friends;) the Life of Oberlin, by Mrs. D. Wilson, the Life of Dr. Payson, an American; the Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott; Felix Neff, by Gilly; Female Parochial Duties Practically Illustrated. Dr. Payson's life is very edifying, though there are some things in it of which I cannot approve. The first book on the list, which is written by a very dear friend of mine, is full of ministerial wisdom, and will furnish you with advice founded on experience, under almost every circumstance in which you are likely to be placed. The last will be useful to one who, I trust, will soon grace G—— Rectory, to keep alive your spiritual feelings by the fervour and simplicity of female piety, to comfort you under anxiety and disappointment, and to co-operate in your exertions, being a partaker of your ministerial vows, and a fellow-heir of the grace of life.

Pray let me hear occasionally how you get on at G——, for I shall feel much interested in your proceedings. As you will probably be placed there for life, it is most important to be very cautious in every respect: not rashly to form parochial plans, to avoid too extensive a visiting acquaintance, or too large an expenditure. In all these things it is much easier to advance than to recede. Allow me, under this head, to recommend to you "Practical Domestic Economy," a useful little book as far as it goes; but, as it makes no allowance for charity, or anything beyond necessary ex-

penditure, it must be followed with caution. These are days in which Christians generally, and ministers of Christ in particular, ought to practise self-denial; for there is much to be done both at home and abroad, and both experience and observation convince me that without self-denial the sources of charity will be dried up. We should remember, too, that we are in all things "a spectacle unto the world."*

You ask my opinion of an evening service. I would say, by all means have one, if practicable. My evening service is the one from which I have derived the greatest comfort. I have also a lecture on Thursday evening in my school-room, the order of which is singing, prayer, exposition, then again singing, prayer. I have lately undertaken a similar service for my hamlet, at 2 P. M. on Friday, which is well attended by women and old people, and brings some of the more serious of my people into close personal contact with me. I have found evening visits to my cottages useful, especially in winter. The men are at home; there is no mopping of floors going on, and all are glad to see you. The worse the night the more welcome you will be. Our usefulness is often in direct opposition to our comforts. With regard to charity, I avoid assisting those who will not assist themselves, and give hardly anything away in money, not even the sacrament money, which is distributed in clothes at Christmas. We have a penny club, collected weekly, to which we add a fixed proportion at the end of the year, and lay out the sum in clothes. I wish you could come to see me here, you would find me very happy.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS MOTHER.

* * * * *

As for myself, I have not been very well; not very ill, but in just such a state that I shall be glad of rest, recreation, and change of air—or rather change of scene; not that I expect to change either air or scene for the better, but to

* 1 Cor. iv. 9.

get out of my workshop for a season, to return to it, I hope, with renewed vigour, and a more hearty determination to work while it is day. The —s leave us to-day. She is very weak, but I hope better for her visit to us. She certainly is very interesting. Her mind does not want for intelligence, but it is ill furnished. His mind is quite as ill furnished, and of very mean capacity into the bargain; it is in truth a sorry lodging.

In fulfilment of the intention expressed in the previous letter, Mr. Shirley proposed to take his family to visit Mr. and Mrs. Bull, in Yorkshire, with the promise of afterwards extending their tour to York and its famous minster; but the latter part of this plan, which had given so much pleasure in the anticipation, was cut short by a sudden and severe illness which seized him at his friend's house. The attack was similar in its character to one which nearly proved fatal thirteen years later. It was painful and highly dangerous. Nothing could exceed the kindness of his friends on this trying occasion, especially of Mrs. Bull, (a sister of the Rev. Charles Bridges,) who had been an intimate friend from her childhood. The following passages are extracted from a letter written by her to his widow:—

Sowerby Parsonage, Oct. 1848.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is with mournful pleasure that I endeavour to accede to your wish, by forwarding to you the few memoranda I possess, of the illness of your beloved husband, under our roof, in the summer of 1833. I do so with the more readiness, from his own distinct allusions to it on each subsequent visit here, especially on that which proved to be his last, when he said, it was particularly recalled to his mind, from the very languid state of his health at that time. He had just come (he added) from making a short and solitary sojourn

at Fleetwood, where retrospective glances of life had occupied many leisure intervals, and he desired to look again into the room where he had been confined so long, remarking that it was a period much to be remembered for the mercies he had there experienced, of love, and peace, and christian fellowship.

An extract from a letter written by myself during his illness, to a dear friend whose subsequent decease has brought it again into my hands, may perhaps form the best opening to the few scattered notes, from a pocket-book, which will follow.

July 26th.—Our dear friend, W. A. Shirley, with his wife and children, came to us this month, with the intention of going away when our pupils should return; but after edifying us for two sabbaths by his ministry, he became so suddenly ill that there remained no alternative but to delay his journey; and his debility, accompanied by low fever, increased so rapidly, that any immediate prospect of removal was rendered impossible.

Much sympathy has been excited among our friends for him, and for ourselves, on account of the crowded state of our house; but I feel that the privilege of ministering to him demands nothing but congratulation. He was, for many reasons, earnestly bent on returning home, and much struggle of mind ensued on the subject; but his own feelings soon harmonized with the medical opinion, and every look and action expressed a childlike amen to his Father's will. It is very interesting to observe his character under such a transition—so recently the life of our circle down stairs, delighting ourselves and children with the vivacity and charm of his conversation, and all at once called into his chamber to be still and commune with his own heart, in such extreme weakness as sometimes to awaken a secret foreboding that his precious life may not long be spared to the church. Such a transition is calculated to shew the depth of his humility, the simplicity of his faith, and his every Christian grace, ripening under sanctified chastening, while his own

peculiar playfulness of manner and expression delight all who attend upon him.

It was probably the foreboding expressed in this letter that led me to write occasional notes of his state of mind in a pocket-book, which was for a time overlooked, when it pleased God to restore him to comparative health.

On the first Sunday morning, when asked how he was, he replied, "Weaker still; I think the doctor will say so." It was remarked, how little we could have anticipated his present state on the previous Sunday, when he was administering the bread of life to us and our people. A large Testament lay open upon the bed; he pointed to the second chapter of St. Mark, at the third verse, saying, "No, indeed, we could not; but you and they must carry me to Christ to-day." He added, that "he only desired that this outward prostration of body might be a type of inward prostration of spirit." It was replied, that the most sure and certain peace was to be found in that position. "Yes; the peace of abiding in Christ: and no unworthiness can deprive us of that privilege. When I am weak then am I strong." Some reference was made to the power of appropriating faith; on which he noticed, that general hopes and notions, however rightly founded, would not meet our necessity when laid so low, and added, "At such a time there is no power to reach after any new possession; it is as much as we can do to hold fast what we have, and to feel that it is ours." The text was repeated, "This God is our God for ever and ever. He will be our guide even unto death."* He rejoined, with wonderful emphasis, "Thou art my God, and I will praise thee: thou art my God, and I will exalt thee."† He frequently adverted to the difficulties and anxieties attendant on bringing up our families, and the dangers to be avoided on every hand. It happened one day that his eldest child, who was lying in one corner of the room, waked up and rather disturbed him; but the child promised to be quiet, if he might only place himself where he could look at his papa, and then leant his little face over the crib with his eyes intently fixed on

* Ps. xlvi. 14.

† Ps. cxviii. 28.

him. The invalid was raised up to take some nourishment, and the child's eyes were following every movement of his hand. He smiled, and directed my attention to him with his finger, saying, "There now, depend upon it, that is a picture of the watching of our words and actions we must in future expect from our children; how they will form their earliest notions of right and wrong from our's: really that is a most important lesson. What manner of persons ought parents to be." When he was at all equal to it, he liked the amusement of having our "contemporary babies" (as he called them) brought to his bed-side to receive some token of his tenderness, and never let them go without some kind wish or aspiration for God's blessing upon them unitedly; and on one of these occasions he, with his dear wife, commended his own to my sponsorship, saying, "We shall have full certainty of your remembering our's by your's." I could recal many proofs of his genuine and grateful affection to all around him, always far over-rating anything that was done for his comfort. Another day he was looking in his Testament, at the passage in the twenty-first chapter of St. John, containing Christ's repeated appeal to Peter, and said he wished his Saviour to waken his ear, morning by morning, with that same question, "Lovest thou me?"* He afterwards remarked, that the work of the ministry was the highest responsibility combined with the highest happiness, when the heart was alive towards Christ and the salvation of sinners; but that, if it were not so, the responsibility was felt like a hard yoke, to be borne alone, and that he desired to be more faithful in his stewardship. Just after this conversation he asked to be raised up in bed, and requested to have a pencil and paper to write a few lines to his beloved and anxious parents. A fragment of this has been preserved.

Sowerby, Aug. 6th, 1833.

I am sure it will be so great a comfort to you to see my hand-writing once more, that I am anxious to send you even a few lines, to tell you of the goodness of my God and

* John xxi. 16.

Father to me. I am incomparably better this morning than I have yet been, and feel that I am regaining my strength; but I am yet very weak. God has taught me how frail I am—frail in body and in soul, depending hourly on Him for strength; a bruised reed, stayed up by his hand, so that the storms do not utterly break me down, nor the waterfloods altogether overwhelm me. It is pleasurable thus to feel a passive, helpless infant, with the everlasting arms underneath me. God grant that I may ever feel so, and never forget that my all of power, wisdom, will, and life, must come from Him, and by Him be sustained. I have received a hint that my stewardship is not for ever, which I hope will make me more diligent in seeking for grace to use [The paper here is unfortunately imperfect.]

I must mention one other feature in his spiritual history at this time, which I thought particularly instructive, namely, that his mind was so much more occupied with the present than the future blessedness of a believer, such as the privilege of loving Christ, of working for Him, and of receiving the “earnest of the Spirit,” rather than with the prospect of the “future inheritance;” more with the hundredfold blessings of the present time, than with the perfect joys of life everlasting in the world to come.

In order to recover his strength after this severe illness, he went to the sea-side, accompanied by his family and a new pupil, Mr. ———.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Blackpool.

It is a very unworthy return for your full and most affectionate letter to occupy so small a portion of the sheet; but it does not require many words to assure you of my tender love to you, and I am sure that your love to me will make you thankful to M—— for saving me the exertion of writing much, even to one with whom I delight to communicate thoughts and feelings. I wish you could have been with us

here, for my father would have exceedingly enjoyed the fine sea, and you would both have enjoyed our very sweet and profitable evening communings over the Epistle to the Hebrews. I grieve to say that our "quartette" will be broken up on Thursday, by dear Sarah's return to Sowerby. As for myself, I have gained muscular strength, and feel better in most respects, but my digestion is very weak. But every blessing attends us. Goodness and mercy follow us, and we shall, I trust, dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

I feel already that the air, the quiet, the peace of this place, and the glorious sea, which stretches without interruption to the shores of America, are invigorating me. What a mercy to have just the medicine provided for me that I most like. To-morrow the sacrament will be administered, and I anticipate much enjoyment from the service, if only He be with us who has promised to be "wherever two or three are gathered together in his name."*

At the opening of the following year he answered a letter from Mrs. Bull in the following words, referring to the period of his illness:—

Your letter was a refreshing new year's present, with a refreshing retrospect of the past year. What a memorable one it has been to both our families, chequered with births, deaths, sicknesses, deliverances, mercies seen and unseen, spiritual and temporal, afflictive mercies, sparing mercies, preserving mercies. It is charged with solemn thoughts, humbling recollections, grateful resolves, and gracious manifestations from Him who is the fountain of light and life. How strange, that the practical result should be so little elevating! Something, I trust, I have learned, but very little in proportion to what such lessons might have taught me.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Dec. 6th, 1833.

MY DEAR CHENEY,
Having had the enjoyment of my "librum cum lumine" for

* Matt. xviii. 20.

some time, I will indulge myself in a little chat with you till breakfast. Indeed you deserve that I should write soon to you, for I have by me two unanswered letters of yours—a very unusual and meritorious circumstance, at least on your part. I must say, however, that you owe the acquisition of this extraordinary merit to your own locomotive habits and to my illness. I have been ill, as you heard, very ill; so that at one time I hardly expected ultimately to recover. I had been overworked, was exhausted in mind and body, and was just preparing to set out on a journey of recreation, when I received a letter (two days before I left home) from a friend who was dangerously ill, expressing an anxious wish to see me. There was, therefore, no avoiding the necessity of travelling the greater part of the night, spending a long and very exciting day, and returning home between twelve and one to set out on my journey at nine. The journey was accomplished, but I broke down at the house of the friend we afterwards went to visit.

I could not lift my hand to my head, and was barely kept alive one week by drinking a dozen of port wine. After six weeks we returned home, but I was too weak for the slightest exertion, and was ordered off to the sea, where we spent six more weeks, and returned home late in October. I am now, thank God, very well, but rather weak, and am in consequence obliged to suspend some of my ministerial duties, which is a grief to me. I can, however, sincerely say, that it is the only subject of regret which has arisen out of my illness. I have never enjoyed three months much more. It has been a peaceful and blessed season, just that sort of pause which my heart longed for; and as I had little if any pain to distract me, I can thank God for the whole, for it has been of inestimable benefit to me. We have had, as a set-off against this affliction, if affliction it must be called, the blessing of a sweet little healthy girl added to our family circle. Our church has the acquisition of the tower, which you know we contemplated, which makes it more respectable in appearance and hardly less picturesque.

Alluding to his infant daughter, he writes,

TO MRS. BULL.

My dear mother is with us, and you, who know what she felt at the loss of her only daughter, will enter into her present feelings. It is as though her daughter had come back to her from the grave. Her enjoyment restored, while the peace and glory of that blessed one remains undisturbed by the tumult of this battle-field in which we have our appointed station for a season. Our sovereign Lord finds constant occupation here for his faithful soldiers and servants, and we must rejoice in the hope, that the children whom he gives us are designed to receive commissions in the noble army which fights under his banner—an army in which there is neither “male nor female;”* all fight with spiritual weapons against spiritual adversaries, and under his guidance and aid they will fight manfully, and with ample success; for “He always causeth us to triumph in Christ.”† How shameful our languor and cowardice under such a leader! God grant, dear friends, that we and our’s may be stimulated by every fresh instance of the Lord’s goodness to redoubled energy in his service.

TO THE REV. REGINALD POLE.

Dec. 4th, 1833.

DEAR POLE,

I have been favoured with a circular from you inviting my attendance at a meeting on Friday next, to adopt the Oxford address to the Primate.

If the object of your meeting were to discuss the propriety of an address to the Primate, or to consider whether the Oxford address should be adopted as it is, or with certain alterations, I should think it my duty to attend; but as I cannot subscribe the address in its present form, I had better keep away. It appears to me that an address of this kind ought to be directed to our own diocesan, or to the

* Gal. iii. 28.

† 2 Cor. ii. 14.

king as the head of the Church; and I must confess my feeling that the selection of the Primate connected with the ambiguous character of the address, and the avowed principles of the society from which it emanates, gives the whole an appearance of a party measure. With the principles of the Oxford Association I cannot concur, and think them more suited to your namesake, the Cardinal, than to the pastors of a Protestant church. I dread the effects of the propagation of these principles, which will divide us among each other, approximate us to popery, place us at issue with the government and the country, and precipitate the separation of the Church from the state, a result which I know some of the Oriel ultra churchmen desire, but which I, as a Protestant clergyman, should deprecate as an evil of the greatest magnitude. I believe that the propounders of these doctrines are sincere friends of the Church, but I do not think their measures wise, or their doctrines scriptural. I am sorry to differ in this opinion from many whom I cordially respect; but thinking as I do, it is not in my power to co-operate with you.

Believe me, yours very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THOMAS WADDINGTON, ESQ.

Shirley, March 21st, 1834.

I was very glad to find that you had succeeded in effecting the sale of your annuity* on terms which, all things considered, it certainly was very much your interest to accept. There is no saying what the impulse of popular feeling may some day drive Parliament to perpetrate; the only barrier on which any sufficient reliance can be placed being our hereditary peerage, sustained and balanced by the bench of bishops; but even these may be displaced by some rude shock. Yet notwithstanding all these very possible occurrences, I am not, on the whole, an alarmist, only

* An annuity granted to the family by Charles the Second, and which, in common with many others, was paid off after the Reform Bill.

I had rather see myself and my friends as far as possible out of the reach of the somewhat perilous and uncertain movements of that formidable power which circumstances have recently called into action. My resting-point is this, that though it seems probable that many of our most important institutions may be roughly handled, and the tenure of many kinds of property rendered less secure, yet I believe generally that all is working together for the good of the Church of Christ, and I think that I perceive signs already of these things which are happening tending to the furtherance of the Gospel. What a special privilege it is to be permitted, as Cowper says, from the peep-hole of retreat to look at such a world; to see the bustle and not to feel the stir.*

I wish you were as far removed from it as we are, for the sake of your personal enjoyment, our enjoyment of you and yours, and your own health. We should be delighted to join you in a country residence for a few months, but after the heavy expense occasioned by my illness last year, and the uncertain burthen of a lawsuit before me, we must not let our horns project so far from the shell. We are going, D. V., in the middle of next month, to spend a few weeks among some friends between this and Northampton, and I have engaged to travel as representative of the Missionary Society for a short time towards the end of May; but with these exceptions, we must be quiet, I grieve to say, for we both long to see you and dear — under circumstances in which we could really enjoy you, and see our children playing together.

TO HIS LITTLE BOY.

London, April 24th, 1834.

MY DEAREST WALTER,

The last time I wrote to you I used printing letters, but I hope that you are now able to read writing letters, and therefore I use them. Your mamma and I came quite safe

* "'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd."

The Task, b. iv.

on Tuesday last to London without any accident, for God was so good as to keep us from being hurt. But as we came along the road near Market Harborough, we saw a broken coach with no one in it, and no horses to it. When we asked how that coach came to lie in that state, we were told that about twelve o'clock in the night before, as the horses were trotting very fast, the axle-tree broke, down came the coach, the passengers were thrown off, one here and one there; all were hurt, several had their legs or their arms broken, and one poor man was killed on the spot. I hope he was a good man, and fit to die; but it was a very awful thing to be taken in a moment before God, was it not? Now, my precious boy, this ought to make you very thankful to God that papa and mamma were not killed in the same way, and it ought to make you pray to God to pardon your sins and to make you good, that you may be ready to die any moment, for you might be killed as suddenly as this poor man was.

I hope to hear from dear grandpapa or grandmamma that you have been a good boy, and then I am sure you will be a happy boy, even though we are not with you. I hope also to have a letter written by yourself. Give little dear Siss a great many sweet gentle kisses from papa and mamma, and tell me how she is, and how many teeth she has. Play with her and make her laugh, but do not hurt her, for she is not so strong as you are. Tell me how the donkey is, and whether you have often rode on him. Mamma sends her love to you. I am,

My dear child, your affectionate papa,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, July 3rd, 1834.

If you come, as I earnestly hope you will, we will go thoroughly into some book together, and have a regular term of study. I should like to read as a whole some things which I have hitherto read only in small portions at

a time, and there are many things which I am anxious to learn of you. I should wish particularly to read the Greek Testament with you, and in humility and simplicity of mind to inquire what are the truths, both practical and speculative, which it reveals. I am sure that one of the most fruitful sources of religious error is, arguing "a priori" as to what God ought to be, and say, and do, instead of simply inquiring from the Bible what he has told us of himself; and yet it is abundantly clear that our knowledge both of the character and will of God must be limited by the extent of his communications. In short, men approach the subject of religion without faith, and will receive only what their ignorant reason accepts and approves, even after they have, at least in theory, acknowledged that the Bible is the word of God, and that it is the only revelation we possess of God's will. Another source of error is, our unwillingness to follow boldly into practice what we discover to be the dictates of God's word; we soon reduce our creed to our practice if we are not careful to raise up our practice to our creed; we put on one side some inconvenient injunctions, and so explain away others; conscience is silenced, we remain in the undisturbed possession of self-indulgent habits, and then wonder that we derive from religion none of the power and consolation which it seems to impart to others. A partial religion will ever be weak and comfortless, but when the will is absolutely brought into subjection there is joy and peace.

TO THE SAME.

July 31st, 1834.

MY DEAR —,

It gave both Mrs. Shirley and myself much pleasure to hear that we are soon to have the enjoyment of your promised visit, but the performance falls sadly short of the promise. What can we do in a week? It is too long a time to be idle, too short to begin or accomplish anything. What spell is it that makes you, without any profession, or any particular object in life, such a slave to circumstances—

strenua te exercet inertia? Break loose, my dear friend, and let us have a good stretch of steady, serious reading. It is clear that there is a close analogy between this intellectual bondage and that spiritual inability to which you refer in your letter, and perhaps the one may serve to explain and illustrate the other. For instance, I suppose there is not a physical or moral necessity against your spending a month at Shirley. You have the power to avail yourself of the means provided for your conveyance here, and you have the power to remain when you are here. I know you too well to suppose that it is some conflicting self-indulgence which shortens your proposed visit, but should conclude that it is some idea of opposing duty which hurries you elsewhere. Be this, however, how it may, the result is that your judgment prefers to leave Shirley at the end of a week. In the application of this fable we are involved in a question which has agitated the schools and the Church from the beginning, and, I suppose, will agitate them to the end. It is, however, quite clear that we have the power to use the means of grace which God has provided, and which He has promised to bless to those who are really desirous of salvation, who hunger and thirst after righteousness. I think also that experience tells us that most infidels are people who have never seriously studied the Bible or the evidences of religion, and that most of those, who, though not infidels, remain unimpressed by religion, are people who have made little use of the means provided by God for forming and confirming the divine life in the soul of man. We come, however, after all, to the perplexing question of the initiative; whence the first desire for salvation—whence the appetite for righteousness? On this point I think I find in Scripture strong, clear, and unqualified statements on both sides of the difficulty, without an attempt to reconcile the apparent inconsistency, or modify the seeming harshness of the declaration. For instance, John vi. 37, 39, 44, 65; and for the effect of these statements see vv. 60, 66. On the other hand our Lord says, John v. 40. Then, again, the whole difficulty is brought in direct juxtaposition, Ephesians v. 14.

And finally, see St. Paul's discussion of the subject Romans ix. I see inexplicable difficulties on every side of this subject, but the merely philosophical question of free agency has equal and similar difficulties, and I cannot expect to comprehend Infinity. In the mean time, it is a comfort to me and a motive to humility, to know that whatever good desires I have come from Him towards whom they tend, and I am quite sure that all evil comes from myself. A free offer of salvation is made to all who wish to be saved. I wish to be saved from sin; therefore God will deliver me, and indeed, in some sense does now deliver me. That is enough for my purpose. Is it not enough for yours?

I have now only room enough to say, come any time after next week.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Sept. 17th, 1834.

I am sorry you fell in with so intolerant a lady at —, but I suspect you rather took a pleasure in exciting and feeding her intolerant spirit by correcting her misconceptions of Popery without giving her your real opinions of the evil of the system in theory and practice. I think also, that you do not make a sufficient allowance for the rather contracted views which are almost a necessary appendage to a certain state of society. A person must get into a different position, and be furnished with a new set of principles, to get on even safely without some of what Bacon would call *idola specūs*. I cannot help thinking that you are a hypercritical judge of the class among which you found yourself. Not perhaps as much so as they may have been of you. We cannot expect perfection in any set of people, and although we may very fairly grieve more on account of the infirmities and failings of those who give religious principles and duties the prominence they demand, than we should for those of other people, yet surely they may justly claim the largest share of our forbearance and charitable construction.

TO THE REV. B. G. BLACKDEN.

Shirley, Oct. 4th, 1834.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have confined my "Church Communion Society" strictly to communicants, explaining my motive to be the desire to realize, by personal intercourse and active co-operation, the privileges we visibly enjoy by being made partakers of the same body and blood. The service is conducted entirely by myself; and though a Methodist preacher was present I did not call on him to pray. We commenced, after a few introductory observations, with prayer; then sang; then I read a portion from our Lord's last sacramental intercourse with his disciples, beginning with the account of his washing their feet. I asked several of them, indeed all of them, questions, in order to elicit the state of their feelings. For instance, "Well, Betty, what lesson do you think we may derive from this act of our Lord's?" or, "How do you think, Joseph, that we can 'wash one another's feet?'" "Can you, Thomas, mention any other way in which we can comply with our Lord's directions?" &c., &c. We concluded with prayer. All appear to have been delighted with the meeting, and I hope it will be productive of good. I propose to have these meetings monthly, but my communion is only quarterly, and I do not think of having it more frequently.*

This subject is thus alluded to elsewhere.

I must trust to our friends to tell you of our communicants' meeting on Wednesday last. The people at Yeaveley, who are a great comfort to me, are prepared to have a similar meeting, and I think I perceive an answer to prayer in the blessing which has already attended this plan.

The three following letters, exclusively on religious

* Mr Shirley always thought it unwise to increase the number of sacraments unless he perceived an increased appetite for that ordinance, which did not at that time exist in his parish. He subsequently, however, doubled the number of times for its administration.

subjects, are presented to the reader as they were found amongst the late Bishop's manuscripts.

NO. I.

DEAR A.

I can hardly express the impression your letter has made upon my mind. There was something of awe in it. It was as if I then for the first time held intercourse with the soul of him whom, "in the flesh," I had known, and loved, and conversed with. And yet there was also a certain melancholy pleasure in finding that, gloomy and painful as many of your feelings are, you had sufficient confidence in my sympathy to admit me within the secret chambers of your heart. Be assured, my dear friend, of my entire sympathy, for I not only can feel for you, I can also feel with you. Indeed I am anxious at once to undeceive you of the idea that your case is at all singular, or even that I myself have not felt much of what you describe. These things proceed from the fault and corruption of our nature, and although they may assume different appearances according to the character and circumstances of individuals, yet we must always calculate on their appearing in some form or other. I dare say that when you saw me, in my family and parish, actively engaged for the benefit of others, and receiving more than adequate returns of grateful attachment, you imagined that I was a stranger to the temptations by which your mind was distracted, and that I was therefore incapable of entering into your feelings. If your reluctance to speak to me on the subject which you knew was nearest to my heart, and to which you were not yourself indifferent, arose from any such impression, let me assure you that you little know how subtle are the devices of the tempter, and with what skill he adapts himself to the case of each individual. If you are more exposed to the chilling and ensnaring influence of the world *without*, one who lives in retirement, I may add one whose very business is of a religious character, has to contend with what are perhaps, to some minds at least, the still greater dangers of the world *within*. We meet then

on the common ground of men "compassed with infirmities," (Heb. v. 2,) anxious to learn whence we may obtain pardon and strength. Surely we could not stand in a more interesting relation to each other, or be engaged in a more important inquiry. God grant that our intercourse may tend to our mutual advantage, by confirming in us that faith which we are told "worketh by love," and "overcometh the world."*

Faith expressed by love, conquering the world, is the high estate of the Christian, for thus the three christian graces are exhibited in action; but the source, the character, the co-operation with each other of these graces—how they may be obtained, preserved, weakened, lost—are the questions on which practical theology chiefly turns, because these are the difficulties out of which our daily conflict arises, and which, in fact, make this life a state of probation. The conquest of the world is the end which the Christian proposes to himself, faith and love the means. The Spirit of God is the moving and life-giving principle. Do not, however, suppose that, by the conquest of the world, I mean such an alienation from the world's interests, pursuits, and pleasures as may be obtained by pride, or disgust, or the spirit of party; for I can easily believe your statement that such conquerors of the world are lamentably abundant in those circles where the world's empire is supposed to be the most secure. I use the expression in a far wider sense, and in what appears to me to be its scriptural application. What I mean is, that elevation above the passions, and selfishness, and low maxims of the world, which, in the exact proportion of its attainments, will be accompanied with the deepest humility, the most tender compassion for those who are out of the way, and the most ardent longing after those "new heavens and that new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness." †

And now, my dear friend, as you have appointed me your spiritual physician, excuse my laying my finger on what I cannot help thinking is the seat of your disease. The conclusion I draw from the statement of your symptoms is, that the world has far more dominion over you (even in the or-

* Gal. v. 6; 1 John v. 4.

† 2 Pet. iii. 13.

dinary sense of the words) than you are at all aware. I have not the least difficulty in believing that what is called "the world" has few charms for one who has seen so much of its vanity as you have. In fact my only wonder always has been how a person of your intellectual character and moral taste, could condescend to a course of life which, even philosophically speaking, appeared beneath your dignity. You tell me that you are disappointed, although every one tells me how eminently successful you have been, that is to say, as I suppose, how popular and acceptable you are in the more influential circles of fashion and politics. What more did you calculate upon deriving from such a source? Surely you had too much sense to expect that excitement would always secure happiness, and that there would be some exception in morals to the physical maxim of the equal and opposing influence of action and reaction. No, it cannot be; the secret is, that you have got what you sought to obtain, or nearly so, and yet you are dissatisfied with a tolerably faithful servant for not having rendered services for which you did not stipulate, and which you had no right to expect. Your discontent, disappointment, and disgust arise from the discovery, not that the world is unable to afford that kind and degree of happiness which you could hardly have anticipated from it; but, that it gives nothing which can atone for the absence of that indefinite something after which your spirit yearns. Still, however, my apprehension is that if your emancipation from the world were fairly put to the test, many strong bands would be found forcibly detaining you in subjection to its rule. For instance, if any one were to tell you that the absence of religious susceptibility, the spiritual numbness, apathy, or even death, of which you complain, may be traced to your past or even to your present habits of refined self-indulgence, and to that dependence upon the opinion of others which such habits must produce in a greater or less degree, would you be willing to change these habits, that you might acquire sensibility and life? You have devoted yourself to the elegancies of literature and the arts, not, as I am well aware, to the neglect of the charities, or even the business of life, but so as to make it your ambi-

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tion to be ranked among the most accomplished gentlemen of your day. Now I am far from underrating this object. I am not a christian Stoic, but would turn the maxims of that narrow-minded school against itself, and maintain that the Christian should aim at being "optimus opifex omnium operum;" whatever be his department or position he ought to be "the highest style of man," yet so that this be not only "without swelling or pride," but often without reference to man's judgment, and often in direct opposition to the judgment of those whose good opinion we most value. The test, then, of the extent to which your victory over the world has been achieved, is whether you are satisfied to be counted a fool for Christ, for his name's sake to sacrifice the honour which cometh from man, even the affection of those who are dearest to you? Are you prepared to be classed among enthusiasts and fanatics, and to find yourself unwelcome among those by whom you are now so much courted? Are you willing to relinquish your most fascinating pursuits, to sacrifice your personal ease and comfort, to offer violence to your feelings of factitious refinement, to count all things but loss that you may win Christ; in one word, are you prepared to take up your cross daily and follow Him? This is the true crucifixion of the world; this is the Christian's triumph over it; a triumph, be it remembered, which will still leave him the willing and devoted servant of that world which God so loved that He gave His only beloved Son to die for it. But I fear that I weary your patience; at any rate I must conclude for the present, but you may expect to hear from me again in a few days on some of the other very important topics to which you have alluded.

I am, &c.

NO. II.

December 23rd, 1831.

DEAR A.

I was unwilling when I last wrote to enter upon the question of faith which you have stated with so much ingenuity and feeling, because I felt that its importance required a

separate discussion, and I was aware that it was a subject of great extent. It is indeed so extensive, even in the special view you have taken of it, that I must content myself with throwing out some suggestions for your mind to work upon, which we may follow out when I have the pleasure of receiving you once more in my parsonage, for I trust that you will not have continued to feel your former reluctance to converse on these subjects.

I agree with you in thinking that the state of mind you describe, in which there is a belief of the facts of revelation and of the immortality of the soul, without the existence of faith as a living and efficacious principle of holiness, is not explained in a satisfactory manner by any of the theories to which you have referred. We are told in the Bible that faith is the medium of our salvation; it is the link by which the might of God is connected with man's weakness, and the righteousness of God with man's guilt. What then is faith? What is this mysterious bond which unites heaven and earth? Faith is usually defined to be belief in testimony: religious faith will therefore be belief in the testimony of God; and what is the testimony of God? This is recorded in 1 John v. 11—13. The testimony, the record, the message of God, which we are called upon to believe is, that life has been procured for us through Christ, and that it is freely offered to those who believe on his name—*εἰς τὸ ὄνομα αὐτοῦ*. The life thus procured is opposed to the death which was the consequence of Adam's transgression, in many passages of scripture. It is repeatedly intimated, that whatever man lost in Adam he has the opportunity of regaining in Christ. "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive."* The consequences of Adam's sin fell, we know, on the body and the soul. In the former, sin implanted the seeds of physical decay, while it smote the latter with instant death; that is to say, with consciousness of guilt and alienation from God. Man acquired the knowledge of good and evil, and saw that he was naked. The constitution, both physical and spiritual, which we inherit from Adam, comes to us tainted with these

* 1 Cor. xv. 22.

imperfections. The question is, how they are to be removed—how immortality is to be recovered, and spiritual life restored? We are told, on the authority of God, that one has died for all, that all might live; that the resurrection of the body and soul is, to all who partake of the nature which Christ assumed, a necessary and universal consequence of the victory thus gained over death; and that the restoration of spiritual life will be a particular consequence of the same event to those who by faith are spiritually connected with the Saviour. You will observe that the expressions to believe in Christ, to have the Son, to be in Christ Jesus, and to be one with Him, are analogous and convertible; they all express the effects of faith. You will observe, also, that the faith to which saving efficacy is ascribed is always said to be into (*eis*) Christ, or the name of Christ. It is not, therefore, simply a belief of the existence of our Lord, or of the facts and sayings related of Him by the evangelists, but a relying upon Him for salvation, according to the record which God has given respecting Him, and in consequence of that record. The record tells us that we have eternal life through His name, (his official character and work as the Christ, the anointed Saviour,) and that this eternal life is not merely the future inheritance of believers, it is their present portion. 1 John v. 12; John iii. 36; John v. 24. This blessed portion, we are told, further includes the restoration of God's favour and the gift of God's Spirit, and produces grateful love, as an energetic principle of holy obedience, or, rather, that it consists in these things. Faith in this record assures us, therefore, not only that God has spoken, but that He has spoken to my soul, and that in words of peace and love. It assures me that though He was angry, his anger is turned away; that He has provided a garment for my nakedness, health for my spiritual maladies, and life for my death. This faith connects me with the Saviour, makes me one with Him, transfers me into Him, and conveys his Spirit into me. (John xvii. 23.) I take possession of Christ, and with Him, of all that He has done for me. Christ takes possession of me, and conforms me

to his likeness. Consider the question in this point of view, take into your consideration the object of religious faith, and you will, I think, perceive that belief in these things must be productive of life, and peace, and joy. The mere belief, on the other hand, of the being of a God, or the soul's immortality, or even all the articles of the Christian faith, as abstract doctrines, may exist without demonstrating the love of God to the soul of any individual. What he wants is to have confidence in the love of God to himself through Jesus Christ his Saviour. As in that curious case of early reflection which you have adduced, the truth of each doctrine is admitted, the application of the whole is not received; I do not say it is rejected, but the capacity for taking it in has not yet been developed. That capacity is precisely what we want, and what we do not possess by nature, for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God;"* but the discerning faculty, faith, is the gift of God, and belongs only to those who are born of the Spirit. If, however, this be the case with our fallen nature, that we do not possess the sense, if I may so speak, by which spiritual things are perceived and valued, the faith which can be exercised in such a state must be occupied about things external to the redeeming love of God to the soul of a believer. We need not therefore wonder that this circumscribed and short-sighted belief should be found occasionally where genuine christian faith is wanting; just as it is possible for one to take pleasure in witnessing the skill of a musical performer, who has no ear for the delicate harmonies of sound. It is, however, encouraging to know that the spiritual ear, unlike the other, "fit non nascitur." The hearing ear and the understanding heart, the Lord hath even made both of them. Do not then yield to the idea that there is any peculiar incapacity in your moral constitution for the reception of religious truth and holy love. We are all in this respect upon a level, our incapacity for these things is absolute; we are dead in trespasses and sins. Remember, also, that the despair of relief which you expressed at the

* 1 Cor. ii. 14.

conclusion of your letter is the very essence of unbelief, for it is distrust of the remedy which God has provided; and for the same reason that faith is power, unbelief is weakness. Pray for grace to put far away the debilitating persuasion; "sunt certa piacula." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."*

NO. III.

DEAR A.

I am glad if my last letter served in any measure to explain the nature of faith, and to account for the existence of a belief of the truths of revelation, where the faith to which salvation is annexed is wanting. The one is a body uninformed by the Spirit, the other is the principle of life and power—the one is a conviction impressed upon the understanding of the existence of God, the other is the assured persuasion that He is *my* God, reconciled to me through Jesus Christ, and that He will be my guide even unto death. But, as there is an essential distinction between a mere historical conviction and this assent of the heart to the glad tidings of salvation, so is it one thing to have right views even of spiritual and saving faith, and another to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation. To this my own experience bears painful witness; for many a time, when my views of divine truth have appeared to my own mind so clear and accurate, that I had no doubt of their being according to the word of God, faith itself has been weak, and I have found it most difficult to appropriate to myself those blessings which I was persuaded Jesus had died to purchase, and had ascended up on high to confer on all who should diligently apply for their communication. I have no doubt but that you fully enter into this distinction. Indeed my fear is, that you have permitted your mind so to dwell upon the difference which undoubtedly exists between the assent of the understanding and the belief of the heart, as to suppose that the transition from one to the other was greater than you could ever hope to accomplish. You are

* Acts xvi. 31.

continually recurring to this idea, and seem to be spell-bound under its influence. Were our own unassisted powers the only resource, we might reasonably yield ourselves up to all the lethargy of despair; but while the arm of the Lord is extended to our aid, and his ear is ever open to our prayer, surely we dishonour Him who invites us to acquaint Him with our wants, when we doubt of obtaining whatever degree either of faith, or wisdom, or power our several circumstances may require. But here you meet me with the old objection under a new form—"I cannot pray; I never could pray. From my very childhood I have laboured under a special incapacity for prayer." My answer to this objection is, in the first place, that this incapacity is not special, nor is it confined to infancy. It is universal, and extends through the whole life, until the heart is awakened to a sense of its need of those things which form the subject of prayer. This incapacity may, however, be removed; and God has mercifully provided many means for this end. The public preaching of the Gospel is one of these means, and the most generally effectual; but whatever convinces the heart of sin, subdues it into penitence, or discovers its weakness—whatever cuts off the soul from other sources of consolation, or enjoyment, or hope, and makes it long after a state of peace and freedom, which it has before sought in vain, these things are the instruments which God employs to bring the mind into a state of prayer. We have an example in the well-known and most remarkable case of the apostle Paul. It was the exhibition of the glory of Christ, and the affecting inquiry, "Why persecutest thou me?" which brought him to a stand, and the result was, "Behold, he prayeth." But although the case of St. Paul was a most astonishing one, and was indeed miraculous in its circumstantial peculiarities, yet, as far as its essential character is concerned, parallels are accruing to it every day. What is it which ever subdues the hardened profligate, or the equally hardened votary of pleasure?—what is it which makes the infidel quiver at his own conclusions; or forces upon the man of cold and formal morality the conviction that he has

no spiritual life in him? Whatever be the immediate instrument, the Spirit of God is the source of these quickening perceptions, and the consequence is, that prayer, which was difficult, nay impossible, becomes easy; and what was a toilsome service, becomes a happy privilege. When the presence of God is realized, as reconciled to us through Christ, and the necessities of the soul are felt, "*verba non invita sequuntur.*"

I know that there is a difficulty here, and that we are standing on the very brink of a metaphysical dilemma of a very formidable nature; in short, that if we push the subject to its ultimate results, it will lead us into the entire question of human motives. For it may be objected, that if we do not possess within ourselves the power of praying in an acceptable manner, and if nothing can be obtained without such prayer, then we must either be cut off from all hope, or be dependent upon the will of God for the very first feeling of desire after anything good. I have no desire, at present, to go into this speculation, for it would lead us too far from the point in hand. But I would observe that, even on the supposition that the latter conclusion be correct, which I think it is, there is still no room either for presumption or despair. Let it be granted that all things are from God, and that He gives to every man severally as He will, yet whom has He left without witness? Whose conscience has not heard the whispers of his Spirit—whose eye has not gazed in wonder on the works of his creation—whose heart has not felt, in its yearnings after something equal to its capacities, that there was something more than "this ignorant present" requisite to afford it real and abiding gratification?

I am persuaded, that if any can complain that God has left them without a witness in their hearts for Him, you are not the man. The course of wisdom is, then, to "forget the things which are behind, and to reach forth to those which are before."* Instead of dwelling upon past feelings, or even the comparative obduracy of heart which you may now experience, listen to the voice of God, which says, "Awake,

* Phil. iii. 13.

thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."* This is a paradoxical address, in some measure, I acknowledge ; but it contains deep truth, even the truth of God ; for the means are provided, they are even in your own hand, by which, though in a state of spiritual lethargy and death, you may lay hold of eternal life. In the meantime persevere in the effort to pray. Let nothing keep you back from "the throne of the heavenly grace ;" let no want of success discourage your attendance there ; "If he tarry, wait for him, for he will come." God has promised He will answer prayer, and the united testimony of believers in every age confirms the truth of the promise. Ask, then, and you shall have.

April 20th, 1832.

* Eph. v. 14.

CHAPTER X.

AN act had been recently passed by the legislature which limited the period within which claims for unpaid tithes could be received. The object of the framers of this act had been to diminish litigation and to promote peace; but the immediate effect was to bring a vast number of cases into court. Many a conscientious incumbent, who had willingly allowed his own claims to lie dormant, rather than disturb the tranquillity of his parish, now felt that if he did not rouse himself to action he must compromise for ever the interests of the living confided to his care. Under this impression, Mr. Shirley thought it right to demand the payment of tithes on a wood which extended over a large part of his parish, and for which the proprietor claimed (as he thought unjustly) an exemption. Both parties were very positive as to the justice of their cause; a friend had endeavoured to bring about an accommodation, and to this the following letter refers:—

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Dec. 12th, 1834.

I am much obliged by the trouble you have taken about my suit with Mr. —, but I see that the case is quite hope-

less, for he will be satisfied with nothing short of a relinquishment of my claim, and that is a point I do not think it right to concede. The principle of my proposition was this: Mr. — has a considerable portion of my parish in his own occupation, for which he pays no tithes; but he does not contend that it is tithe free; I should therefore propose that he pay a small sum for the tithe in general, leaving it to a future incumbent to extend, if he could, the amount of the composition, which could only be done by ascertaining more exactly the articles on which tithe is due. I see, however, it is quite vain to hope for any compromise or settlement otherwise than by a suit, and therefore I have given directions to proceed with as little delay as possible. I am sorry if my last letter appeared to you pugnacious or haughty on the subject, for I think you would not willingly form such an opinion, and I am sure that I should much regret having given you reason to do so. I am not conscious of being influenced by any motive except a calm sense of duty. I have entered upon this business most reluctantly; I have proposed every plan I could devise for settling it in the quietest manner, and if any sensible indifferent third person, having heard both sides, should say I was wrong, the whole case should be relinquished to-morrow.

I showed Mr. — my case, and the opinion on it, to convince him of the justice of my demand; let him show me, or any third person for me, his case and opinion on it, and I should be satisfied; but there has not been a single attempt to convince me that my claim is unfounded. I have been met all along with a simple refusal.

To his father he says,

My mind is perfectly quiet on this subject. I undertook the suit from a sense of duty; I have seen no reason to alter my opinion, and leave the result in the hands of God.

It will suffice to say, that after a long suspense and many hearings of the case, no judgment was given, al-

though permission was granted to take it before a higher court. But to this Mr. Shirley could not consent. He had already spent more on the business than he could well afford, and having acquitted his conscience towards the living, he here let the matter drop.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Shirley, Dec. 19th, 1834.

I have not had a moment to read your American book yet. * It came yesterday during the time I was out at Derby, but I will read it as soon as possible. My feeling is that this feverish kind of religion, which comes on, as it were, by paroxysms, is not like the spirit of the Bible. The devotion of the Bible is deep, solemn, reverential, waiting, persevering, humble, calm. "He that believeth shall not make haste."† I do not like Mr. Straton's tract; the part about slavery just lets out the spirit of the party. With regard to the present election, my persuasion is, that such men as Sir R—r G—y would create a civil war in the country. Christian character is paramount with me to every party consideration, therefore I vote for Sir George Crewe; besides which, I think his views liberal and reasonable. I would, however, oppose such men as — if he were a saint, (which with his politics I hardly think possible,) and my brother (which I am most thankful he is not).

Our meeting yesterday was respectable, though not numerous. There was no speaking, but a good deal of discussion. With regard to your remark on the state and prospects of the Church, I would say, when a farmer anticipates a large crop, he enlarges his barns. If this ministry will give us a sound, safe, searching, and efficient Church Reform, which will enable the Church to reach into the lowest grades of society, as it does reach up to the highest, I doubt not, under God's blessing, but that we shall see an

* Cotton on Revivals.

† Isaiah xxviii. 16.

ingathering of many souls. One set of men would withdraw the Church from the head of society, the other prevent it from circulating to the feet; both equally injurious; equally fatal. If this ministry do not effect a Church Reform, they must transfer the delicate and difficult undertaking to rougher and perhaps less considerate performers.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Dec. 30th. 1834.

I have read Mr. Cotton's book on Revivals with considerable attention, and great interest. It cannot, I think, be doubted but that the mode of ministration which he describes has been eminently successful in the conversion of sinners to God, and I am quite prepared to acknowledge that there is a great deal to be learnt from the book, and that there are many particulars of the course pursued in America which might be fairly and consistently engrafted upon the services of the Church of England. For instance, what an opportunity for revival among the young is afforded by confirmation; and again, among those of all ages by the periodical recurrence of the sacrament? We all of us know instances in which effects have been produced by these ordinances similar in their nature at least, if not in degree, to the American revivals, and certainly exempt from many of the evils to which revivals are exposed. I have felt often that our sacramental occasions ought to be made the most of for this purpose. We want no anxious seat or anxious meetings, to which I should think no person of delicate feelings could submit. Is there not abundant opportunity for the most pungent personal appeal when the members of a congregation are turning their backs upon the emblems of their Saviour visibly set forth crucified among them? I have been led lately to avail myself, more than formerly, of the sacrament, as a means of bringing out into a position of marked separation the professed followers of Christ; and I have reason to hope that these efforts (still very feeble and

inadequate) have been owned and blessed of God. On Sunday last we had almost the largest number of communicants that we have ever had, and there were among them some interesting cases. I have no doubt but that the attendance at my communicants' monthly meeting, which an American would perhaps call an "anxious meeting," will be at least doubled. Indeed I think the parish is in a very interesting state, and one that will call for much vigilance, and exertion, and prayer that the spirit may be poured out upon us from on high. My feeling, however, on the whole bearing of ministerial exertions on the population is, that the Church of England is the instrument which God has appointed for accomplishing these great ends in this country, and that our duty is to work it to the utmost. I have no fear of finding it unequal to the exigencies of any case that may arise, especially if disencumbered of one or two inconveniences. I pray that the present ministers may see the wisdom of entering resolutely into the subject of Church Reform, and anticipate by a firm, searching, and final measure the wanton and profligate schemes of the united corps of infidels and dissenters. Let the dissenters study Mr. Cotton's book, and they will find work enough to do to keep them from political agitation. I am much grieved at hearing that — has taken such a violent course in politics; for it will do his soul no good, and may do others much harm. I believe that violence with him is the result of weakness, as is often the case. We hope to see you on Monday, but pray do not be distressed at not seeing much of us during the day. Be assured that it will be my delight to have as much as possible of your company and my father's; but my time is, as you know, not my own.

TO A FRIEND.

Rempstone Hall, Jan. 15th, 1835.

Had — been a more selfish and worldly character, he might have become rich, but he was most injuriously dismissed on account of his religious character. I dwell upon this case in consequence of the general conclusion which

you derive from it: that because the best men are notoriously and avowedly imperfect, it is impossible to draw a line which shall separate the "living and the dead" in our opinion of others, or our judgment of ourselves. With regard to others, the less we form an opinion of their state the better. There are cases in which we cannot help having an opinion, and the general interests of religion and of virtue may sometimes require that it should be expressed; but where there is a doubt charity will hope all things. In judging, however, of ourselves, we cannot surely adopt too high a standard, if its application be properly conducted. If we are to begin to hope only when we cease to sin, we must settle into despair. If our confidence in God is to be founded on considerations irrespective of our conduct towards Him, we shall be driven into "recklessness of all unclean living."* If *absolute* belief in God's word, and *unvarying* submission to His will be essential to real faith, we may ask, is there faith on the earth? If the reality of faith turn upon a question of more or less, who is to decide how much is necessary to constitute that scriptural faith by which the believer "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life."† The prayer of the disciples "Lord, increase our faith,"‡ shews that this life-giving principle may exist in various degrees, and that we must inquire rather respecting its truth than its degree. Faith in Christ (*εις χριστον*) is a firm persuasion that the Father has shewn such love towards me a sinner, and such hatred of my sins, that He has given the Son to bear my sins in his own body upon the tree. What an affecting, what a sanctifying, humbling, persuasive consideration! If He died for me, I should not henceforth live to myself, but to Him that loved me, and gave himself for me. If He died for me, my sins have been pardoned, and I may go as an adopted child to my reconciled Father, to obtain, daily and hourly, power to enable me to do His will, to which my will is con-

* Article 17,—"Wretchlessness of most unclean living."

† John v. 24.

‡ Luke xvii. 5.

formed. What delicate susceptibility of conscience will such feelings create, lest we should grieve the Holy Spirit of our God, and dishonour our Redeemer!

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, March 24th, 1835.

I have lately been reminded of our luxurious Roman mornings by reading the "Animali Parlanti," which has afforded me extreme amusement for several evenings, when I have been too tired to do much else than laugh. It certainly is an incomparable specimen of quiet humour, though the practical doctrines are occasionally heretical enough, and such as one would not wish to be current in our own vulgar tongue, for they would find many apt scholars. I enter a good deal into your feelings as to the state of the country, and I am not sure that we should differ in the opinion which I hold strongly, that the obstinate rejection of reform by many members of the party now in office placed us in our present precarious position. The question, however, at present is, how we are to get rid of it, and by whom? and I confess that notwithstanding my opinion of the grievous mistake in government committed by these men, I am not sorry to see many of them in office, both to save us from the radicals, and also because I think they are the most able to carry a safe, searching, and satisfactory measure of church reform, which under existing circumstances it would be manifest infatuation to withhold. What they carry would come as a concession by the Church; what others might carry would be regarded as a victory over the establishment. I have read Sir R. Peel's speeches with much attention and interest, and agree with your opinion respecting them. They are very masterly, straightforward, and effective. The difficult point is the Irish Church, of which all I can say is, that I am glad I have not to decide what should be done. In looking over some papers the other day, I met with some notes I took of a conversation on this subject with Mr. Wilberforce, in which he said that he was inclined to regulate

the Irish livings by the amount of the Protestant population; and that he was almost disposed to pay the Roman Catholic clergy. I am grieved and surprised that you are disappointed in his letters, though I have not seen the volume which has been published. I have read many of his letters in Cowper's best style, full of playfulness and feeling. We have been reading H. More's life, and have found it very interesting, though we have only got through the first volume, which I am told is the worst of the four. The constant effort at smartness and well-turned compliments, rather fatigues admiration, but I expect to find that she grows out of this vanity as she becomes older and more thoroughly imbued with the simplicity of the christian character. Here is some sick-room talk for you which I should wish I were near enough to administer in person, if I could hope that it would administer any relief.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, June 19th, 1835.

As I had written two, if not three, letters since I heard from you, I began to be uneasy at your silence, and was endeavouring to account for it by all kinds of reasons. Little did I imagine the real cause. Poor dear ——, I feel deeply for him, and for ——. This second blow will be the more felt from the recollection of their former loss, and will make them anxiously alive to their uncertain tenure of the precious children who survive. I have often thought of that lovely family, and though I know them only from their outward appearance, can easily imagine what tender interest they must have excited in you, to say nothing of their poor bereaved parents. Your account of the pious feelings and love of prayer which the dear child manifested is very touching, and is the only consolation of which such a case admits. Christianity does not prevent us from sorrowing; Jesus himself wept at the tomb of Lazarus: but it prevents hopeless sorrow, and mingles joy with the bitterest grief;

joy that one more redeemed spirit has been delivered from the weary and heavy-laden condition of man's life, into peace and glory. Is it not a blessing to be saved the toil and peril and hourly conflict of our existence? I declare to you that I sometimes feel (though God has, as you know, given me a singularly happy portion) so weary with the details of life, and so oppressed with the sense of imperfection and sin, that I should hardly have energy to go forward if it were not for the thought that it will soon be over. *The Sabbath* will come at last, and if a young child of whom we may entertain the best hopes has been admitted into that Sabbath without going through the toilsome succession of our working days, our sorrow should not be querulous on such an occasion. I hardly know what books of a suitable character to recommend, for in such matters everything depends on the turn of mind and feeling of the individual. The real topics of consolation lie in a very small compass, and beyond them the only effectual remedy is to be sought from what tends to convert the heart to God, or to give greater strength to faith, more decision to piety, and increased fervour to love. What religion offers is not so much consolation under particular afflictions (some it even aggravates) as it is superior to every temporal trial, by presenting to the mind that unfading crown of glory which is the promised gift of God to those who truly give themselves to him. There is one short treatise by Mr. Cecil, "A Visit to the House of Mourning," with which many have been pleased and comforted; and perhaps you would like it, though you will at once see it is addressed to very plain people. I am very fond of Cecil's works, especially his "Remains," for there is in them great piety, and the freshness and power of real genius.

The Bible appears to have been written expressly for the afflicted in mind, body, and estate, so that one can hardly go wrong in recurring to its blessed pages for comfort, though the affliction for which it is specially an antidote is a troubled spirit arising from the consciousness of guilt, without a clear knowledge of the means by which it can be pardoned, and the love of sin subdued. In this point of

view what a precious portion is the 130th Psalm, especially the fourth verse: the First Epistle of St. Peter (on which I think you possess Archbishop Leighton's exquisite comment) is evidently addressed to an afflicted and persecuted body of Christians, and abounds in that tenderness and sympathy which is so soothing to those who are in sorrow. The great thing of which I feel hourly the difficulty myself is, to live habitually in such close communion with God, that the mind is kept in a state of preparation to do or to suffer whatever be the will of God. The fire which consumed the victim on the altar was not lit as each sacrifice was presented, but was kept constantly burning.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Shirley, May 11th, 1835.

I read part of Rowland Hill's life at R. It is delightful and very reviving. His mistakes are palpable, and most judiciously and tenderly stated, but there is much to admire and imitate, if God give us his measure of faith, and love, and holy courage. There are some good remarks on prayer-meetings.

I have nothing particular to communicate since I last wrote. Everything has gone on in the even course of happiness and peace with which it has pleased our heavenly Father so long to favour us. Our children are both well, and in high spirits, laughing, playing, and prattling around us.

May 12th.—Lord and Lady Barham left us on Tuesday last, the 5th, having been to Okeover, Ilam and Dovedale, on Monday, and I have now had a week's trial of Charles Noel.* The two assist each other and me, and I only regret not having had two from the first. I wish I could enjoy your spiritual feasts, and in your company. It gave me great satisfaction to see that there was so large an attendance at the meetings, for it shews the return of a spirit of combina-

* The Hon. Charles Noel, now Viscount Campden, who then came as his pupil.

tion and love, which has of late been sadly enfeebled. When will men learn to take a more humble view of the value of their individual speculations, so as to merge those which are not essential, for the sake of promoting harmony of operation against the common enemy? If you go to Cheam, give our love there to the Mayos. Dr. Mayo is charming to my mind, a Christian of infantine simplicity, and a man of masculine understanding. He desires the sincere milk of the word, and feeds with joy and satisfaction on the simple truths of the Gospel, neither goeth he elsewhere to draw.

The great interest which Mr. Shirley took in early life in the British and Foreign Bible Society, as well as the more active part which, after his entrance into the ministry, he felt called upon, both as a writer and speaker, to take in its proceedings, have been often alluded to in the preceding letters. The following passages contain, we believe, the first detailed accounts of a tour in "this blessed service," as he was wont to call it. The episode relating to the farewell interview of Mr. Shirley with his old and respected friend Dr. Bridges, may not be uninteresting to some readers.

TO MRS. W. A. SHIRLEY.

Leicester, July 15th, 1834.

In consequence of a message from dear old Dr. Bridges that he was very ill from a wound in his leg, I determined to go to him at Willoughby, near Dunchurch. I spent a long evening with him yesterday till past twelve o'clock, for my conversation seemed to enliven him. He has been, and still is dangerously ill, his bodily vigour, at so great an age, being hardly equal to healing a bad wound; but he was better this morning. It gladdens my heart to see so old and affectionate a friend, whose grey hairs are found in the way of righteousness.

July 26th.—On Monday he was in possession of all his faculties, but he was evidently very anxious to live; his spirits were low, his mind seemed uneasy, and his faith was not so vigorous or triumphant as might have been expected. Mr. Chambers said that the effect of my visit on his mind was like David playing before Saul. It awakened his affections, excited his interest, and turned his attention from himself. He would not let me leave him till past twelve at night. He spent Monday night well, and on Tuesday the symptoms were rather favourable. I went to prayer, and he embraced me in his arms and blessed me. That was the last I saw of my dear old friend, for I was obliged to go on my way. At eleven A.M. on Thursday, he died, but I heard of the event only by accident in Nottingham. I hope to have some more particulars. The effect of his disorder was lowering, and to this I attribute the want of strong faith and joy which he exhibited; but, after all, how much more important it is to have grace to lead a long life, as he has done, to the glory of God, than to be sustained in the act of dying by a rapturous realization of the unseen world.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Northampton, July 11th, 1834.

I begin this letter in extreme uncertainty of being able to end it to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day. Thus far I have been brought on prosperously; have experienced many mercies, met with many kind christian friends; found dear Robinson so much better that he has already been with me to two meetings, and goes this evening to a third, at —.

The meetings have gone off much better than was expected, for the violent Dissenters, having exposed themselves last year, have had the discretion this year to keep in the shade, and the clergy have come forward in greater numbers than usual. The Kettering meeting was the most glorious sight I have witnessed out of London. An immense barn was filled with one thousand people, and two hundred

more stood outside the two pair of large folding doors. Sir G. Robinson in the chair. Your old friend Mr. — spoke, rough, plain, and pointed. Mr. Walter has written to say, that he has arranged for me to occupy the Woodford pulpit three times on Sunday next. I am rather pleased to find that Mr. — disappointed you. I think the system, style, doctrine, and mode of producing excitement, by ever-varying condiments for vitiated palates, unsound and unscriptural in no ordinary degree. My soul shall not come into their fellowship; and I pray God He may avert the spreading calamity from my country. The Dissenters give very insufficient and languid support, for the most part, even to the Bible Society, because it does not promote their sectarian views. Kettering is the only place where I have seen anything like zeal put forth. At — a young Baptist told me that almost all the people were of his persuasion, and suggested whether it would not be well to allude to their design of having a collection on the 1st of August, to raise a fund to rebuild the Baptist chapels in Jamaica. Of course I would not hear of so sectarian a proposition. The meeting was insignificant. The Dissenters were however quiet this year, and well-behaved, which is more than they were last year. Give my kind regards to the —s; but it is useless to provoke them by reporting my bad opinion of their friends.

TO THOMAS WADDINGTON, ESQ.

Shirley, Aug. 5th, 1834.

My missionary and Bible tours have been very interesting to me, and I hope enlarging and animating to my heart. The fields are white, and there is a great harvest, but really efficient labourers are few, especially men of a superior class; Henry Martyns for India. The clergy of the Church of England are gaining year by year, in spirituality, devotedness, and power; the Dissenters are shrinking into rancorous sectarian agitators. The Methodists as a body, and especially the Primitive Methodists, (that is, those who profess to have revived the old rule, "regula" of Wesley,)

hate the secular Dissenters worse than they do the Church, and rather side with the latter. In the midst, however, of all this contention love is feeble, and none but the evangelical members of the Church of England can be depended on for steady exertion and liberal contribution towards the catholic object of circulating the sacred Scriptures. The Bible Society is not sufficiently sectarian for these religious partizans. There are, however, I am thankful to say, exceptions, and noble ones. The grand project of giving the Testament and Psalter to every liberated negro who can read, has excited much sympathy; and I have no doubt of the requisite sum, £20,000, being raised.

In the summer of 1835 Mr. Shirley made an excursion into France, with his wife, a near relation, and his pupil, Mr. Noel; there he joined his brother-in-law, Mr. Waddington, in taking a château a short distance from Paris.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Bagneux, Près-Chatillon,

Aug. 11th, 1835.

Through mercy we arrived safe at this place on Thursday evening last. We took six places, the whole of one division of the diligence, so that we travelled in much comfort; and none of the party were much fatigued, for a French diligence is more roomy, and in many respects more comfortable, than an English coach. The heat was oppressive, and the dust suffocating. Not a drop of rain has fallen for months. The dust is six inches deep on the high road in many places. There is hardly a blade of green grass to be seen. The leaves are falling off the trees as in autumn; and on all the garden shrubs the leaves that remain hang down as if the trees were dying. This was however the case, to a great extent, even at Richmond, but anything like the heat of this day I never experienced; it really is not safe to walk out in the middle of the day. We have dined

at five, walked out about sunset, and had tea about ten P. M.

The house we are in (six miles from Paris) is a very pleasant one, and the country is pretty for France; but the contrast with England strikes me as much as if I never had set my foot out of that dear, blessed country before. Would that it knew, and was adequately grateful for its inestimable privileges! Here there is a great deal of luxury, much provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof; but in the quiet, ordinary details of life, a want of comfort, completeness, consistency, and, above all, of real refinement. For instance, in little matters, we have silk curtains, but they are miserably scanty; large pier-glasses, but ill framed; carved wainscoats, but badly plastered ceilings and no cornices; only three tables in two large drawing-rooms, but they are of marble; and everything in a similar style of Hibernian inconsistency.

I wish I could convey any idea of the character of the people. One fact will give you a slight insight into it. When the cholera was raging in Paris, the Chamber of Deputies solemnly voted 500,000 francs to cheapen the seats at the theatres, in order to distract public attention from that awful visitation. I will give you another from private life. A young woman, about twenty years of age, very lately was thwarted by her parents in a love affair. She determined that she would no longer live; and accordingly, with the greatest coolness, hired a room, stopped up all the avenues of air, lit a charcoal fire, took a glass of brandy to make her sleep, went to bed, and was found the next morning quite dead, having left a note, in which she requested that her funeral might be furnished half white and half black. Accordingly it was seen passing the streets with a garland composed of black and white artificial flowers, and young women attending dressed in the same party manner, to denote that she was and was not married. France is in a dreadful state of demoralization: she has cast off God, and Romans i. 21 to the end. There is, however, much encouragement for the Lord's servants "even in Sardis," and a great work going on elsewhere.

TO THE SAME.

Bagneux, Près-Chatillon,
Sept. 3rd, 1835.

We have received your very welcome letter, in which you give an account of your visit to Shirley, and of the state of things there and with you. The weather seems to be much the same as here; very cold rains after extremely hot weather; the grass brown, the trees in some places bare of leaves, and now warm days and cold evenings; so cold that we have often felt that a fire would be acceptable. The dust is suffocating, the smells in all the lanes atrocious and disgusting, and the noise, even in this large village, incessant and stunning. Men, women and children, dogs, cats and horses, heavy carts and rattling gigs on a paved road, and aided often with bells on the horses, contending with the bells in the church, scream, chatter, grumble, scold, cry, bark, squeal, (for the horses seem to neigh in French,) grind, jingle, and chime, in the most discordant contention you can well imagine; and the French like all this—quiet “*ennuies*” them. This is a large, well-built country-house with an extensive garden; but instead of being built in the middle of the garden, it is placed on the very edge of the paved road of the village. I never was so much impressed with the total difference between the French and English character as during this visit; not that I think the advantage always on our side, but I really believe that most sober-judging Frenchmen would agree with me in thinking that our national character is on the whole vastly superior to their’s. Yet with all this admiration for our national character, which they are by no means backward to profess, (with some deductions,) they are all for changing our national institutions, our established church, hereditary peerage, &c. &c., forgetting that these are just the things which have tended to form the character they admire. Whilst on the other hand their institutions, ever in extremes, ever changing, have formed a national character which is at this moment in a state of moral incapacity for the exercise and

enjoyment of liberty. They have, nationally speaking, no religion, and therefore no deep fixed principles. Popery has disgusted men of sense without piety, with Christianity itself; and I think it a great calamity that Protestantism is only to be found in a Presbyterian form. The consequence of which is, that it does not attract the lovers of order; nor does it tend to the formation of principles of order and subordination among the Protestants themselves, who are almost exclusively of the movement party. However, there is a great deal of brotherly love, simplicity, and zeal, among the pious Protestants, (the rest are almost all Socinians,) and they are gaining ground in France. Had they funds, they could, humanly speaking, spread Protestant principles through the country. I am sorry to say that a good man not long since left £10,000 to support the exertions of the Methodists in France; the result is, that this important fund, instead of being employed to convert Papists, Socinians, and infidels to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, has been to a great extent employed in changing Calvinistic Presbyterians into Arminian Methodists; for these good people act upon the usual policy of their sect; building upon other men's foundations, and not always the least perishable materials. They have disturbed and divided the parish of a man who might almost be styled the apostle of his part of France.

Last Sunday I went to the Protestant chapel, and received the sacrament there! The prayers were very meagre, but the sermon impressive, and the communion touching. I must conclude for want of room. You can write on paper of any size, only let it be thin, for the charge is upon the weight; but do not be afraid, for I shall be glad to pay for as many pounds of letters as you will send me. We are longing every day to hear of our precious children, and value every syllable about them. It is a great blessing to have such good accounts of them, and to know they are in such good hands. Our united love.

TO THE SAME.

Bayneux, Sept. 28th, 1835.

We are on the eve of our departure from these dear friends. Two hackney coaches are engaged to come out for us at eight o'clock, to take us into Paris where we are to sleep, and start to-morrow morning, if all be well, at half past six for Nancy. We enjoyed the luxury on Saturday, of receiving the letter dated Sept. 21st, so full of delightful intelligence from S. It was quite a relief to find — better in mind, and my dear father in body. What a blessing it will be if we are permitted to meet again in peace and safety! What a still greater blessing to meet around the throne of our common God and Father in holiness and glory! May the Lord keep our hearts in perfect peace, and in the patient waiting for Christ. It is a great mercy to meet on the way with so much of affection and Christian fellowship as we are favoured with, and not to stand alone, as is the lot of many, among unbelieving and unsympathizing relations. I trust that our visit to St. R—— may be the means of some good in stirring up the nominal but torpid Protestants there to life and activity; but little could be done in so short a time. I had two very interesting services there yesterday for the English workmen and their families. They form a population of between thirty and forty, living without any means of grace—an affecting sight. I poured out my whole heart to them, exhorting them to meet together for mutual edification. M. has been among the poor there, and met with the most affectionate and grateful reception; had we time to spare, there is much to be done, but where is there not? There are circles of Protestants about France in a sad cold state for want of the means of grace; but on the other hand, there are unbounded openings for the Gospel. We long to meet you and our dear children.

W. A. SHIRLEY.

On his return home he thus addresses his friend R. H. Cheney, Esq.

Shirley, Dec. 16th, 1835.

I have been eminently busy since my return; accumulations of duty, diseases prevailing in my parish to so remarkable a degree that the average number of a year have died in a month; Walter, so advanced by the good tutoring he has had during our absence that he has fallen upon my hands, and takes up no small portion of my spare time; and in addition to all this, a full share of ordinary engagements. I have, however, brought my activity nearly to a stand by a fall from my horse last week, which has shaken me a good deal, and lamed me a little. I am, thank God, getting better, but find sufficient reason for remaining longer than usual in the house, from which I derive at least this comfort, that I have more time to write to my friends. I wish we had met on the continent. I have never travelled over any of the ground you describe, and wish I knew more of Germany and of German. We had a German master at Paris, and all set to work with great zeal, but we were working with great zeal at so many other things, that we made little progress, and hardly acquired enough to make known our wants on the road. There is a great deal in German literature which I should very much like to read; more, I should think, of what is both solid and fantastical than in any other modern language. I have formed quite an affection for the Germans as compared with the French. We returned by Brussels, Antwerp, and Ostend. Certainly Rubens is magnificent. Never was the story of man's redemption told with more impressive eloquence. It is worth going to Antwerp to see those three or four pictures, which really gave me a new idea of art; very unlike the Italian schools, and in some respects inferior; but in tragic effect, truth, and vigour, they hardly can be surpassed. I delight to think even now of the Crucifixion and the Descent from the Cross; so solemn, so edifying was the effect they left on my mind. I am sorry to say that we drove through Bruges in rain, were much hurried to reach the steam-packet, and missed the tomb of Charles the Bold; but I saw a large print, from which I can easily imagine that it must be very beautiful. Kings occupied a great deal more

room in the world then, both living and dead, than they do now, or are ever likely to do again.

TO HIS MOTHER.

I have been cheered to-day by an answer from Mr. Brandram, to my application for one thousand Bibles for the north of Italy, that he will bring the application before the committee on the 7th Dec., and believe that they will be voted to me personally, without any mention of parties or places for whom they are designed. Their cost price will be about 300*l*. Is not this a grand society to have in one's country? and is it not also an encouragement to be "stedfast, immoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord?"*

S. tells me there is a most remarkable desire to purchase Italian Bibles, and a great spirit of religious inquiry in some districts. I am going to attempt a Sunday evening lecture here in a way that I think will not be much fatigue to me. There is so much mischief going on during the Sunday evening, that I must make an effort to prevent it.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

My thousand Bibles have gone off to Italy, and I have raised the money I wanted for that object; therefore you may be spared engaging in that plan, in which I see you have little confidence. I confess, however, that I am not at all shaken by your doubts. The Church of Rome finds its interest in discouraging the study of the Scriptures; and I believe that the most effectual and the safest course we can take is to facilitate the acquisition of the Bible by those who are kept in such grievous ignorance of the truth. Much as you know of Italy, I question whether you are aware of the religious movement which is very quietly taking place in the north; but I hope soon to be able to tell you that fifteen hundred Bibles have been sold within less than as many months.

We have got a house full of boys and noise just now, two nephews and a school-fellow of one of them, for the holi-

* 1 Cor. xv. 58.

days, in addition to our boy, who makes very respectable progress in the art of noise-making. He is, I think, making also very respectable progress in other things, and I am determined he shall be thoroughly drilled in the rudiments of Greek and Latin before he leaves me, which must, I suppose, be early in next year.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Dec. 31st, 1835.

MY DEAR —,

I wish I could indulge myself in the pleasure of writing to you oftener, but my time, especially about Christmas, is so engaged that I have the greatest difficulty in keeping up my correspondence, which is often considerable; for, besides my own business, I have a great deal on my hands as trustee, guardian, &c. Much as I enjoy parochial exertions; and occasionally derive great pleasure from them, yet I am sure you will easily conceive that there must be some drawbacks, when one has to do with stupid, earthly, and perverse people, who have not the slightest power of comprehending one's motives, or mode of action. It would be much more delightful, more soothing, more flattering, therefore more injurious, to have to do with people by whom one was understood; but it is doubtless wholesome to be forced to act on a quiet sense of duty, looking to God rather than to man. The whole story of our Saviour's life is, I think, remarkably instructive in this respect. It was a daily death; an absolute resignation of Himself for the good not only of people who could not understand Him, but even of his very enemies. And such must be our life. "If any man take not up his cross daily and follow me, he cannot be my disciple." Self-denial, the resignation of one's time, energies, and property, to the service of God, is, I am convinced, the very mark of the christian character; and it is, perhaps, only carrying this self-denial forward a single step, to be made willing to sacrifice one's self without receiving that kind of return which we could expect or desire; and after all I am sure that none of us make any sacrifices at all

adequate to the obligations under which the love of God has placed us, nor without returns far beyond our deserts. With regard to the principle of religious exertions in Italy, I agree with you so far as to think it is much better to advance and proclaim the truth than to controvert error, and that little would be gained, perhaps even something lost, by shaking the confidence of a devout Roman Catholic in the doctrines and practices of his church, unless we could present something better in their place. Therefore I am anxious to give the fullest circulation to the entire unadulterated word of God. But it appears to me that if your sentiments had prevailed at the period of the Reformation, that great work would not have been accomplished; for there would have always been the danger of unsettling, weak, and ignorant minds, and setting them adrift in infidelity. It is important to remember that even in Italy, especially in the north, the Reformation gained great ground, and produced incalculable benefits. Indeed there is little doubt but that Venice, under the administration of Fra-Paolo Sarpi, was on the eve of becoming a Protestant state, had not the Moravians been defeated on the White Mountains. In addition to this, the eager applicants for the Bibles I am sending out have little, if any, Romanism to lose. Popery has already plunged them into infidelity by exacting too much from their faith. I quite agree with you that the religious education of a Romanist makes him a very difficult and dangerous subject for subsequent impressions. His faith has been received *en masse*, and there is danger of its being rejected without discrimination; but this is no reason for not instructing him, it is only a reason for proceeding with caution, as one would in the case of a person who had been nearly starved to death. What an argument, by the way, is all this for a careful, early religious education! I have often observed that when the truths of Christianity break in with power at a later period of life, on a mind previously unacquainted with them, the judgment receives such a shock that it loses all control over the affections, which accordingly run riot.

CHAPTER XI.

EARLY in the year 1836, Mr. Shirley was induced to take an active part in securing the church of St. George, Derby, as it was then called, for the service of the Established Church. It had been built on speculation, and had subsequently been bought by an attorney with the same object, and at that moment the Roman Catholics of Loughborough were in treaty for the purchase. It is not necessary to detail Mr. Shirley's exertions, nor the difficulties which he overcame; at last the negotiation was happily concluded. Four individuals, distinguished for their liberality, advanced each 500*l.* for the purpose, to be subsequently repaid by private subscription. It is to this that some of the letters immediately following refer.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, April 4th, 1836.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

My correspondence has of late been absolutely engrossed by an effort, which I am thankful to say has at length succeeded, to secure an unoccupied church, which you may perhaps have seen opposite the Derby Infirmary, for the service of the rapidly increasing population in that neigh-

bourhood. The church has been purchased in my name for 2,000*l.*, and I am now engaged with some very active assistants in collecting subscriptions to finish and endow the church, which will require 3,700*l.* We have already obtained 2,475*l.* You will think me a most restless person with some new scheme always in hand, but the sight of this church, unoccupied in the midst of a numerous and neglected population, has long excited my compassion, and the recent offer of some very large subscriptions determined me, if possible, to carry the matter through. In the midst of all, our beloved Bishop, who took the most lively interest in the undertaking, has been removed from us, worn out by over-exertion in the discharge of the duties of this extensive diocese, which is sadly too large for a Bishop who is anxious to meet the innumerable calls which press upon his attention. I am thankful to see that the report of the Church Commissioners provides some relief by diminishing the extent of the diocese, and by giving efficiency to Archdeacons.

Mr. Shirley had afterwards the happiness of seeing this church consecrated by the new Bishop of the diocese (Dr. Butler) and placed in the hands of a good and efficient clergyman. Mr. Shirley was now engaged in making a tour for the Church Missionary Society, and during his absence Mrs. W. A. Shirley had a serious attack of illness, to which he thus alludes in a letter to the Rev. J. Hamilton Gray.

I returned home late on Thursday night, the nineteenth, and you have learned enough of affliction lately to enter into my feelings at the discovery of Mrs. Shirley's very serious illness to which your letter of the seventeenth so kindly alludes. She would not let any one write to me, that I might not be distracted in my work. I knew nothing of the alarming nature of her attack until Thursday afternoon, when my man met me at Mansfield. She is still very low

and weak, and I expect that it will be long ere I see her again my active, cheerful, and efficient partner in every parochial labour. May God only grant that these trials may have their perfect work accomplished in each of us.

TO CAPTAIN WADDINGTON.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

My dear M. has told you so much about everything and everybody, that I do not know what remains for me to communicate, except the assurance of the lively interest I take in all that concerns you, and the pleasure with which we welcome your letters. Your late accounts of Belgaum have been particularly interesting, and I am sorry you have been called to leave a place which promised so many advantages. Pray tell me what you think of the general tone of our missionaries, and of the effect which they have produced, or appear to be producing on the natives. The missionary enterprize seems to be especially the work to which the Church of Christ in general, and England in particular, is now called, and I am most anxious that it should be carried on in the most effective manner. Our impression in England is, that the presidency of Bombay is that in which we have met with the least encouragement, and had to contend with the greatest difficulties. These matters are deeply interesting and important, but after all, our pressing and personal concern is "to make our calling and election sure."* May we and ours, and you and yours, dear brother, be found numbered at last among those "called and chosen and faithful"† people, who for ever sing around the throne the praises of Him who has redeemed them.

Pray give us full accounts of your residence, occupations, and prospects at Bombay, and the state of society there. Give my love to A., and tell her how much I feel for her. There is a useful lesson taught us by the tedious communication between India and England. Our joys and sorrows, hopes and fears, are all in the peaceful past before they are known to each other. We regard each other's feelings as

* 2 Pet. i. 10.

† Rev. xvii. 14.

we shall our own some time hence ; and how little do most of them appear after a few months' interval ! Only those retain their importance which are connected with eternity. And our views even of them are variously modified. A. must have felt this in some measure when receiving the account of her dear mother's departure ; all the agitating circumstances of dissolution gone by and silent, the momentous results alone remaining, and they brought home to the mind with perhaps greater power, in consequence of not being accompanied with earthly and temporal considerations. Let us endeavour, then, to view life as we shall hereafter view it, and above all, as we shall regard it in eternity !

Believe me,

Your affectionate brother,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

In the autumn of this year a circumstance very unexpectedly occurred which led to a temporary separation between the Vicar of Shirley and his parish. This was a proposal from the late Earl of Effingham, that Mr. Shirley should hold the living of Whiston in Yorkshire, till his late pupil, the Earl's third son, should be old enough to take priest's orders. This offer he thankfully accepted. The parish of Whiston was comparatively large and populous, and had hitherto been much neglected ; it offered that extensive field of employment for which he longed, and seemed admirably suited for the full development of the growing energies, perhaps it might almost be said, restlessness of his active mind. The retrospect of what had hitherto been effected at Shirley was in many respects very gratifying. A marked change had taken place within the ten years of his ministry in the whole condition of the village. The standard of morals had been raised ; the comforts of the cottagers had been visibly

augmented, and the means of education provided for their children. His congregation had improved both in numbers and in intelligence; and above all, he was cheered by observing, in many individual cases, a growing interest in real religion. In outward matters, too, some progress had been made. The ruinous wooden tower of the church had been replaced by a solid one of stone, the lower part of which formed a neat vestry, and a barn had been transformed into a plain but serviceable school-room.

But Mr. Shirley was accustomed to turn with eagerness rather to the good which remained to be done, than to dwell with complacency on that which had already been accomplished. He hoped to return to Shirley with enlarged experience, and influence increased rather than diminished by a short absence.

One important advantage was secured to him by this arrangement. He was relieved by it from the burden of tuition. On trial he had not liked the division of his labour and his thoughts between his pupils and his parish; he longed to be, as he said, "one man for one thing." His early recollections of private tuition had always impressed him with a sense of its inefficiency, nor had he by the most zealous efforts of his own ever been able to satisfy himself that he had removed the objections to which it is liable. Yet to no one was this want of success perceptible except himself; and he possessed many qualities which peculiarly fitted him for the task of tuition. He was fond of the society of young people, and seldom failed to gain their confidence. He possessed, in an unusual degree, the art of growing old gracefully, and, while he never lost sight of the great gulf which time has fixed between the feelings and opinions of the old and young, he was not

impatient to forget the weaknesses which he himself had overcome, and heartily gave his sympathy to those stages of mind which he himself had left behind him in his onward progress.

Mr. Shirley's intercourse with his pupils had indeed been throughout of a most friendly character, and with most of them he maintained to the last a constant and affectionate correspondence.

His parishioners received with regret the announcement of his intention, but they were cheered by the assurance that the separation was only temporary; and Mr. Shirley lost no time in procuring an able and efficient substitute to occupy his post. The rest of the autumn was spent in preparations for leaving Shirley, and in occasional visits to Whiston, to which the subsequent letters refer.

In the following extract reference is made to one of his later pupils, whom he afterwards congratulates on having obtained a fellowship at Baliol College, Oxford:—

I am rather luxuriously engaged just now, reading Plato with a boy who has just left Eton; second captain. I am very much struck with the very sceptical character of Plato's dialogues. There is little, comparatively, that is positive; so much destroyed; so little established; yet very acute, and often extremely beautiful; sometimes most obscure. What a proof that man could not, by searching, find out the Almighty to perfection, when we see such a mind as Plato's failing in the effort! If I had nothing else to do, I should dearly like to revel in this kind of reading, for one meets with little like it in these hard times. But work presses on me of far greater importance, and I confess that my best wish for you is, that you were thrust out and made to work at something.

TO STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE, ESQ.

Shirley, December 14th, 1836.

MY DEAR NORTHCOTE,

Most heartily do I congratulate you on your success, and think it very kind in you to consider that it is in any measure owing to your short residence with me. I have no doubt but that you will go forward in the course you have begun, if your health does not fail in consequence of your over-working yourself. Therefore pray beware of this rock; and above all never allow these or any similar pursuits to trench upon the time necessary for strengthening and refreshing your soul by communion with God. I am glad to find that you are forming a few religious acquaintances. Do not be surprised if those who are best worth knowing are rather cold at first. Would you not be so yourself, even to a fault? I long to see you again, and hope you will be able to give us that pleasure during the long vacation. — came over here one day for the sake of talking with me about receiving the sacrament, and interested me deeply; but I fear that I shall not be able to ask him here for more than a day or two, we are all so busy. Noel left me to-day, and Fellowes goes on Friday; and then I have done with pupils I trust for ever.

Ever your sincere friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

It may not be unacceptable to some of our readers if we insert in this place a letter addressed by Mr. Northcote to the widow of his former tutor.

*Devonshire Street,
Feb. 27th, 1848.*

MY DEAR MRS. SHIRLEY,

I send you the only letters of my dear tutor and friend which I can find. I very much regret that I have no more, for, as you truly say, his own letters speak better for him than we can. For myself, I feel how incapable I am of

rightly appreciating a character like his ; not from want of opportunity, for I had the privilege of living with you long enough to see his manner of life, but from my own defects, which make me fear to speak of one so much above me.

He was a person so easy to love, and who attracted one's sympathy in so many ways, that I never felt so conscious, as when with him, of the difference between him and others; but I never left him without feeling that I was coming out of a holier atmosphere than that in which I usually live. He had such a power of interesting others in those subjects which were most interesting to himself, at the same time that he entered into their feelings on wholly different matters, that he necessarily acquired great influence over them.

My principal recollections of him are in the earliest time of my acquaintance with you, when I was his pupil at Shirley for four months in 1836. He had then more leisure time than he had after his appointment to the archdeaconry, and most of his mornings were spent with his pupils. I was the only one when I first went there ; so I had very great advantage from his society. I was, I remember, very much surprised to find him taking interest in just the same things that were then interesting to me; not only the same classics, but other studies, particularly heraldry. He generally took occasion to give something of a religious turn to our conversations on any subject, but he seemed to do it naturally and without effort. In the afternoon I often went out with him in his walks round the village and neighbourhood, where he had calls to make ; and by degrees he accustomed me to visit some of the parishioners by myself, and to carry tracts to them. He also invited me from the first to teach in the Sunday-school, all which I did to please him, without at first taking any peculiar pleasure in it. But indeed, at Shirley, these things were so in keeping with the whole tenor of one's life, that I fell into the habit of doing them almost insensibly. I have often since thought how judiciously he abstained from forcing anything upon me. I seldom remember his speaking to me directly upon religious subjects, except in the way of exhorting to practical duties,

unless I introduced the topic myself; but, as I said before, there was a religious tone about everything he said or did.

Writing to you now, and upon this subject, is calling up so much of old scenes and recollections, and in a manner so painful as well as so pleasing, that I scarcely know how to go on. I feel that there is nothing I can recall which you must not remember much more vividly, except indeed the influence which your joint examples had upon me. I never can believe that I shall be again in so happy a place as Shirley seemed to me after I had been there a little while. Certainly there has been no time in my life to which I look back with less mingled feelings, except when I think of the changes which have taken place since. Every day was a day of interesting occupations, and every day was cheerful, and every day seemed to be profitable.

I remember, just before I left, talking to Mr. Shirley of the peculiar happiness and security of such a life, and wishing I could always remain there. He scolded me for not believing that there were temptations there too. I suppose there were; but I still cling a little to the incredulity with which I listened to him then. He had the power of making what was right appear so attractive also, that one hardly saw why one should go wrong. Yet I do not think our life at Shirley was of an exclusive character. Religious duties had the first place; I mean those which are ordinarily called so, for every duty was with him a religious one; but there was room for our studies, and for a great variety of occupations, and for much cheerful conversation too. Mr. Shirley had a great deal of humour, and had both read and thought a great deal upon various subjects. I think he was more charitable than anybody I ever met with, but he was quick at detecting and exposing what was unreal and assumed in any one; so that while he could sympathise with earnest people, even when he disagreed with them, he could not put up with mere pretenders. His great indulgence, which I think was universal, showed itself very much towards his pupils. He was, I think, very fond of the society of young men, entering readily into their feelings and habits, and influencing

them without effort. He used to say sometimes, that he should like to have a "school of the prophets" for young men; it would have been a position in which he would have been exceedingly useful as well as, I think, very happy. Of children, again, he was very fond; and he had particularly attractive ways with them. It seemed as if he never could have found it in his heart to be angry with a child; he was always ready with excuses for them, and his manner of speaking to them was very winning.

I remember, with great delight, his evening lectures to them on "The Pilgrim's Progress," which he read and explained. His comments upon it were of the same character as his ordinary preaching, and his expositions of Scripture to his family, simple and practical, and almost of a conversational kind. His sermons had very much that character: you felt he was addressing you, not reading an essay, nor on the other hand declaiming before you, but just speaking naturally of what was in his heart. I seldom, if ever, heard him preach to other than a village congregation, and am therefore unable to speak of his more elaborate sermons. I wish I could express more adequately the love I bear his memory; but I feel how little I can say when writing to you. I am pleased to think you are still in the neighbourhood of Shirley; and especially I delight in remembering Shirley Park, which I think is close to your present abode.

I remain always,

Yours most sincerely,

STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE.

TO THE REV. JAMES COTTON.

Shirley, Jan. 5th, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just received a very important letter from E. You have received a letter to the same effect. The question is, shall W. go to Eton next week? and a most anxious question it is in every point of view. My own answer would be decidedly, though anxiously, in the affirmative. My feeling

is, our present position is a bad one, and we have a fair opportunity of changing. Eton is the sort of place for a boy who must so soon be cast on the stream of life, and who ought to be placed in the best part of the current. Could he have been kept in a quiet family circle, where he would come in contact alone with piety and refinement, I should be reluctant to make the present venture, for such I feel it to be ; but this is impossible. The temptations of Eton are great, very great ; but the temptations of private tuition are often greater. I pray God to guide your decision, and to bless whatever is done for the dear boy, who really is a very dear boy. We are up to our ears in packages, and hope to move off in a week.

Believe me yours,

My dear Sir, very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO A RELATION.

MY DEAR M.

I have read over your narrative with much pleasure, and think it is a well-told tale ; but it is not in a state for publication, and will take a good deal of trouble to render it so. There are many expressions of too colloquial a character, such as "taking to a business," "took a liking to," "put his nose out of joint," &c., &c., which must be altered ; you are too apt to string together texts of scripture that are not strictly relevant, and to moralize when the story ought to be proceeding. Direct moralizing should be very sparingly introduced, making the narrative as instructive as possible ; let the whole and every page tend to usefulness ; but the instruction must be conveyed by the narrative, not appended to it. I think, also, you had better break up the story into chapters, such divisions relieve the attention and sustain the interest of the tale. Keep it by you until I have the pleasure of seeing you, and when we are together we will recompose the whole story. Things of this kind, like game, and other good things, are the better for keeping. Locke

kept his "Essay on the Understanding" eighteen years before he published it.

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS SON, NOW AT SCHOOL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Shirley, Nov. 19th, 1836.

MY DEAREST WALTER,

It gave us all very great pleasure to receive a letter from you with so good an account of your health and happiness, and we are very glad, also, to hear from Mrs. Malden that you are a very good little boy. I am sure from Mrs. Malden's letter that you are with very kind friends, who will take a great deal of care of you, and treat you as one of their own children, and you must love them for their kindness. You know how to shew that you love them; not by words, but by deeds, just as we must shew our love to God, not only by reading the Bible and saying our prayers, but by doing what the Bible tells us to do, and earnestly seeking in prayer for grace to please God. Read St. John, chapter xiv. verses 15, 21, 23. I am glad to find that you like your companions, and suppose you like Harry Malden the best because he is nearest your own age. Tell me the ages of the four boys: are there any other boys except Mr. Malden's own children? I suppose you play at draughts and chess when the weather is bad, or in the evening, for I like you to be as much as possible in the open air running about and playing as hard as you can. When you play, play heartily, like a fine, bold boy, and when you read, read heartily, like a good, studious boy. Of the two games you mention I like chess far the best, and as you have played at it longer than Harry Malden you must teach him a little. Never mind the younger children taking away the men; you did so when you were their age; but ask them kindly not to do so again. I think it is a pity that you bought a knife with three blades, for if you lose it all the three blades will be gone at once, whereas if you had bought three one-bladed knives (which

you might almost have done for the same money) they would have lasted three times as long. I suppose, however, that now you are a school-boy and grown older, you mean to take three times as much care of your knives, as you used to do at Shirley. I am glad to hear that you are making a boat; tell me how it gets on, and what kind of one it is. Have you hollowed it out, and what tools did you use? Where do you sail it? I suppose it must be on the little ponds in the sand which the sea leaves when the tide goes down. Have you ever thought what is the use of the tides? Tell me what good you think they do; we are quite sure that there must be a use in whatever God makes, and we should try to find out what the use is; but it does not follow that a thing is useless because we cannot discover its use, for we are very ignorant. Thus we cannot always see the reason why God sends us pain and sickness, or sorrow, or poverty, or the loss of dear friends and relatives; but we find good people always saying that such afflictions have been of great use to them in the end, though at the time they did not like them. Be sure you tell me in your next letter which of all can trundle the hoop and run the fastest, and which can leap the highest.

Your sister often talks of you, and when she heard your letter read she said, "Has brother Walter sent his love to me—but has he, mamma?" I am sorry to say we were obliged to tell her that you had indeed sent your love to all generally, but that you had not mentioned her by name. Do not forget her, dear little pet, next time.

I am,

Your affectionate Father,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE SAME.

Eatington Park, Dec. 22nd, 1836.

Your nice long letter met me here last night, and though I am very busy I must write to thank you for it. God grant, my dear boy, that every blessing of this happy season may

be yours, that you may be like that Saviour who as at this time came to dwell among us in great humility, to teach and to redeem us. He became a child that He might teach children, and you should be continually endeavouring to act as you think Jesus Christ would have acted at your age and under your circumstances. Read what is said in the Bible of our Lord when young, and see what encouragement he afterwards gave to children to go to Him. I hope that you do really pray to Him to guide and to pardon you; and I am very glad to find that Mr. Malden has so good an account to give of you. The way to be loved is to be a good boy, and to shew yourself full of love to every one around you; but without love life is a sad, dark, dull thing, so that people who do not love others and are not loved by them, bring upon themselves the greatest punishment, for they make themselves miserable.

You have now read about four hundred and fifty lines of Virgil; tell me how you like it, and what has particularly pleased you. Good bye, my precious child, and may God bless, preserve, and keep you now and for ever, for Jesus Christ's sake.

TO EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, ESQ., M. P.

Shirley, Nov. 7th, 1836.

I can fully sympathize with your horror at hearing that we were about to leave dear old Shirley for a season. You will be relieved by hearing that we do not expect to be absent much more than two years, and that as we are only going to a distance of about forty miles I shall be able to maintain an affectionate connexion with the place and people. The living to which Lord Howard is so kind as to present me is Whiston, near Rotherham. There is a good house, and the parish is an interesting one, but has been grievously neglected, so that I shall have a great deal to do both in temporal and spiritual matters. You must promise to visit us even there. It is most kind of your father to invite Tamworth and his brother this Christmas, and most oppor-

tune for us, for with this move on our hands we should have had some difficulty in disposing of them.

To a friend he writes, after requesting to have a sketch of Shirley Church :

It will be very valuable to us when we are removed from this place to which we are so much attached, and which, certainly, has been to us the scene of many blessings. Perhaps it is good to be stirred up from one's nest, and prevented from forming such attachments as would make one too reluctant to move at last: and I think it will probably be useful also to have to do with a larger parish, and especially with one which will demand so much attention as Whiston, after its long neglect. Still, I shall have more time for reading than I have had here with these boys, and this will be a great luxury and advantage. What a delight it would be to devote some time to reading with you!

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, Jan. 5th, 1837.

One short note I must send you before leaving dear Shirley, though in the midst of bustle, and very much tired. I went to Whiston on Friday last, and was overturned by the snow drift before I got to Winster, and the shafts were broken; but, through mercy, I was not at all hurt. The cause of my being overturned, was that I could not set out until after the school children had dined, so that it was dark, and I could not see when I got on to the snow drift. I wish you had been here to see the children's feast, but we had not near so much fun as last year, because I could not stay to electrify them. To-day we have all been very busy sending off a waggon load of goods to Whiston, and we expect to go there ourselves on Thursday next.

Tell me, dearest Walter, whether you have yet pleased Mr. Malden by presenting to him a perfect Greek tree without one branch or leaf wanting; when you succeed in doing this, I should like to have it sent to me, that

I may plant it in my writing desk, and see what fruit it will produce. I do not know what part of the Æneid you refer to, that tells about the sculpture of the siege of Troy. How far have you got on with the Greek Testament; and what English books are you reading? You may ask Mr. Malden to be so kind as to get for you as a present from me, "A Father's Conversations with his Children," by Mr. Tyler, and I hope you will find many things in it that will be useful to you, and make you think your dear papa is talking to you about God and heavenly things. Never forget, dear boy, that the great end of life is to get to heaven, that we may glorify God always, without so often grieving Him as we are so apt to do here; and my heart longs and prays that you may become daily more fit to live in heaven, and that we may all meet there in joy, and peace, and glory.

CHAPTER XII.

ON New Year's Day, 1837, Mr. Shirley preached his first sermon at Whiston, in a damp, cold, and gloomy church, to a very thin congregation. The average number of attendants at that time did not exceed forty, exclusively of the Sunday scholars, in a place of worship calculated to hold from six to eight hundred. The chilling effect of this first impression was, however, much relieved by the warm and cordial reception which he afterwards met with, when he returned in the course of the month, accompanied by his family and household. Bells were set ringing, kind messages and greeting came from all parts of the parish, accompanied, in some instances, by various little presents, calculated to contribute to the comfort of the newcomers. The house, which had been in a dirty and dilapidated state, was still but partially prepared for their reception. Situated on a steep and bleak eminence, which was then rendered almost inaccessible by the deep and continuous snow of that year, it would have seemed cheerless enough on the cold evening of their arrival, in the absence of so pleasant a welcome.

He writes to his parents, with whom, for the present, he had left his little daughter ;

Whiston, Jan. 19th, 1837.

A. has given you such full details of all our matters, that I only wish to add a few words of love, and tell you how I long that you should come to see "Joseph" after having seen his "waggon," and I must add, treated them with so much kindness. We long also to see our precious child, and to hear her sweet voice singing about the house; but for the present we contend with noise, and dust, and bustle alone, for we have only just beds to sleep on ourselves, and none to offer even to you and her at present. As soon as we can receive you, and you can come, I will either send the carriage or drive it over myself. Everything looks as if there were here "a people prepared for the Lord."* They seem to value and to understand the gospel; and with regard to myself, personally, nothing can exceed their kindness, respect, and attention.

Jan. 25th.—I had a long day of visiting yesterday in the distant hamlets of this parish, and found a great deal to interest me and to encourage me in my work. At present I have formed no new plans, but am ascertaining the state of the case. I long to tell you of everything.

Jan. 31st.—I am getting forward with my tour through the parish, and find the people very kind and well-disposed to me, and I hope to my message also; but the poor are, I fear, a bad set and very ignorant; they have been desperately neglected. There is so much to do, that the great danger is attempting too much at once. I have indeed great need of wisdom and every heavenly grace. The vicar and curate of Rotherham are laid up with influenza, and I had to preach there last Sunday evening. It is a glorious church, and I delighted in proclaiming my Master's message there.

* Luke i. 17.

TO MISS HORNE.

*Whiston Rectory, Rotherham,
Feb. 23rd, 1837.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your affectionate letter gave us all much pleasure, for it is very soothing, in the midst of anxiety, to be assured of the sympathy of those whose friendship we value, and the prayers of those whose agreement we desire in those things which we would ask of our heavenly Father. We have, on the whole, had an anxious time since we came here, and the apothecary has seldom been three days together absent from the house.

My work here is growing upon me, and now that I am clear of the service of tables, and chairs, and carpets, my hands are getting full of more interesting occupations. My first undertaking is to marshal a little troop of district visitors, and I hope to have this main part of parochial machinery in *gear*, as they say, about this time next week. I have got a stove into the church, which has been cold and damp for about seven hundred years. We have a clothing club to form, cottage lectures to establish throughout the hamlets, meetings of communicants to institute, Sunday-schools to revive, a school-room to build, the church itself to improve by clearing away a great mass of useless masonry, and a desire for the means of grace to create among a degraded, neglected, and I fear very wicked peasantry. Who is sufficient for these things? What need have we of the presence and power of God's Spirit to move among these dry bones that they may live!

Your account of the plan of giving a second church to Ashbourn delights me, and I wish it good success with all my heart; pray put down my name for ten pounds, and tell me how you get on. There is nothing like throwing oneself fairly into a case of this kind when satisfied it is a good one. Avoid, if possible, pledging yourselves to absolutely free sittings; cheap sittings are much better things. Our united love attends

you and the family at the Cottage. May grace, mercy, and peace attend the "Church that is in *your* house,"* of which I often think; and shall be glad to hear of your "children walking in the *faith*."†

Believe me,

Your affectionate friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

Miss Horne, (daughter of the Rev. Melville Horne,) to whom the above letter is addressed, was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Shirley from his earliest days. At this time she took pupils in the neighbourhood of Ashbourn, and Mr. Shirley had been in the habit of occasionally giving a service for the instruction of the young people at her house. It is to these meetings that the last sentence alludes.

TO R. H. CHENEY ESQ.

Whiston Rectory, March 13th, 1837.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

I am very full of parochial business, as you will easily conceive from the account I gave you before; but when I have once got matters into train, I anticipate much more leisure than I had at Shirley with pupils, and hope to be able to read a good deal, and perhaps write. I have thought of your kind offer in a former letter, to assist in relieving my poor parishioners, and I will therefore tell you the state of the case. We have an aristocracy of farmers, who are very respectable and obliging, but not rich; Tories in politics, and attached to the Church. In short, there has been a great deal in them which might have been turned to good account; but they have not been employed, or encouraged to do anything in the parish. The late Rector hardly ever visited the poor, and was at variance with the farmers. The consequence is that the parish is disjointed, and the poor

* Rom. xvi. 5.

† 2 John 4.

are a low and profligate set of mendicants, though they earn, or may earn, good wages, and coals are worth five shillings and sixpence per ton at a distance of one mile from their doors. To meet this state of things I have established a clothing society, and have ten visitors by whom every cottage in the parish will be visited once a week, and the visitors are to meet me and report once a month. I wish to engraft on this machinery a small village circulating library. I found the church in a wretched state, dark and cold, engrossed by pews, and deserted by the poor. I have therefore had over an architect who has given a plan for its improvement. My congregations increase every Sunday, and I like my new situation extremely. You must not fail to visit me in the summer, and I think you will find a good deal to interest you. It would be delightful to read with you, which I hardly could do at Shirley, and to make expeditions to see some of the objects of interest within thirty or forty miles of us.

Alluding to Mrs. Shirley's health, which had been a cause of anxiety to him for some time, he writes thus to the same friend, after mentioning the physician who had been called in.

April 29th, 1837.

He has ordered us to go to the sea in the summer, which of all prescriptions is the one I like best; but there is so much to be done here, that I shall leave home with great reluctance. However, I dare say that it will do me good as well as Mrs. Shirley, for I shall be tolerably tired by Midsummer-day, if this parish affords me as much employment for mind and body as it has hitherto done. I am much obliged by your kind contribution towards the alterations of my church. You will be glad to hear that the people have raised nearly sixty pounds, and I have raised about as much more among my friends and people connected with the parish. We are to begin to erect the scaffolding on Mon-

day next. Everything hitherto has gone on quite as I could wish ; and I am exceedingly pleased with the good sense and good spirit which prevails among these Yorkshire farmers. Their farms are generally large ones, and the nearness of the manufacturing district draws off labour to that great market for it, and thus raises wages. These two circumstances create a necessity for machinery, and enable them to apply it ; hence a higher and more intelligent mode of cultivation, and the exercise of more mind in the business. I do not think that the lower orders benefit in the same degree by these circumstances, which would appear in the first instance to tend so much to their advantage. In a pecuniary point of view they are better off than the poor in most other parts of England, for they have high wages, and coals are very cheap. But the demand for labour takes them early from school, and gives them early independence : that is to say, strengthens self-will when it ought to be subdued, and gives it the power of gratification without the knowledge to fix upon proper objects. Is it wonderful that they soon learn "to do as they list?" (as a dirty-faced fellow told me the other day was his maxim.) They choose the evil and refuse the good ; they are extravagant, improvident, proud, and debased. I do believe that, although the price of coals is not more than a third of what it was at Shirley, the fires of the poor here cost nearly as much as they did there. Clubs are much wanted by people in such a situation, and infant and evening schools. I have an idea in my head of forming an annuity club on a large scale for the neighbourhood, not to interfere with the existing sick clubs, but to supply their deficiencies ; but I cannot publish such a measure until the close of the year, and before that time I shall, I hope, have had an opportunity of discussing the subject with you. In the mean time my clothing club works so well, that I shall have eighty pounds per annum to circulate among the people. There are five hamlets in the parish, which very much increase my labour, because I feel it right to have cottage lectures in them alternately.

I hope you will be able to come and see how we are

situated, soon after we return from the sea, early in September. That will be harvest time, when the people will be so busy that my extra work must be suspended, and therefore we should be able to enjoy each other's society, and I should hope an abbey or two. I quite agree with you on the church-rate measure; it was most unjust, but the Church is in a very unpleasant and unsatisfactory position on that point, and something should be done, and that without delay.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Whiston Rectory, March 25th, 1837.

I have nothing particular to communicate; but it seems so long since you left us, a fortnight to-day, that I am anxious to hear of you, and to let you know our estate. On Sunday last I preached twice at Rotherham for the Missionary Society. There were good congregations, and I was glad to see among them some of my Whiston people, who really seem earnestly bent on not losing a single sermon I have to deliver to them. The collections were about double those of the preceding year. This was also the case with the sacramental offerings at this church yesterday. God is giving me much acceptance with the people, and I need much grace to use it for my Master's glory, and not my own. I have received a pressing invitation from the Bible Society to travel for them in the North Riding, from August the 9th to the 30th, which it is very difficult for me to refuse, and yet I am most reluctant to leave my parish under existing circumstances. There will also, before long, be a similar application from the Missionary Society.

TO HIS FATHER.

Whiston Rectory, April 10th, 1837.

I had intended to have gone to Winster to-day, and to have accompanied you to the Matlock meeting to-morrow, but I find I cannot leave home at present. Almost every

week sees some new part of my parochial machinery set in motion ; and until the whole is fairly "a gate," as they say here, I must not leave my post. Last week was chiefly occupied in making arrangements for the alteration of the church and repairs of the organ. We had a parish meeting, at which the best spirit prevailed, and on Friday I went about with the churchwardens to collect subscriptions. We started with a list amounting to thirty-two pounds from Lady Effingham and myself, and it now amounts to about eighty-six pounds. We want one hundred and forty-five pounds, which I have no doubt of being able to raise. I have had lectures for two weeks in hamlets which have been crowded, and on Wednesday next we are to have one in the church. This is rather a bold step, for it is doubtful whether we can raise a congregation sufficient for the church ; but we have not a sufficient school-room, and there is such a desire to hear the word spreading among the people that I have good hopes.

On Saturday I had a friendly conference with the principal managers of the Methodist chapel. They will, I hope, alter their Sunday-school hours, so as to allow of their children coming to church in the morning, (when they have not a service,) and they talk of giving up their afternoon service. My Methodist friend assured me that there was a strong feeling among their people in favour of the Church when the gospel is preached, and told me that out of their twenty thousand congregations, in the three kingdoms, not one had sent up a petition against church-rates. It is clear that I need not have any trouble from this body, and that they may be so managed as to be very useful, with the guidance and blessing of God. Give my affectionate remembrances to my dear Matlock brethren, and say how much I regret not being among them. Pray send me an account of your meeting. If Mr. Wade is there, ask him what is doing about the Derby Church.

April 19th.—I am engaged to attend a Bible Society meeting at Chesterfield on the 26th. I am engaged for the Missionary Society, at Sheffield and the neighbourhood, from May

the 20th to the 25th. We are going on well here, thank God. I had a large and very attentive congregation last night in the church. Our subscription for the church alterations amounts to about one hundred pounds, and we are going to work immediately. I have struck out a new and very bold plan, which is received with great approbation. It is to clear away every pillar and arch inside the church, and reconstruct the whole on three large Norman arches. We shall thus get the greatest possible quantity of light, and air, and room. My hamlet lectures answer very well; they are on Thursdays, and I am going to one this evening.

In the midst of all his engagements, Mr. Shirley paid occasional visits to his old parishioners. In one of these he was much grieved to find that the sin of drinking had suddenly increased "to a frightful extent." As a natural consequence of the recent beer-bill, no less than three beer-houses, in addition to the old-established Saracen's Head public-house, were now opened in the little village of Shirley.

As it was impossible that there could be lawful custom for this number of beer-house keepers, no art was left untried to allure customers. Such a state of things he deeply deplored, and always expressed his strong dislike to that "improvident bill," so fruitful of mischief in its results, especially to small populations. Whilst at Shirley he did not forget Yeaueley; and he mentions a visit there, when he was greeted by thirty or more glad faces waiting his arrival. "I spoke to them," he writes, "from the close of the Epistle to the Ephesians, ch. vi. 10th and following verses. Nothing could be more affectionate than they all were."

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Whiston Rectory, March 22nd, 1837.

MY DEAR X.

Your letter gave me very sincere pleasure. I was glad to find that I had gained your confidence so far that you would make a confessor of me, and I was glad also to find that what you had to tell gave evidence of the working of God's Holy Spirit on your heart. I am sure that we may get some good hints on the subject of confession from the Romish Church; for on this point, as on many others, she has perverted the best things to the worst uses: but it is unquestionably a very useful thing to relate freely to a christian friend what passes in our hearts, and to ask counsel or support of those who are travelling the same road as ourselves, and are exposed to similar dangers. Write to me, therefore, whenever you feel inclined, and write as to one who has been placed in very much the same situation as yourself, and is encompassed with similar infirmities. What can any one of us do for another, but tell how weakness may be upheld, how ignorance may be guided, how guilt may be pardoned, and how sin may be resisted? You tell of weakness and wish for power; you complain of coldness and long for ardour and love; you mourn over timidity in confessing Christ, and desire boldness to fight manfully under his banner; you feel that if you could appropriate Christ and his finished salvation, this would fill your heart with peace and joy; and you are earnestly seeking the Spirit of adoption. Now, in the first place, I would observe, that these very wishes, desires, longings, prayers, imply the possession of a certain measure, at least, of life, and love, and spiritual power. Not a full measure, it is true; nor one with which you ought to be satisfied; but still enough to excite gratitude and prevent despondency. Remember that unbelief is weakness, and faith is power. When Satan would tempt our Lord, he introduced an "if" between Him and sonship; and when the apostle would strengthen the church he says, "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God."* Re-

* 1 Thess. i. 4.

member also that this sonship, this election of God, which makes us children, and therefore heirs, proceeds not from us but from God. It therefore depends not on us but on Him; but it so depends on Him, that it is a work which He performs in us, conforming our will, our nature, our character, to his; and He has engaged to carry forward this conformation even unto perfection. Remember also that this very notion of conformation, to which frequent allusion is made in the epistles, is derived from the casting of plaster figures. The rude mass of plaster, or deformed and injured figures, are broken up and cast into a new mould, and there comes a new man *alter et idem*. The material, the *ἕλη*, as Aristotle would call it, the flesh and blood, remain the same, but the form and pressure which they express are altogether different. It is important then, to our warning and to our comfort, to bear in mind that here we are and must continue to be embodied in flesh and blood, which are "of the earth, earthy,"* but that "flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God."† Our conflict never will end here, for the source of it is all around us; and there we can have no conflict, for we shall be emancipated from that by which Satan assails us. Take courage, then, and put on the whole armour of God, for you shall come off more than conqueror through Him that hath loved you. Forget what is behind, and reach forward to that which is before, nothing doubting but that you shall attain to that mark, however high it be, on which you have fixed the eye of faith. Give all diligence; be as minutely attentive to spiritual gains as the children of this world are in their pursuits, and may the God of all grace be with you for Jesus' sake. I have both hands quite full of very interesting work.

Yours faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO A FRIEND.

May 8th, 1837.

I trouble myself very little about politics, and in order to

* 1 Cor. xv. 47.

† 1 Cor. xv. 50.

keep clear of them have resisted frequent and pressing solicitations to become a magistrate; but I must say that they are not always the best friends of the Church who talk most about it, still less are those its best friends who resist reasonable reforms. We are assailed doubtless by a set of ungodly destructives who hate religion, and by many furious partizans who hate every form of religion except their own, and who are, I suspect, hardly more religious than the last. Now I do not class you amongst the obstinate Tories, and I am sure that you do not class me amongst the destructive Whigs. We both wish the maintenance of our civil and religious institutions; only my feeling is, that if they are to be maintained, they must be repaired and adapted in some measure to the altered circumstances of the times. We must not be satisfied that our national church is supported by the higher orders of society; it ought to be the Church of the people; and in order that it may be, everything should be done to enlarge its capacity, and even if necessary to relax its terms of communion. I would relinquish many non-essentials for the sake of embracing the largest possible mass of the community. It grieves me to see the poor thronging the chapels and deserting the churches, and I long to have them with us. A great deal may be effected by diligent, affectionate, and scriptural pastoral care, but the most earnest pastor now works very often at a great disadvantage. Pray read on this subject "Spiritual Despotism," a book which contains many sound views, though written in rather a perplexed and ambitious style.

TO HIS PARENTS.

May 15th, 1837.

We hesitate very much between the east and the west coast, but I suspect that we shall finally go somewhere near Liverpool on account of the greater facility for my movements, for it is clear that I must come here at least once during the six weeks that M. purposes being at the sea. It is impossible

to leave this parish for so long a time under existing circumstances. The church is now almost unroofed, and next Sunday I shall give up service altogether, as I go to Sheffield. By the twenty-eighth we hope to make some arrangement. The works that are going on require my constant supervision, in addition to the pastoral care of the parish. We have contracted to spend more than two hundred and fifty pounds, and have not raised quite one hundred and fifty, but there is so good a spirit among the people that we shall not want.

May 30th.—Many thanks for all you say with so much tenderness of my birth-day, few children have known forty years of more love than I have, and few have more to be thankful for. Would that I had made a better return!

TO THE SAME.

Beaumaris, June 26th, 1837.

I am thankful to say that we arrived in perfect safety on Saturday. We have had a delightful journey; hardly any rain, no accidents, no drawbacks, and are all of us in better health than when we set out. At Macclesfield we saw John Bonsall, who is a grocer, &c., in a small way; we saw, moreover, to the children's extreme delight, a collection of wild beasts with real monkeys and lions.

Our house is a very beautiful cottage, long and low, the front covered with creepers of various kinds; the Menai Straits are just before us, backed and enclosed by the Welsh and Anglesea hills, so that the effect is that of a marine lake. There is a fresh sea air, and ships of small burthen, and many boats, pass before us frequently. The whole scene is very lovely, so that it seems ungrateful to say that I should like a bolder and fuller sea view, but we cannot have everything. At Blackpool we had a magnificent sea and splendid sands, but a hideous country; and here we have a lovely country but no sands, and only a strip of sea. The house just holds us, and I do not know where we shall put William when he

arrives. If you were to come, you or some one would be obliged to sleep out of the house, and yet I long to have you here, and not the less in consequence of your great kindness in relieving my mind by taking my duty. I gain strength, thank God, every hour.

The young man alluded to in the above letter at Macclesfield, had been formerly a Sunday scholar at Shirley, and was taken into Mr. Shirley's service at the request of his uncle, an old servant in the family; after remaining for four years with Mr. Shirley, to whom his conduct gave entire satisfaction, he was invited by a distant relation to assist him in his business, with the promise of a share in the concern at the expiration of a year. This promise was faithfully kept, and on the death of his relation, shortly after, he succeeded to the whole of the small property. Meanwhile he had married a person of some fortune and respectably educated, of whom he was quite worthy, for never, while in service or afterwards, did he neglect any opportunity of improving himself. His late master, who always took a kind interest in him, lent him a small sum to furnish a parlour for the reception of his bride. In a letter which he wrote to Mr. Shirley on this occasion is the following paragraph :

My obligations to you, Rev. Sir, are of many years standing, and frequently when I think of the privileges to which I was admitted while a servant in your honoured family, and the favours you then conferred upon me, the tear of gratitude rolls down my cheek. Indeed, Rev. Sir, I may with perfect truthfulness add, that what I saw, learnt, and by honest industry saved while at Shirley, laid the foundation for my eligibility as a tradesman, and has enabled me so far, under the blessing of a gracious Providence, to maintain my position and greatly increase my worldly substance.

This promising young man was cut off soon after his marriage by consumption, and died rejoicing in God his Saviour, and blessing that master through whose instructions, humanly speaking, he had been led to seek the true riches.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Beaumaris, June 29th, 1837.

MY DEAR X.

You left me in a very exhausted state, and that week of missionary work finished me. The result is, that I have been very ill, and "sto qui." For the last two or three Sundays I have been unable to do anything, or have just got through a service in the school-room, sitting down, and speaking in an under voice, the school-master reading the lessons. Under the circumstances, added to the state of the church and Mrs. Shirley's health, the wisest course was clearly to go to the sea at once; and here accordingly we are, engaged in the active and occasionally rather laborious duty of seeking health and strength for future exertions of the head and heart, by great present exercise of the body. We have a beautiful situation and very delightful weather for this state of "strenua inertia," and I am thankful to say that we have made considerable progress.

I am sorry to say that in the hurry of leaving home I neglected to bring your last letter, and therefore cannot reply very particularly to its contents. I hope that you continue to receive improved accounts of —. Why did you not tell me that —'s illness was the cause of your uneasiness at Whiston? It is our duty, and indeed it is our privilege, to bear one another's burthens, and so fulfil the law of love. I mention this because I suspect you have rather a tendency to eat your own heart, and to reserve. I think it is important to strive against such a habit, both on our own account and that of others. We should be ever on the watch to receive and communicate according as God has given to us; and when we bear in mind what slight circum-

stances, passing remarks, or occasional conversations have gone to give a colour to our own minds, or been sanctified to the renewal or strengthening of our own hearts, we should never neglect any proper opportunity of obtaining similar benefits, or of conferring them, by God's blessing, on others. I am glad that you find an increase of courage in speaking of your Lord and Master to others on suitable occasions, and I am convinced that it will increase in proportion to your advance in the divine life. What we all want is to see and feel more of the glory of Christ, that we may speak well of Him to others. May he reveal himself more and more to your soul and keep you steadfast in His covenant.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Beaumaris, July 21st, 1837.

It is very hard work trying to get well by those means which caused the destruction of the cities of the plain—abundance of bread and plenty of idleness; and it is, moreover, a work which consumes a great deal of time in the accomplishment thereof. Hence I find that I have less time and less also of inclination for writing letters, and discharging the other duties of life here than I had at Whiston. I suppose, however, that it is one of my first duties, under existing circumstances, to be as idle as possible; and therefore I endeavour to satisfy my conscience in the elaborate performance of the task which has been assigned me. I am thankful to say that our sedulity has hitherto been crowned with success. For my own part, I think that within the last ten days I have made more progress than during all the previous weeks, and I am most thankful to believe that with God's blessing I shall be fully equal to resume my duties at the appointed time. I certainly do very much regret my Bible Society engagement; but as I shall be absent ten days and have only six meetings, I hope it will be rather a relaxation than a fatigue. I am very anxious to receive your report of the state of things at Whiston, the house, the church, the parish; and hope you will write immediately if you have not done so already.

Our dear children are going on very well. W. enjoys his holidays, delights in bathing and boating, and says one lesson a day very well with William. A. is so fond of bathing that she walks into the sea of her own accord, and is unwilling to come out again; she laughs and jumps about in the water as if she were amphibious. To-day she has been sailing with me, and allowed me to dip her feet into the water over the side of the boat, which I did to overcome her fear of a boat; she is now very fond of going on the water. I am rather tempted to preach at a little church within a mile of this place, where there is an afternoon English service, if I feel well enough; for I long to try my strength, and to be about my Master's business.

TO THE SAME.

Keighley, Sept. 4th, 1837.

Your letter from Thornby met me at Sowerby, and was a great comfort to me. I was glad to find that you and the horse had got through so well, and that you had so many pleasant greetings with friends by the way. Certainly love is the charm and solace of this life, as perfect love will be the glory of the life to come. I should be very glad to see again the letter which I forwarded from Marseilles, for I am particularly anxious about the religious state of that important city. It would be a link of love between Europe and Africa, if the gospel of love flourished there.

My tour has hitherto been successful and pleasant, and has rather refreshed me, though on some days I have been very tired. Mr. D., from whose house I write, is wearied with the management of twelve thousand people, as well he may be; but we must wait till our resting-day arrives. On Tuesday I came here and attended a Bible Society meeting in the Mechanics' Institute. On Wednesday Mr. D. took me in his carriage to Long Preston. We passed by Skipton, where there is a fine old castle, once the residence of the Cliffords, Earls of Westmoreland. There are some interesting monuments in the church, about the time of the reformation, which testify to the piety of that

illustrious family. One runs thus,—“Here lieth, waiting the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the dead body of George Clifford, son of Henry Clifford, &c., by his precious wife, Margaret Russell, &c.”

After the meeting at Long Preston we proceeded to Giggleswick to sleep. That small village is the mother of Settle, which is a large and important place. The meeting at Settle was of a very influential character, being attended by several people of property. The chair was taken by Mr. Farrar, who married the widow of Lord Eldon's eldest son, and her son, Lord Encombe, was there and took a motion. We knew each other at Oxford, and were glad to meet again, and I was especially glad to see old Lord Eldon's grandson taking part in the Bible Society, and one of his sovereigns deposited in the plate. Of course I adapted my speech to my audience, but avoided saying anything of a personal nature.

On Friday morning I went to see a curious cave which has just been discovered in the neighbourhood. There were found in it the bones of many granivorous animals, a human tooth, three Roman brooches, an armlet, and some coins, chiefly of the age of Constantine. The entrance is so low that I was obliged to lie at full length and move myself along by my elbow. I borrowed some old clothes for the occasion, and was covered with dirt; but the cave had been so ransacked that I found nothing but a small piece of pottery and of iron, though I took a labourer with me. There is in the immediate neighbourhood a very perfect and curious ebbing and flowing well. We returned to Keighley on Friday evening; and on Saturday Mr. D. took me to see Bolton Abbey, with which I was delighted. Yesterday I preached twice to crowded congregations, which were animating to behold, for the Sunday-schools. Four hundred and fifty children, and one hundred and twenty teachers. The collections amounted to about 50*l.* To-day I am going to Bingley, which is another of the overgrown villages of this populous district, and to-morrow, D. V., I expect to meet my carriage at Barnsley. I must conclude.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Whiston Rectory, Sept. 27th, 1837.

MY DEAR X.

I sympathize with you much in all your sorrows and anxieties both on your own account and on account of those who are near and dear to you. At the same time I feel great difficulty in writing to you on this subject, and what I say must be entirely of a general nature; for I cannot tell what may be their individual peculiarities, nor what the special circumstances of each case. You never can err in confiding each of them to God in prayer, for he knows everything belonging to them and to you, and can do all things; but all prayers must be summed up in the universal petition, "Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt;"* and I think that your petitions should chiefly be, that you may be directed to use suitable means for the salvation of your relatives, and that a blessing may attend upon the means when used. Of all the means which can be used in such a case, none are so certainly unexceptionable, and few more efficacious, than that of a holy life; holding forth the word of truth, proving day by day the power of the Gospel to give joy in sorrow, strength in weakness; to correct, elevate, soften, and sanctify the whole man. Those with whom you are connected know all that you can tell them of what is external in religion; they need to experience its "hidden life;" † and it is this most especially which you should aim at exhibiting before them. They want to be awakened to a sense of the essential importance of *conversion*, and of the extreme danger of having a form of godliness without its power, a name to live while they are dead. ‡ Let them see that you are satisfied with nothing short of conversion for yourself, and that you long and pray and strive for nothing less in them. You have need of much grace, and more particularly of humility and love, that you may never forget the relation between you and those about whom you are an-

* Matt. xxvi. 39.

† Col. iii. 3.

‡ 2 Tim. iii. 5; Rev. iii. 1;

xious, and that you may never be weary in your efforts for their good. May the Lord bless, sustain, and comfort you. We are just finishing the church, and it is to be formally re-opened on the twelfth and fifteenth of next month, when we hope to supply our very deficient funds. I must now begin to build a school-room, but after having laid the people under such heavy contributions, I cannot appeal to them again at present. We think, therefore, of having a bazaar in the spring of next year. All favours will be thankfully received. Mrs. Shirley desires to be kindly remembered to you.

At the re-opening of the church at Whiston for divine service, a collection was made to supply the deficiency of the fund which had been raised to defray the cost of the repairs. On this occasion it was crowded to overflowing, and on every subsequent Sunday during Mr. Shirley's residence it continued to present the encouraging sight of a well-filled church; a gratifying contrast to the bare walls and empty pews which the Rector, on his first arrival, had been accustomed to address.

He had just completed the arduous task of preparing for confirmation eighty candidates, many of whom belonged to the poorest and most ignorant class of his parishioners. In several of them he subsequently took great interest, but the first beginnings of these, afterwards hopeful scholars, were sorely discouraging. In the absence of any more appropriate building, they had been summoned to meet him in the church, and strange indeed was the scene of riot which the churchyard exhibited, and stranger still the confusion within the sacred walls, when their pastor first presented himself amid the wild rabble, for the purpose of ascertaining their respective attainments and dividing them into

classes. Notwithstanding his repeated injunctions of silence, and the earnest endeavours of the more serious minded among them to restore order, this untutored mass received every attempt to address them with renewed shouts of laughter. The case seemed hopeless. As a last effort, he declared in a loud and solemn voice that the first who interrupted the silence should be expelled. One voice of rude merriment, and one only, was raised; the culprit was immediately excluded from the church, and his noisy comrades were awed and remained silent. When the first difficulty was thus overcome, Mr. Shirley found it a less arduous task than might have been anticipated to gain their attention, and to make the desired impression; though many of them had been so much neglected, and were so totally ignorant, that they could not be included in the number finally presented to the Archbishop on this occasion.

The state of the parish was, on the whole, very singular, and presented a mass of evil quite at variance with its attractive appearance in many respects, and with the respectability of the yeomen and farmers who were at its head. But there were no large resident proprietors. Even the Rectory had for many years, owing to the illness of the late incumbent, been only nominally occupied; and in this state of things the farmers had slipped into the place of the absent gentry, without perceiving clearly that they had succeeded also to their duties towards the poor. The poor, on the other hand, from their habits of improvidence and imperfect education, had become degraded and hardened. Mr. Shirley learnt, with incredulous surprise, that this rural and apparently quiet village was the resort of thieves and

house-breakers, and that occasionally even those who followed respectable trades, would, when out of employment, go out on the roads as highwaymen and foot-pads on the long winter nights. But as the full extent of the evil disclosed itself, he redoubled his efforts to counteract the mischief.

TO HIS FATHER.

October 7th, 1837.

* * * * *

I am setting on foot a week evening school for my wild asses' colts, and a Sunday evening class for all orders, for scriptural instruction. I expect a very interesting sacrament to-morrow, from several confirmation candidates being added to the communicants. I am taking preparatory measures towards building a school-room, but am so poor that I feel it will be imprudent to begin before Christmas. In the mean time I am better than I have been for a long time, and only want aid from above to carry forward my Lord's work.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Chartley Castle, Nov. 23rd, 1837.

* * * * *

I have been reading Mr. Inglis's book on "Ireland," and should be very glad to know what you think of that most pregnant and debateable subject, Ireland; particularly as to a poor-law of any kind. I must say that my feeling is in favour of a poor-law under very strict regulations, not only to prevent the extreme destitution which so often prevails, but to bring the peasantry into discipline. I think the New Poor-law is doing a great deal in this way here. I have been named guardian of the Rotherham Union, and attend there four or five hours every Monday for the transaction of business, so that I have a fair opportunity of judging how the law works.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Whiston Rectory, Nov. 30th, 1837.

MY DEAR X.

I was glad to receive the account of your entrance into the university under, I should hope, auspicious circumstances, and I am anxious not to let your first term pass without writing to you. Few steps in life are more important in their influence on the future character than the one you have now taken, and it certainly is a great blessing that there should be so many circumstances in your case favourable to a beneficial influence, and which will tend to counteract the evil to which you will be exposed. God has, I trust and believe, been teaching you by His own Spirit; and you have learnt how little this earth has to offer to the soul where God is not; and how little can be taken away, even by the heaviest afflictions, if the presence of God be not withdrawn. This is a most important lesson to have learnt, for it raises the soul above the world, and attaches it to things which are not seen, but are eternal. Then you have the advantage, I conclude, of many religious friends, who may be a great means of stability and comfort to you. On this last head, however, I am anxious to caution you. "Cease from man."* There is a great deal of folly abroad in the world, and of opposite conflicting folly too. Every one almost we meet with has some peculiarity of doctrine or discipline, to which, even if it be true and scriptural, (which is usually not the case) he is attaching undue importance, and magnifying until, having occupied the whole range of his own vision, he thinks that it is the very essence of Christianity. All this is very injurious. If one gives in to these vagaries, one is tossed up and down by every wind of doctrine, and many have thereby been lost in the Scylla of universal scepticism, or the Charybdis of Popery—the

* Isaiah ii. 22.

capitulation of a perplexed understanding. "Howbeit, in malice be ye children, in understanding be ye men."* Beware my dear X., of sentimental and visionary young men. There is danger even in resisting their follies. If one sets one's back against a wall and says, "come what will, here I stick;" this is apt to generate pride, and obstinacy, and hardness of character; and I need not say how opposed all these things are to the tender, gentle, endearing, persuasive, easy-to-be-entreated spirit of the gospel of love. Cease from man, therefore; keep your eye fixed upon your crucified Redeemer; learn of Him; make Him your standard, Him your guide; and derive your religion fresh and fresh for every day's use from the well-spring of Truth. And, having advised you to cease from man, let me further advise you to cease from yourself; for we must ever remember that we are the same erring and corrupt creatures we see others to be; and he who knows most of himself, will be inclined to take the lowest place as compared with others. Avoid personal vanity; avoid a self-righteous spirit; avoid egotism; even that spiritual egotism to which some good people are very prone, especially among the Methodists; beware of thinking too much of your own notions, your own sorrows, your own performances; even of your sins you may think too much, if they prevent you from thinking supremely of the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." † We dishonour Him when we magnify our own transgressions so as to doubt whether He can indeed take them away. May the Lord keep you, dear X., from all error, and lead you into all truth, for his great name's sake.

We are all very well, thank God, and are very busy preparing for a bazaar, by which we hope, in the spring or summer of next year, to raise something towards a school-room which I must build. Remember that I shall be glad to see you during the Christmas vacation if you can come.

* 1 Cor. xiv. 20.

† John i. 29.

TO A FRIEND.

Whiston, April 3rd, 1838.

“Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar.”* Such was my impression of your state of mind on reading your deeply interesting and affecting letter of March 29th. I answer it immediately, but have taken half a sheet of paper that I may not be tempted to write a long letter, for your letter found me in bed yesterday; I have not ventured to rise before the afternoon to-day, and am very weak. I have suffered a good deal from illness since I came to Whiston, from over-exertion and excitement; and then I have caught bad colds, one of which is, I am thankful to say, breaking up and retiring, though it leaves me debilitated and susceptible. These are, however, small matters compared with your trials. I wish you had given me more particulars, which I should have thought you might have given, from Paris. For my own part, I have for some time ceased to have any sanguine expectations of your doing much real spiritual good to others in your present post, though I doubt not you will derive from it grace in your soul. God has various ways of teaching us his two lessons; the knowledge of ourselves and our guilt and manifold infirmities, and of Him, whom to know is life eternal; but in one way or other his disciples are taught these lessons before he removes them out of this state of discipline and trial. I can easily conceive that the pregnant source of your trials (as far as man is concerned) is the weakness, and I should fear, the worldliness of the person principally concerned. Would that the mantle of some of the Elijahs of the 16th century might light on him! but he is not made of the same *stuff*. Aristotle would give my meaning a more eloquent word and call it *ἰσχυρ*.

He will not make sacrifices, nor bear the cross boldly, until conversion has taken deeper root in him than I fear is yet the case. God grant that by any means this blessed

* Psalm cxx. 5.

work may be accomplished. It is in his power to lead a song, to which, if he had the heart to sing out, many a thousand good voices would join in chorus. The account of the Lord's dealings with you, personally, were very edifying to me. My retrospect of life is in the result the same; that there have every now and then been continually arising circumstances tending to "withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man."* Self must be humbled, subdued, crucified; that the Lord alone may be exalted. If you are really doing good where you are, I should encourage you to submit to everything, and plant your foot in the breach; but if the door is closed, why remain? There is work enough for the Lord's servants the wide world over, and why be shut up, if you are excluded from usefulness, in an unproductive corner of it?

TO HIS SON.

Winster, March 5th, 1838.

We have been here a fortnight, and I have been longing to write to you while enjoying a holiday with grandpapa and grandmamma. But soon after we arrived I was taken very ill, and have been confined to my bed nearly the whole of last week. I am now, thank God, much better, and have been out in the carriage for the first time, which has refreshed me, but I am still weak and delicate. This illness has prevented me from going over to dear Shirley, and therefore grandpapa drove mamma over there this morning to see some of the people in my stead, and they will not return till to-morrow. You see, my dear boy, how soon God can frustrate all our plans and disappoint all our hopes. He has now raised me up once more, but He might have removed me to Himself from you, and dear mamma, and A., and my own dear parents. He might also remove you from us very soon and very suddenly. Ought not this thought to make us very anxious to be prepared to part from each other, and appear before Him when He calls us

* Job xxxiii. 17.

away? Remember that there are no bad passions in heaven, and therefore the indulgence of them unfits us for heaven; they who are round the throne are like Christ, and we must therefore pray daily for grace to become more and more like Christ. When you get into bad tempers, or do anything that is wrong, think, "this is unfitting me for heaven." The way also to be happy on earth, is to get a temper as much like heaven as possible, for if all people had such a mind, there would be no disputings, and all would live in love. Therefore all would be happy, and there would be heaven on earth. Let us try, my dear child, to have something like heaven in our family at least, and among our own friends, as the children of Israel dwelt in light when there was thick darkness throughout the land of Egypt.

I am glad to find that so many kind friends have been to see you out of love to your parents, and I hope you will behave so as to make them love you for your own sake. Have you any new boys in the school? what do you play at on the downs? I hope, when the weather is warmer, that you will bathe in a salt-water bath, which I know you would like.

TO THE SAME.

Whiston Rectory, March 17th, 1838.

We expect to hold our bazaar almost immediately after Easter. My contribution to the bazaar is an Historical Chart, containing the Genealogy of the Queen from the Conqueror; Historical and Genealogical Notices, and the arms of those persons who are in the Genealogy engraved and painted. I am laying out twenty pounds upon it, and shall therefore be anxious to sell a sufficient number of copies to make it answer.

You tell me of cutters, schooners, brigs, and ships. Why, my dear boy, how many are you going to purchase, and what will you do with them when you have got them? While you are thinking of ships, I am thinking of school-rooms, churches, &c., and I hope that you will some day

be thinking of these things, having "put away childish things."* The masons are preparing the stone for our school-room, and have dug out the foundations, but they have not yet begun to build.

We are going to have the Sunday-school children's dinner the week after next, and shall then distribute the prizes. I am better than I was, but am very weak still, and the weather is so cold and rough that I dare not go out to take exercise.

On the 17th of May he writes to his cousin, in allusion to the bazaar :

I hope you will patronize my Historico-Genealogical Chart, which is now published in London by Groombridge at two shillings and sixpence.

Our bazaar went off admirably. We raised two hundred pounds, and shall have a very pretty and rather imposing school-room, with a residence for the teacher.

TO HIS SON.

Whiston Rectory, June 1st, 1838.

On Saturday last I went to York, to preach, and attend meetings for the Church Missionary Society, and between my arrival there on Saturday and Wednesday evening I preached or spoke ten times. I took care, however, to see the cathedral, which is perhaps, upon the whole, the finest in England, and was delighted with it. Some day I hope to have an opportunity of shewing it to you, when you are able to understand its beauty. I spent my time very happily at York, because I was among some very pious people, who are full of love and zeal in their Saviour's service.

We are going to have our Sunday-school fête on Tuesday next, at which I should have been glad to have had my dear boy.

* 1 Cor. xiii. 11.

TO HIS PARENTS.

June 27th, 1838.

I preached my visitation sermon yesterday, from 2 Cor. v. 18, and received many very affectionate acknowledgments from clerical friends. I trust that it was a plain open statement of truth as far as I know it. One merit it had which all would appreciate—it occupied only twenty-five minutes.

You complain sadly of my correspondence. Pray remember that I have been missionary deputation at Sheffield; Doncaster, York, and Halifax, and have had a visitation sermon to prepare and preach. I really have been so busy that I have hardly known how to get on with common duties. I am now writing before breakfast, for I have to be at the board of guardians by ten o'clock, and have already had two interruptions.

We are to have a tea-drinking and a service on Thursday:

TO HIS SON.

10, *Holles Street, Cavendish Square,**Aug. 24th, 1838.*

I must not leave town without letting you hear of us. On Monday we hope to leave London, and right happy shall we all be, to be delivered from its noise and bustle, and to get back to our own dear happy home, with its comforts and its duties. It is the discharge of daily duties, my dear Walter, that can alone make any home comfortable or happy. We never can be happy if we are idle and live to ourselves, and so God has wisely ordered it, that we are then most truly happy when we are doing most for the happiness of others. At present you cannot do much for others; but there are a great many little things which you can do, and these you ought to do, and your whole education is intended to make you more useful to other people than otherwise you could be. What a blessed thing it would be if you were to become so useful to others as to be the means of turning them, through God's blessing, from sin to holiness; that is to say, from living to themselves to living for God. May God give

you his grace, my precious boy, that your own heart may thus be turned to God, for you will not be likely to persuade others to do what they do not see you doing yourself.

TO HIS FATHER.

Whiston Rectory, Nov. 1st, 1838.

I send by this post a newspaper, in which you will see a short statement of our first missionary meeting in the new school-room. The room was not quite finished, and is now plastering; but we hope to open it in about a fortnight, not for Sundays only, but also for a night-school for adult railroad people and others. I have just obtained a grant of one hundred pounds from London, which will nearly, I hope, clear my account. I have laboured thus far in these outward matters; and others will, I trust, enter upon these efforts, and build up higher and better on the one only foundation.

Our sacrament last Sunday was accompanied by some very interesting circumstances, which make me hope that God is with us, and that the work is just beginning to tell upon the people. It is a sad pity to be obliged to go under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE concluding sentence of the last letter alludes to an event which had just occurred, and which obliged Mr. Shirley to resign the living of Whiston. The death of the incumbent of Brailsford, at a very advanced age, had put him in possession of the family living which had been settled on him by Lord Ferrers. It was accordingly arranged that he should return to Shirley, while his father took up his residence in the contiguous parish of Brailsford. It was, however, no small mortification to him, to leave, thus abruptly, a work on which his energies were wholly concentrated, and a people to whom he had become warmly attached.

The influence which Mr. Shirley had acquired in the parish had increased so rapidly, that latterly every suggestion which he offered was received with alacrity, and the few who at first had opposed him were silenced. Before the repairs of the church were begun, a parish meeting was called for the purpose of considering whether a portion of the expenses should be met by a rate; but so violent was the opposition of one of the leading rate-payers, (a Dissenter,) that the plan was abandoned, and a voluntary subscription substituted in its place. It was, however,

suggested, that the trifling expense of painting should be defrayed by a rate to be levied in the ensuing year, when the same individual who had opposed the rate turned round, and, addressing the Rector in the chair, said, "I give you notice, sir, that I shall not only make a point of opposing any church-rate that may be proposed for such a purpose myself, but endeavour to stir up as many opponents to it as I can in the course of the year." "You are quite welcome to do so," replied the chairman; "but remember, that if you have three hundred and sixty-five days before you in which to promulgate your views, of those days fifty-two are Sundays, on which I hope to set forth mine and those of my blessed Master. I wish you good evening."

The following summer, a meeting having been called, Mr. Shirley entered the vestry expecting violent opposition from the same quarter, but he met with none; and when his opponent was asked for his vote he got up and said good-humouredly, "I have long since discovered it is no use opposing Mr. Shirley, for if he had come here to ask for five hundred pounds instead of five-and-twenty, I know you would not refuse it him, so I may as well hold my tongue." "Then, Mr. J., my fifty-two Sundays have not been in vain." This individual treated the Rector ever after with marked deference, and, with his family, not unfrequently attended the church.

It must however be confessed, that it was not to the fifty-two Sundays alone that Mr. Shirley's influence among his parishioners was due. His intercourse with them in secular matters had inspired them with a feeling of respect both for his character and talents, and led them often, both individually and collectively, to seek his advice. A curious instance of this occurred

while the repairs of the church were proceeding. Part of the plan had been to increase the height of the nave. For this it was necessary to raise the entire roof by means of screws, and to lower it again on to the newly-built portion of the walls. The day when this feat was to be accomplished was one of great excitement and anxiety to the village builder and his workmen, and at one moment a failure was apprehended. At this juncture Mr. Shirley's help was sought; he was an ingenious workman and mechanic, and by his judicious suggestions the difficulty was overcome.

This same talent he had frequently an opportunity of turning to good account in less important cases. On his first arrival at Whiston, the joiner who had been engaged to put up some of the furniture failed in his appointment, and as the delay was very inconvenient, Mr. Shirley had recourse to his own tool-box, and soon accomplished the task. The next day the dilatory workman made his appearance, and eyed the cornices with uneasy looks, fancying that some formidable rival had stepped into his place. Great was his astonishment when he found that his rival was no other than the Rector himself. From this display of knowledge in his own art, the joiner derived the most exalted idea of Mr. Shirley's talents. He subsequently became one of his most attached hearers, and a teacher in the Sunday-school.

The school-rooms and master's dwelling were now finished, and the building, with its lancet windows, formed a picturesque object from the opposite hill. The removal of the Sunday-scholars from a dame's cottage to the new room was an event of which Mr. Shirley adroitly availed himself to secure the attendance there of the farmers' children, which had not

before been customary. The gratitude subsequently evinced by the young people themselves, as well as by their parents, for these weekly instructions, was an encouraging testimony to their value. At the same time some of the principal farmers, with their sons and daughters, offered their services as teachers.

It entered into Mr. Shirley's plans to lose no opportunity which offered of bringing himself into more intimate acquaintance with his flock. Every month he used to assemble the district visitors in his study, to receive an account of their labours, and for advice, exhortation, and prayer; and once a quarter he invited the district visitors and teachers to drink tea at the Rectory, when the various subjects connected with their duties were discussed, and illustrated with remarks and instructions. He also made a point of inviting occasionally the yeomen of his parish, with their wives and daughters, to spend an evening at his house, and once a year he issued a general invitation to the farmers and their families. On these occasions the evenings were chiefly passed in conversation and music, and ended with a brief exposition of the Bible and prayer, which he possessed the art of rendering peculiarly impressive. Nor were the boys of a neighbouring foundation-school forgotten. Once every half-year they were invited to the Rectory, when Mr. Shirley would show them the electrical machine he had made with his own hands when a boy like themselves, and explain its construction and effect, or exhibit a magic lantern, which he always accompanied with amusing illustrations. He likewise adopted with great success the "social meetings,"* so common in the neighbourhood of Sheffield.

* Public tea-parties, at which addresses of a religious or scientific character were usually delivered by the clergy and others.

The same objects were also pursued by a laborious system of household visitation. Often in the long winter nights, when the rest of his family were assembled to enjoy a quiet evening by the fireside, might he be seen with a lantern in one hand and a stick in the other, descending the long flights of slippery steps leading from the Rectory to the village. There, embosomed in apple and pear-trees, scattered up and down amongst awkward ditches, or situated beside a running stream, lay the mass of the cottages of the poor. There he would seek out the labourer or mechanic resting from his toil, the rough collier reposing after his evening meal, or the still more rude and uncultivated *navigator* stretched at full length on the bench, which formed perhaps the only conspicuous article of furniture in the room. In the course of these visits Mr. Shirley found much to encourage and much to dishearten; but his intuitive discernment of character, and strong sympathy with his fellow-men, led him always to address to them the language best calculated to awaken a corresponding chord of feeling in their hearts.

His fondness for children, a trait of character which none are so quick at discerning as children themselves, gave him a ready mode of access to the parent's heart. He was seldom in a cottage long before the baby was in his arms, whilst the other children, after glancing slyly at him, to see if they were sure of their ground, would approach his chair stealthily one by one that they might receive his notice.

When he found that he could not persuade the hardened set of railway workmen to come to church, he thought it his duty to seek them out and to preach to them "in season and out of season, if by any

means he might save some." For this purpose he would go down on Sundays, between the afternoon and evening services, and having collected a congregation of these rude hearers, by going from house to house, would generally address them in a large cottage; and on one or two occasions, when so many were assembled as to render this mode of proceeding inconvenient, he took his station on the top of a flight of steps outside, and with that earnest warmth and affectionate pathos which expressed the genuine feelings of his heart, he urged those misguided people to "flee from the wrath to come."*

In the summer of 1838 a circumstance occurred which produced a deep impression on this class of hearers. A lad, who lived with his married brother, met with an accident whilst working on the railway, and was brought back with a broken limb to the cottage which he had left in health only a few hours before. The news soon reached the ears of Mr. Shirley, and after every needful arrangement had been made for the bodily comfort of the poor sufferer, he endeavoured to pour into his mind the balm of heavenly consolation; but such was the state of ignorance in which he found the whole family, with regard even to the most simple truths of the gospel, that he felt it necessary to begin with the very first elements of religious instruction. He was, however, much affected by the overpowering grief of the elder brother, whose anxiety respecting this darling of his father's old age so much resembled that of Judah to restore Benjamin to Israel, that it was impossible not to call to mind the parallel, of which the parties concerned were so little conscious. During the boy's illness and convalescence Mr. Shirley

* Luke iii. 7.

attended him constantly, and great was the joy with which he beheld him and his family enter the church in decent clothes, on the first Sunday after his recovery, to return thanks. This was the beginning of a new era in their lives; they not only became themselves attentive worshippers, but were the means of inducing many of their fellow-workmen to accompany them to church, so as eventually more than to fill the new sittings in the gallery. It is believed that the adult school, in which Mr. Shirley took so much interest, arose partly out of this occurrence.

He had, in addition to a service on every Wednesday evening in the church, established a Sunday evening lecture in the school-room, for the purpose of explaining some parts of Scripture in a more familiar and colloquial manner than would have been admissible within consecrated walls. He had selected "The Acts of the Apostles" as the subject of his instructions, and a large number of hearers met each week, to trace the journeyings of the apostles, which were pointed out to them on the map, whilst with outstretched necks they eagerly listened to his illustrations. It was a singular coincidence, that the chapter which came in turn for the last Sunday evening spent at Whiston, should have brought him to the passage, Acts xx., where St. Paul bids farewell to the elders of Ephesus. The application of some of the verses to the present occasion was irresistible; and the manly, stirring, and eloquent appeal which it called forth from their Pastor produced the strongest effect. Those members of the family who were present can never forget the affecting sight of a bench of tall, athletic farmers, whose tears, and even sobs, almost interrupted the service. To some of these individuals his preach-

ing had doubtless proved the savour of life; others there were just awaking from their state of self-satisfaction and religious slumber, whilst the more advanced in the christian course felt how much they were losing in their guide and friend. All agreed in lamenting his departure—all testified their sorrow in some way as they were quitting the room. Those who were nearest eagerly grasped his hand leaving their tears to speak their farewell.

Yet few men courted popularity less than Mr. Shirley. Whatever he had accomplished during his stay of two years in Yorkshire, had been the simple result of a steady, persevering desire to be useful to the people over whom he had been placed by Providence. He laboured among them in a spirit of prayer and love; and it is much to their credit, that they were able so entirely to appreciate his efforts for their benefit, and to return them with such warm affection; a feeling which they testified before his departure, by presenting him, in the school-room he had been the means of erecting, with a beautiful salver.

As the simplicity of his style of preaching at Shirley has been already noticed, it may be as well to mention here, that on going to Whiston he altered slightly his mode of address, to adapt it to the circumstances of his auditors; and his sermons, though never otherwise than plain, became more studied and finished. His habit (one which he acquired soon after his residence at Shirley) was to preach from notes or skeletons, which he carefully prepared, and upon which he afterwards enlarged; and such was the precision with which he kept to the divisions of his subject, and the facility with which he always expressed his thoughts, that few who were not aware of the real state of the case would have sus-

pected, unless from the superior ease of his delivery, that his sermon was not before him.

On his return to Shirley, the Whiston farmers contended with each other for the pleasure of conveying his goods; and when for a time a doubt existed of the possibility of getting all the packages into the three waggons selected for the purpose, messages were continually received at the Rectory offering more if needed. The Whiston farmers with their convoy arrived in time to partake of the Shirley tithe-feast. After discoursing much on the merits of their Rector, they added, "We hope you value him here; if not, d'ye see, we have brought him here with three waggons, we'll fetch him back again with fifty." The following Christmas some of his late parishioners determined to pay Mr. Shirley a visit. Seven set out with this intention, four only of whom reached Shirley; three of the number proceeded part of the way, and then, from a feeling of modesty, turned back again. The rest met with a warm welcome from their former rector, who often recurred to their visit of three or four days, as one of the most gratifying events of his life.

The letters which follow were written during the closing months of his ministry at Whiston.

TO MAJOR WADDINGTON.

Whiston Rectory, Oct. 16th, 1838.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

The sketch on the other side was made by an artist during the midsummer holidays, and ought long since to have been forwarded to you. I cannot say that it is a good or strong likeness of William; but it has a look of him, and I am sure will be valuable to you and A., if it serve only to tell how he

holds his head and wears his clothes, which it does. We had a letter from him about a month ago, petitioning for a cargo of tea, coffee, sugar, bacon, &c., in consequence of one of the boys having permitted him to share in the use of his study, and invited him to join in a mess. With this petition we complied; but as is the manner of boys, and too often of ourselves in higher matters, we have not yet heard whether the said cargo has reached its destination. Of its acceptableness, if received, there can be no doubt. I am rather tolerant respecting boys' letters, because they must be written during play-hours, which is in itself a sacrifice; and I am unwilling to exact from them such frequent or such costly sacrifices as would, in their phraseology, be voted a bore.

. . . . Brailsford is, as I believe you know, contiguous to Shirley, and we shall therefore return to our own dear home, to remain there, in all probability, for the rest of our days. At the same time we leave this place with many regrets, having just restored the church, built a beautiful school-room, and got everything ready for work, and I should hope for ministerial enjoyment. We might have remained here for two more years, had not this circumstance occurred. My residence here has been full of interest, and has been a source of much comfort, in having emancipated me from pupils; but I shall leave it much as I came to it in a pecuniary point of view.

TO A FRIEND.

Whiston Rectory, Dec. 8th, 1838.

* * * * *

We shall return to our former residence, and my father is to reside at Brailsford, nominally as my curate, but really as having the full and undisturbed charge of the parish.

These events are in most respects very agreeable to us, but I exceedingly regret being removed prematurely from this place, where I have spent two of the most active, happy, and interesting years of my life. I found everything in confusion and decay—the Church of England dead, buried, and forgotten. It was an undertaking after my own

heart, and something has I trust been effected; but now, that my work is cut short, I feel deeply how much more might and ought to have been done of a spiritual nature. In outward matters I have more reason to be satisfied; for through the kind aid of friends the inside of the church has been almost reconstructed, at an expense of four hundred pounds, and a school-room, of a most striking architectural character, is just completed, having cost about three hundred and fifty pounds. To this last work Mrs. Cheney contributed some very valuable drawings, which were the great ornament of a bazaar we held for the purpose. I never was more absolutely immersed in pastoral care, and never experienced more what a blessed and joyous thing it is to be engaged in such a work.

I should be right glad, dear —, to hear that you had both your hands full of some such employment, living as God intended you to live when He gave you the many talents you possess. I have not room to talk of Wilberforce's life—read and judge, and it will be your own fault if you do not lay down the book a better and a wiser man than you took it up. We finished the last volume (far the best) last night, and were quite overcome by its touching contents.

TO EVELYN PH. SHIRLEY, ESQ., M. P.

Whiston Rectory, Dec. 10th, 1838.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I think that we have not had any communication since my visit to town, when the vacancy occurred at Brailsford which has overturned all our previous plans, and is just about to restore us to Shirley, where, among other good things, we shall have more chance of seeing you than we have in this neighbourhood, where the air is redolent of whiggery, and there are no local associations to neutralize its baneful influence. I hope, therefore, that we shall not be long at the "dear old place," as I know you love to call it, without being favoured with your presence.

I have another request, with which I am sure you will delight to comply, and that is, that you will give me a copy of the inscription on Sir Ralph Shirley's tomb at Brailsford, for I hold it to be a sacred duty to restore it to at least its pristine state. I shall immediately put the chancels at Brailsford and Osmaston into thorough repair, and this tomb should be restored at the same time. I should very much like to have you with me when it is done. It appears as if I should never be out of brick and mortar, for I have been building ever since I have been here, and our new school-room is only just finished as we are leaving the place. It is really a very striking building, not only from its architectural character, which is the lancet window of the thirteenth century, with four similar sides, but from its position. I am just come, half-past eight, P.M., from teaching there as rough a set of scholars as you ever saw, consisting of colliers, masons, and railroad men, who make wonderful progress in reading and writing.* We are both getting so fond of the place that it will go to our hearts to leave it, though we are going back to Shirley.

Your affectionate Cousin

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS SON.

Whiston Rectory, Nov. 22nd, 1838.

We have had some strong equinoctial gales here, but there has not been anything so powerful as what you describe. I should have much liked to have seen the effect of the hurricane on your fine bold sea at Brighton. It must have been as fine as it was at Blackpool, when we were there, and I dare say that you remember what a sublime sight that was. The waves of the sea are mighty, and rage horribly, but He that sitteth above is mightier. What an idea it gives us of the power of God, that the tempest arises at his bidding,

* This school Mr. Shirley was in the habit of attending four times a week.

that He restrains its violence ! He sets a limit to the proud waves of the sea, and at his word there is a great calm. We can all see and understand his power over matter, but it is quite as real, and to the full as wonderful, when exercised upon the hearts of men. He alone can change the heart of man, raising what is low, subduing what is high and lifted up, and turning it according to his own will. Should we not stand in awe of Him, and adore the grace which he has provided through Christ for the correction of our unruly wills and affections, and submit ourselves in meekness and gratitude to his blessed rule and governance ? I hope and pray that my dear boy will indeed be a child of God, and live to his honour and glory—that is the only way to have peace and joy even in this present life.

Grandpapa and grandmamma were with us last week, and brought with them our cousin, Mr. James Graydon, who has just returned from circulating about eight thousand copies of the Holy Scriptures in Spain. He gave us some very interesting accounts of the sad destitution of the Scriptures in Spain, of the awful consequences of that destitution in producing immorality, superstition, and infidelity, and of the eagerness of the people to purchase the Scriptures, notwithstanding the opposition of the priests.

We are going to have the school in the new room on Sunday next, and A—— is going to be a regular Sunday-school child as you were.

TO THE SAME.

Whiston Rectory, Dec. 11th, 1838.

All is arranged for your journey. Dr. Mayo expects you at Cheam on Wednesday the 19th. On Saturday at Sheffield, I hope, through the goodness of God, to have the pleasure of embracing my precious boy once more. We should not know what this great pleasure of meeting meant, if it were not for going to school ; and thus I hope that you learn there, among other things, a lesson of love. It is the most blessed lesson we can learn, and one in which we shall

always be learners while we are in this world. Remember that "he who dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," for, "God is love."* The more we love, the nearer we are to God, the more we resemble God, and the better fitted we are to be where God is. Guard, therefore, against all unamiable dispositions, for they grieve God's Spirit, and separate between us and Him. You may easily see that they do so, if, while indulging in bad tempers, you try to pray or to read the Bible. Whatever keeps you from prayer, remember, will keep you also from heaven, if it be not overcome, repented of, and forsaken, by the Lord's gracious assistance, and pardoned for the sake of his precious blood-shedding.

TO THE SAME.

*The Grange, Rotherham,
Feb. 22nd, 1839.*

I and your mamma have been very busy, for we promised, as you may remember, on that interesting evening in Whiston school-room,† to call at every house before we went, which promise we have at length accomplished; but it has been a very fatiguing and a very affecting work. The people have been most affectionate, and given us many touching proofs of their love and gratitude. One farmer sent us a couple of live fowls, with some barley for them to eat by the way, that we might take them to Shirley as memorials of Whiston. He sent also a piece of pork and some new-laid eggs, I suppose, lest we, being hungry, should fall upon the fowls and devour them. Unhappily, however, we did not know that the fowls were sent alive, and the poor birds were killed and cooked before we were aware of the happier fate for which they were designed.

I took possession of Brailsford on Sunday, February 10th. Three Whiston farmers and nine horses accompanied us to

* 1 John iv. 16.

† The evening on which the plate was presented to Mr. Shirley, in the presence of the patron of the living, several guests, and a large number of parishioners.

Shirley, conveying our goods without any charge. They arrived in time to dine at the Shirley tithe-feast, and excited the admiration of the Shirley farmers, who thought they must be picked men, because they were so large and good-looking. We found the house at Shirley very much out of repair, and have in consequence let in a regiment of workmen to put everything to rights. We intend, in the mean time, to visit among our friends.

CHAPTER XIV.

MR. SHIRLEY had now returned to his former home and parish with increased means and enlarged responsibilities. The living of Brailsford comprised also the dependency of Osmaston, so that he had now four churches under his charge. Of these, Brailsford alone was in tolerable repair. At Shirley he had as yet accomplished only part of the alterations which he contemplated. The state of Yeaueley and Osmaston churches was deplorable. All these deficiencies he determined to remedy, and with his wonted energy he lost no time in applying the experience he had gained in Yorkshire to the improvement of his present parishes.

TO A FRIEND ABROAD.

Sandybrook, March 18th, 1839.

Your letter of Feb. 21st reached me yesterday, at Shirley, while I was resting and meditating previous to the afternoon service; you will easily imagine that it contributed more to my meditations than to my repose, and that it drew my heart in anxious prayer to the throne of grace. The fact is, that my mind had been full of the subject of your letter during the previous week.

I fear that your pupil is not likely to turn out well, for this seeking out of bad companions gratuitously, has a most unpromising appearance, and it becomes certainly a very

serious question, whether you ought to continue the efforts you have so zealously made to carry on his education. For my own part, I think you ought to retain your position until actually ejected from it. Consider what would be the effects of your resignation. "Hoc Ithacus velit, et magno mercentur Atridæ." On the other hand, the Trojans would despond. Your immediate opportunities of usefulness may be very insignificant; but you are on the spot, you have your hand on the door, and the moment it is opened you may step in. I should say *wait*, patiently, judiciously, consistently, prayerfully. If you go, you leave a post which no one else can occupy; if you stay, you sacrifice, it may be, your own time. Our God is not so poor in instruments, but that He can employ a frigate or two on a blockading service. It would be better to rot in the harbour, than to move without orders. Can you not employ your time in composition? Tell us what we ought to do in the present state of things. Could you not, at any time, grope your way into Spain? "Inter arma leges silent." A cousin of mine has boldly denounced the whole system there, and sold some thousand books, (Bibles.) I am much interested in your antiquarian researches; pray write to me more fully about them. Write soon, and often, for I value your letters and your friendship. I have just resigned the living of Whiston, in consequence of Brailsford having fallen vacant. Brailsford is contiguous to Shirley on the east, and its hamlet, Osmaston, is contiguous to Shirley on the west. I am going to take the duty of Osmaston and Shirley, appointing a curate to Yeaveley, the hamlet of Shirley, and my father is going to leave Winstor to reside at Brailsford, nominally as my curate, but virtually as the Rector.*

We are staying with my old friend, Sir M. Blakiston, who has just returned to this neighbourhood, until our house is painted, and otherwise prepared for our reception.

Your sincere friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

* Eventually Mr. Shirley employed three curates, one for each village in which he was non-resident.

Sandybrook, April 5th, 1839.

MY DEAREST WALTER,

We are going to Shirley this afternoon at last, having been here more than a month, enjoying much quiet, and much love, with our dear old friends. Old friends are among our most valuable possessions, and we should be very careful not to lose them, but rather to cultivate their friendship by being ready, on all occasions, to do what we can to please and oblige them. One who is always thinking of himself will not make nor keep friends; but the best rule is, to act towards others as Jesus Christ has acted towards us. He laid down his life for us, and we ought to devote our lives to the good of others. I wish you were with us to enjoy our return to dear old Shirley, and to see what we have been doing there. The house will look as clean and comfortable as when it was new, and, I hope, will not need doing up again for a long time, if we are careful.

The chancel at Osmaston is in very bad repair, and a poor little dark place; I am therefore going to pull it down, and to build a new one. Osmaston is a hamlet of Brailsford. William is here in consequence of Sir Mathew Blakiston having been so kind as to ask him to spend his Easter holidays with us; but the said Easter holidays, like other good things in this world, are drawing to a close, and he must go to Repton to-morrow. He sends his love to you, and hopes to find that you have been a good boy, and that your *navy* is in a better state than that of Queen Victoria.

TO THE REV. J. D. MONEY.

Shirley, May 10th, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will be glad to hear that Ashbourn Church is cleared out from end to end, and that it will be fitted up in the best manner. I have taken Osmaston and transferred Yaveley to Mr. Cupiss, who bargains for a new chapel in a more

central situation. He is very zealous, and has obtained several subscriptions. I am resolved, D. V., to make Shirley Church at least neat, dry, and commodious, and have obtained the promise of £100 from Lord Ferrers to meet a like sum from myself, and I expect to beg about £100 more.* This parish is, I trust, in rather a promising state; at least, there is a desire to hear evinced by large and attentive congregations; but the beer-shops are sad impediments to the work. I wish you could have seen us at Whiston. It was a scene of surpassing interest; new things brought to the ears of a willing audience, and a remarkable spirit of devout and teachable attention. Here the soil wants freshness. The gospel has been preached so long, that it falls upon the ear without that electrifying effect which it once produced; witness the accounts contained in the interesting and instructive "Life of Lady Huntingdon." Have you read it, and "Ancient Christianity" by the author of "Spiritual Despotism?" Pray expend two shillings and sixpence on the latter. I dread these Oxford tract views, to which this pamphlet is the best answer I have seen. I dread them, not so much on account of their direct influence on the few, comparatively, who may be seduced to embrace them, for I think that many of those persons will be rather raised than lowered by their adoption, as I do for their indirect tendency to merge the great *Catholic* distinction between conversion and unconversion in ministers, in the local accident of ordination by a bishop of the English Church. I call it a local *accident* (in the logical sense of the term) because no one can persuade me that Merle D'Aubigny and Malan, for instance, are not ministers of Christ as well as we. My fear is, that we shall see the Laudian leaven reproducing the Pharisees and Sadducees of the time of Charles the Second. I trace the sad state of Church missionary funds, in some degree, to this cause. The next result will be the adoption, on both sides, of extreme opinions, and uncompromising hostility. May

* The alterations and repairs of the church at Shirley cost eventually more than £700, of which, rather more than £400 were paid by Mr. Shirley himself.

the Lord give us grace to carry on the warfare, for it is one, in His spirit, not in our own.

Yours affectionately,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Aug. 2nd, 1839.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

They are restoring, repairing, and increasing the accommodation of that beautiful church at Ashbourn, and have obtained very liberal subscriptions, but being, after all, minus 1,000*l.*, are obliged to have recourse to a bazaar, and have named Mrs. Shirley as one of the patronesses. I am ashamed to ask Mrs. Cheney after her recent kindness, but perhaps you can draw something for us. Observe, however, with regard to the whole business, that it is not one for which I feel bound to make any special effort personally or through my friends, more particularly because I have three church-buildings on hand in my own parishes. You remember, doubtless, that barn-like chapel at Yeaueley, and will be glad to hear that we laid the foundation-stone of a new church more in the centre of the population, yesterday, the first fine day for three weeks. This undertaking seems quite to have awakened an interest in the church and her services among the Yeaueley people; and one cannot doubt but that the general diffusion of what one may almost call a mania for building churches, will have its effect in restoring feelings of attachment to the Church among the lower orders. One cannot wonder that they preferred a snug chapel, when the church was cold, and damp, and ruinous; and when they felt and understood what they heard in the one, while what was addressed to them in the other was too often above their understanding and below their feelings. Did you ever read Bishop Horsley's First Charge? It would well repay the trouble of reading it; for I do not know a more powerful and pungent exposure of the style of preaching which prevailed in his day, when "the hungry sheep look'd up

and were not fed." We have, no doubt, evils enough in our own day, and some of a sufficiently grave character, but on the whole, the influence of religion has most decidedly advanced, the people have become (mainly through the instrumentality of Sunday-schools and the circulation of the Bible) more intelligent hearers of sermons; and the sermons provided for them are generally of a better character in every respect. Have you read Augustus Hare's sermons? They are admirable for their simplicity, and I am told that he melted down into a very devoted and *painful* parish minister. I like that old-fashioned word, because it contains the double idea of the toil and endurance of the ministerial life—may I not say, of the christian life? for the life of every Christian ought to be a continued bearing of the cross, a daily dying, a perpetual warfare. It is anything but one of rest, from within or from without. Every attainment he makes in the divine life, gives him higher views of what he ought to be. He "never is, but always to be, blest." Hence the self-upbraidings to which you refer; which are nevertheless consistent with much personal enjoyment when there is truth within. Many journals are full of unhappy feelings because they are records of spiritual pathology, in which one records the symptoms, not of general vigour, but of particular infirmity. I have, however, read religious journals full of joy and peace in believing. I never keep a journal, and question their benefit. We have enough to keep us humble if God reveals Himself to us, and nothing but the cross of Christ can sustain our hopes; but that can. Let us look simply to it.

TO HIS SON.

May 6th, 1839.

We are very thankful to find that you are having the hooping-cough so favourably, and feel this mercy the more from the fatal effects which you have so lately witnessed from this complaint on the poor dear child who has been removed from your family circle. It is a solemn thing to be

in a house which has been visited by death ; and I hope, my dear boy, that this event may be blessed to you. May the Lord make you ready, my own Walter, at whatever time He may think fit to call you hence ; and may He grant that our family, which has been united in love here, may not be separated hereafter.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Derby, June 28th, 1839.

I can truly say, that each letter I receive from you is more interesting than the last, both because you open your inner mind to me with increasing frankness, and because the discoveries you make, convince me that you are less and less satisfied with your present position, and are longing for one more decided, secure, and useful. I feel, at the same time, that this is a very critical and anxious state of mind, because it is not one of repose ; it is not one in which you can endure long to remain, for it is utterly unsatisfactory. I am persuaded, too, of the justice of your remark, that such a state of mind is far from being uncommon among persons who allow themselves, nevertheless, to be dragged along in a course of worldly vanity, doing no good to others, and obtaining neither benefit nor pleasure for themselves. But what a waste of power and of personal enjoyment does such a state of things exhibit ! And not only so, but how admirably prepared are persons thus minded to be the dupes of any "cunning craftiness"* which offers peace to their troubled spirits, though, at the same time, there is also a certain degree of preparedness for the reception of the gospel. The Romish delusion, for instance, says, relieve your conscience by confessing your sins to the priest ; quiet your mind by ceasing to think for yourself on theological matters ; be strict in the devotional exercises of saying over certain prayers a given number of times ; be a liberal supporter of ecclesiastical objects, and all will be well. If the Bible warranted all this, and required nothing more ; if the priest's absolution

* Ep. iv. 14.

could indeed blot out my sins; if the Church were in truth an unerring and a clear guide in matters of faith; if I was not taught to search the Scriptures for myself, and to bear the cross of Christ in my own person day by day, this is the system in which my mind would repose. But it is not so; and not only is this system manifestly opposed to the Bible, but its effects are inscribed on the history of Europe, and are too visible in the state of all countries now under its influence, and in proportion to the degree of their submission to its influence. If, then, this course will not answer, there is no other course left but that of taking up the subject for myself, and searching the Bible to discover what God would have me to be, and to do, and how I am to arrive at the state of mind prescribed, and to do the works which I find to be enjoined. Surely it is not wise, at this point, to waste time and power in a metaphysical discussion about the initiative whence the beginnings of divine life must proceed, and how their coming from God is to be reconciled with the freedom of man's will. A man came to our Lord with a withered arm, and asked that it might be healed. Our Lord told him to stretch it out. He had faith in the power of Jesus, he stretched out his arm and it was sound as the other. What should we think of this man, had he waited until he had decided the question, whether his faith or his willingness to be healed, or the stretching out of his arm, had the precedence in point of time or importance. There is a passage of scripture which puts this question of the initiative in a strong and startling point of view (Eph. v. 14), where the difficulty of a dead man rising, and the summons to him to rise, are brought into immediate juxtaposition, as if at once to silence our reasonings and to compel us to cast ourselves on the life-giving power of Christ. What is wanted, is an earnest desire to be healed; a truly honest wish to put forth the withered hand and to use it in the service of Him, who will assuredly restore it to health and vigour. You ask what is the service appointed for *me*? What ought I, what can I do? I answer, begin and do something, and that something will lead to something else. Would you, for

instance, take a district in London, and visit from house to house, relieving the distressed, comforting the afflicted, reading the Bible to the inmates, &c. All this is possible, for others are doing it; and to give you some idea of the state of London, in one point, though you of course know it on many others, I would mention a recent discovery made by the Bible Society, that there are thirty-eight thousand souls without a single copy of any portion of the Bible. The society has lent these poor people a New Testament and Psalter. Then again, I think you might write to people of your own class. Why not sit down and tell your own feelings, views, hopes and fears, doubts and difficulties? I am convinced that such a book would be well received; for I am sure that the number of those who are interested in such subjects is not only great, but that it is continually increasing. At the same time, I believe with you, that the class in question are, for the most part, desirous to "dwell in decencies for ever," occupying a middle position between infidelity and enthusiasm, which they hold in almost equal abhorrence. But this middle position is an untenable one, it is like that of those undecided spirits described by Dante, who had been of no party, were not good enough for heaven, nor bad enough for hell, and were accordingly tossed about in limbo, where was heard, if I recollect right, a dull monotonous sound between joy and sorrow; "*non ragionam da lor, ma guarda e passa.*"* Infidelity is of course disposed of, but it is bold, honest, and decided; then comes enthusiasm. What is this same enthusiasm? Were the prophets enthusiasts? was John the Baptist, when he raised up Jerusalem to be baptized of him? was our Lord himself? were his apostles, when they left all and followed him, bearing the burthen and reproach of his cross? Was anything good or great, ever yet accomplished without the devotion of soul which cold-blooded observers call enthusiasm? And if enthusiasm, in this sense, be needful, be praiseworthy in an artist, an author, a statesman, a philanthropist, who shall say that a less degree of energy and self-

* *Inferno di Dante, Canto III.*

resignation is requisite, consistent, or becoming in a Christian? The only part of real wisdom, considering that religion is all or nothing, is to take our stand and pursue our course with a bold, but humble, gentle, and patient determination, putting on one side man's judgment, and following the only guidance of God's written word. There is a book of which I have often heard, but never read, and therefore cannot engage absolutely to recommend, but I think it would interest you, and it would not take much time to read; its title is "Scott's Force of Truth." Tell me what you think of it. I am reading with delight a book which would, I think, both interest and instruct you; "Merle d'Aubigné's Histoire de la Reformation." But I must stop for the present.

TO A CLERGYMAN.

Shirley, Nov. 25th, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR,

I was aware that Mr. — was your curate at —; but considering him in charge of the parish, I did not feel that he was precluded from the exercise of an independent judgment as to the institutions he might think fit to support, more especially as the society for which I requested his patronage was heartily supported by our late beloved and revered Diocesan, and is supported by several, not the least eminent of the present Bishops, though it is not favoured with the patronage of our existing Bishop.

I can perfectly understand your having objections to the constitution of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for I know that they are felt by many good and wise men; we cannot expect to see all subjects in the same light; but I do not see why this need make you unwilling to see the work, the importance of which you acknowledge, carried on by others who do not entertain your scruples.

If the sole object of the Society were to supply the poor of your parish with the Scriptures, I should be the last person to interfere with an undertaking which might, I am persuaded, be safely confided to your zeal; but my object is the world,

and there is not any other society which even aims at giving the Bible to the entire family of man. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge did not meet the demands for Bibles even in Great Britain, when the British and Foreign Bible Society was called into existence by the necessity of the case, and it is quite clear that the former society does not, and I would almost say cannot, supply the world at large. I subscribe to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for the sake of the good it does, notwithstanding what I believe to be the mischievous tendency of some of its publications, and believe that I have thoroughly supplied those connected with me with our truly scriptural Book of Common Prayer—the circulation of which, allow me to observe, has increased *pari passu* with the progress of the British and Foreign Bible Society, as may be proved by the statements of the printer of the University of Oxford. I do not see why the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge need be placed in a conflicting position with the Bible Society, seeing that their main objects are distinct; but as you have put forward that society as being “in affiliation with our Church,” I must be permitted to say that I am not aware of any such affiliation, nor do I know in what sense it can be claimed. No act either of the three estates of the realm, nor of convocation, has made the society part or parcel of the Church. No article, no canon, no rubric makes any mention of it. The fact of a certain number of the bishops, or even of all the bishops belonging to it, does indeed give it a claim to high consideration, but does not connect it with the Church in any sense in which the Church Missionary Society, for instance, is not connected with the Church. Were it otherwise it would be necessary to decide how many bishops, or clergymen, or lay members of the church, would confer a church character on a society. Neither can the fact of incorporation give a claim to such a character, for this is clearly only a civil distinction. It appears to me therefore that the British and Foreign Bible Society is not a rival institution to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, that it is not opposed to

any ordinance of our Church; that it is not without the countenance and support of many most distinguished prelates and members of our Church; and that it aims at the universal circulation of the Scriptures, which is not aimed at by any other institution, except perhaps the Trinitarian Bible Society, but which is the greatest of all means for dispelling the darkness in which so large a portion of the world is yet involved. With these views you cannot wonder that I am anxious to give the Bible Society my best support, though I am not insensible to the inconveniences which sometimes attend its operations; no human institution is altogether free from them; and I hope that you will not feel the operations of the Society in your parish to be of an unfriendly still less of a hostile nature, but that if you cannot support, you will at least not oppose them.

Believe me yours, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO STAFFORD H. NORTHCOTE ESQ.

Shirley, December 13th, 1839.

I have delayed thanking you for the very gratifying intelligence of your classical first class, in the hope of being able to include my congratulations on equal success in mathematics. I am sorry to see by the paper that you have not been equally successful in the latter department. You have, however, done excellently well, and had you been my son, instead of my friend and pupil, I should rejoice and be satisfied with the result. The key of the book of knowledge is now fairly in your hand; go forward, and with patient humility unlock its clasps, and "intermeddle with all wisdom,"* remembering always that the book of knowledge is not to be confounded with the Book of Life—"the Lamb's book of life."† God grant that it also may be unfolded before you,

* Prov. xviii. 1.

† Rev. xxi. 27.

and that through faith in the everlasting covenant, you may read your own name enrolled, and find it written there "in that day."

TO R. H. CHENEY ESQ.

Shirley, Derby, Jan. 22nd, 1840.

Our house is full of company, but I must contribute my note with those of the boys to thank you for your very kind and useful presents to them. The Terence has already produced its effect, for this morning we had one hundred and fifty-six lines of the Medea to finish, fifty of which had been prepared for this morning's lesson, but the boys volunteered to go to the end of the play, construing the one hundred and six lines extempore. I quite think with you that the classics may be made interesting to boys of any intelligence by the exercise of a little judgment, and that the benefit they derive from them will very much depend upon the associations with which the study is connected.

We have had Walter's tutor with us. All my conversations and inquiries from Mr. and Mrs. Grenfell, Mr. B—— and his son, confirm the opinion I had formed of Rugby—which is that it is the most efficient and best conducted school in the kingdom. Tell C—— what I say, for I write it for his special edification, and I am determined, if Walter goes on well at Rugby, to give up his nomination at Winchester. There are two motives which influence me personally, independently of my opinion of the school, namely, that I shall only be three hours distant from Rugby, and that I know and have a great regard for Mr. Grenfell,* to whom I am sending Walter.

* The late Rev. Algernon Grenfell, one of the masters at Rugby School.

TO MRS. W. A. SHIRLEY,

(While on a tour for the Church Missionary Society.)

Edinburgh, March 7th, 1840.

I left Durham at half-past twelve last night by the mail, and went inside to Alnwick, when at half-past six A.M. I got outside to see the castle and the country. It was a fine morning, but very cold. I was sorry to get only such a hasty glance at the splendid historical Keep of the Percys, but I came not thus far to see castles. The country was generally very bare and uninteresting. I saw, covered with haze, Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, the cradle of christianity for all the north of England, and wish I could have visited it. At about a quarter-past two, P.M. I reached Edinburgh, very sleepy, dirty, tired, cold and hungry, but in other respects, thank God, quite well. Indeed I am the better for the journey on the whole. Captain G—— is a very Christian gentlemanly sailor, and lets me do as I like. There is an interesting family of children here ; a girl A——'s age, and a little one two years and a half old, with rosy cheeks, and a head of hair which looks as if the silk-worms had made it for her—it is just the colour and texture of the palest raw silk. Tell me how dear Mrs. Edward Blake is, and tell her that I often think of her, and in my poor way pray for her.

The last sentence refers to a favourite and eminently pious woman, a farmer's wife, who had long been in a most precarious state of health. She was so attached to Mr. Shirley's ministry, that when he went into Yorkshire to reside, she obtained from him a promise that should she be worse, and have reason to think herself dying, he would come over to see her and receive her parting breath. It may not be uninteresting to the reader to know that she attributed much of her acquaintance with true religion to Mr. Shirley's hamlet

lectures, one of which she regularly attended in the early part of his ministry at Shirley. She became, from that time, a most constant attendant both at the church and as a communicant, and was quite remarkable for the uprightness she displayed in all her dealings with others. This gave her an influence over them, the loss of which was sensibly felt in the parish after her death. When her final summons did come, she was followed to the grave as a mark of esteem, by almost every respectable person belonging to the place.

TO THE SAME.

Edinburgh, March 9th, 1840.

It was a great comfort to me to hear of you and the objects of our common love now three hundred miles from me. I am particularly thankful that it has pleased God in some measure to restore dear Mrs. E. Blake. It would have been very painful to my feelings had she gone home to our heavenly Father in my absence. I am sure that she is safe in his keeping, and ever ready to depart, and that my presence could add but little to her abundant consolation, (how wonderful that it should add anything!) but I know she would wish me to be there at the last, and I should much wish it myself. Indeed, I have often felt that in visiting God's own children, such as her and —, and that dear old deaf body at Whiston, I have received a great deal more than I communicate. I hope that Mr. Cupiss will visit that young woman at Osmaston.

You will observe that this was begun two days ago, but when I was engaged in writing, Captain G—— kindly urged me to go out and see this beautiful city. The day was a very fine one, indeed I have not had anything like a drop of rain since I left home, and I enjoyed my walk extremely. There are many circumstances which combine to make Edinburgh

one of the most striking towns I ever saw—the formation of the surrounding country, Arthur's seat, Salisbury craigs, the distant hills, and the running in, at intervals, of the sea, the precipitous and varied ground on which the town is built, so that you pass over bridges with streets at a great depth below; then the area of the crescents, squares, and streets, is remarkably large, the houses, in the new town, are very handsome, and the stone of which they are built, and which is dug up from under their foundations, is the purest and most beautiful building material I ever saw—not excepting white marble, which after ten or twenty years is not to be compared to such stone as this. You have also the old town in very strong contrast, with its actual blackness and meanness and filth, and its ancient varied associations of Mary and Knox, and the Covenanters, and Bruce and Wallace, and border-feuds. But all the rest of that *einbildungskraft* I will leave to yourself to do.

On Sunday, I preached in two of the Episcopal Chapels here, to very large and interesting congregations. One of the Chapels is most elegantly fitted up, indeed I think rather too much so; but it is entirely for the higher orders, as there are very few Episcopalians among the poor. There is a very good spirit among the Episcopalians here, and it is gathering strength. The Scotch kirk, I grieve to say, is sadly shaken by the non-intrusion question, and I have heard apparently sensible and well-informed people saying publicly that they think it will cause the downfall of the establishment within three years.

TO THE SAME.

Greenock, March 14th, 1840.

On Wednesday, the 11th, I left Edinburgh for Glasgow, and had only twenty minutes before the Kirkpatrick mail was to start for ——. These twenty minutes I employed as most intelligent animals under my circumstances would have done, in devouring as much food as I could.

* * * * *

The remaining member of the party was the episcopal clergyman, Mr. ——. He made no secret of telling me that he disapproved of our Missionary Society, and that he only gave the use of his chapel because Mrs. —, and some few members of his congregation, wished it. I determined to soften and win him if I could, and believe that in consequence he did me the honour to read prayers for me the following day. The service was at half-past eleven, when I found, in a very pretty Gothic Chapel recently built, a well-dressed congregation of about thirty persons. Can you conceive anything so oppressive as having to preach under such circumstances? I earnestly sought Divine aid, and trust that I received it. The collection was about six pounds, which, all things considered, was more than I expected. After the service there was an elaborate luncheon, after which Mr. — was so good as to walk with me to Alloway, the birth-place of Burns, where a very beautiful monument has been erected to the memory of the Scotch poet, of whom, seeing he is almost the only one they have produced, the Scotch are very proud, though his genius was in a great measure prostituted to the ridicule of religion and the praise of drinking. The monument is a very beautiful copy of the choragic monument of Lysicrates at Athens, and is well placed and well kept. In a small room within the enclosed garden by which the monument is surrounded, there are the two statues of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny, of which you have often seen small casts. These are very remarkable efforts for a common stone-mason, or indeed for anybody; but the drunken fellow by whom they were executed has done nothing else, and, having drowned his genius in whiskey, has gone off to America. But to proceed. Being, as you know, fond of a sail when I can get one, I determined to go the next morning, at eight A.M., to Paisley by water. The wind was rough but the day was fine, and I had a very agreeable sail up the Clyde, which, even at this time of the year, is very beautiful, with the isles of Ailsa and Arran, and the snow-capped Ben Lomond, to the west. I lived on

board, and reached the house of Mr. —, the Episcopal minister of Paisley, at half-past five, having been conveyed from the Clyde at Renfrew by a three-miles' railroad. My host and hostess were good, plain, humble-minded people. There was in the evening a good and very attentive congregation of poor people, so that the collection was only three pounds; but I was pleased with my evening. Before leaving Paisley I went to see the weaving of shawls, which is the staple manufacture of the place. The population of Paisley amounts to about sixty thousand, of whom about sixteen thousand are Episcopalians, but of a low character in general.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Shirley, March 30th, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I must write you a shabby little note rather than none at all, to tell you that I returned home on Wednesday evening last from my missionary tour, having experienced much of the Lord's goodness every step of the way. I set out feeling so unwell that if Sir M. Blakiston, who spent the evening with us at Brailsford, had not doctored me, I do not think that I could have accomplished the journey; but after the first day I gradually regained my strength, and returned home quite well. The weather, too, was most favourable to my movements and to our meetings. The blessed cause for which I went is prospering at home and abroad; at home by a manifest spread and deepening of the missionary spirit, and abroad by the success granted to our yet most feeble and inadequate missionary exertions.

We had a very influential meeting at Durham, Dr. Gilly, one of the prebendaries, and author of works on the Vaudois, &c., in the chair. I was delighted with my visit at Edinburgh. The city is beautiful, and there is a considerable body of very devoted and enlightened Christians. I went to Ayr, where there is a good deal of external interest, but little of internal vitality. Thence the lovely Clyde was my highway to Greenock, Paisley, and Glasgow, in the last

of which places a considerable sum is raised for our missions. Thence I went to —. He, like his parish, is a *borderer*; and my main object was to urge him boldly to cross the river. God grant that it may have been in any measure accomplished. My last place of work was Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and a place of very hard work it was. There are very large congregations there under faithful teaching; and they have been very fruitful to our society, having given nine hundred pounds during the last year. I am sorry to say that many young ministers, who began by preaching the gospel there and in the neighbourhood, have been seduced by Oxford views; this is very sad.

I am now dreadfully busy with three weeks' arrears.

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MAJOR WADDINGTON.

Shirley, April 3rd, 1840.

I have just returned, that is on Wednesday in last week, from a tour in Scotland, as representative of the Church Missionary Society, attending meetings or preaching sermons almost every day, and sometimes three times in one day. I am happy to say that a deepening interest in missions is pervading the country, and that it has been shewn by the income of this society for the year ending March 31st, 1840, being the largest which has yet been received. The recent events at Krishnagur, and the interesting state of New Zealand, have very much contributed to this increase of zeal. The Scotch were full of the Parsee conversions at Bombay, which seem to have caused much commotion with you. My visit to Scotland was full of interest, for I fell in with many persons distinguished for piety and talent, and was glad to see a part of Great Britain of which I was as ignorant as I am of Bombay.

The agriculture and architecture of these northern towns struck me amazingly. In Haddingtonshire there is an estate of one thousand acres which, during the war, let for ten thou-

sand pounds, and which now lets for more than five thousand pounds; and I was told that five or six pounds per acre is a common price for land within thirty or forty miles of Edinburgh. This high rent is the result of the most beautiful tillage I ever witnessed. Edinburgh is a splendid city, from its site on such varied ground, from its very wide streets, squares and crescents, its lofty and well-built houses, the beautifully pure and durable stone employed in their erection, and its numerous and handsome public monuments.

The new part of Glasgow is also very handsome, and they have a large public reading-room on the plan of a Basilica, having a nave and two aisles of Corinthian columns; the roof is coved and set off in rosettes. But the most remarkable thing of the kind is at Newcastle, where a man of the name of Grainger has built a magnificent new town by the side of the old one, on his own speculation. His new markets, covered in with a very light and elegant roof of unpainted red deal, are almost a town in themselves; but the most splendid thing is the public reading-room. Its plan is that of a Greek temple, with a part raised on one step, of the same shape, set off within it by Corinthian columns. The roof I did not like.

All the accounts of your works interest me much; and I should feel obliged by just a slight pen-and-ink sketch, in your letter, of any of your more remarkable designs. I am myself only too fond of architecture, and shall be delighted to have an opportunity of entering into your plans.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, April 3rd, 1840.

MY DEAR —,

Your last letter has been much on my mind, and I have long been wishing to answer it; but it could not be answered in an odd quarter of an hour, and during the whole of March I have had nothing of much more compass than quarters of hours at my disposal.

After alluding to some circumstances of his tour already given, he goes on to say,

Norham and its old keep are full of border recollections, which are better to read of than to live in. I was much struck with the beauty of Edinburgh, which far exceeded my expectations, and enjoyed extremely my movements on the Clyde, but was dreadfully tired with speaking, preaching, and above all with coaching. At Durham I examined into the New University, which seems to be very well conducted. The young men had, on the whole, a very gentlemanly appearance; all the appointments seemed to be extremely comfortable, and the education, especially the theological department, of a superior character. It is a charming situation, in the keep of that fine old castle, with the river and the cathedral, &c. all around. What a beautiful place it is! There are some singularly curious MSS. and other relics in the cathedral library. Among them Dr. Gilly shewed me an ornament made of gold tissue at the command of Alfred's daughter, with an inscription now distinctly legible on it to that effect, which he saw taken off the body of St. Cuthbert.

Pray tell me what have been your movements during this interval. I confess that I long to see you in your proper place, as a resident country gentleman, blessing all around you by your example, advice, and exertions. I feel, in this connection, very strongly the importance of one subject alluded to in your letter, that of family prayer. Surely it is not right that a family should live together without joining in worship day by day. They have so many common wants to be supplied, so many common duties to discharge, and so many common mercies for which they are bound to give thanks, that they seem to constitute a sort of lesser church. I do not think that the Church prayers enter into the peculiar circumstances of a family, though, as far as they are applicable, nothing can be more beautiful, nor more profoundly devotional, than they are. These circumstances are best known to the father of the family, and he of all men would, one would think, be the most qualified person to express the mind of the family at the throne of grace, and therefore, when he could lead their devotions, without so much of imperfection in manner, or style, or

fluency, as would in effect interrupt the devotion both of himself and others, I confess that I think extemporaneous prayer is the best, even in the case of a layman; for every christian man is the priest of his own house. When there is not this facility, one must choose the best compilation of prayer, of which there are so many, that anybody might select one which met his own views. There is a very good one by the present Bishop of London, another by Mr. Wilberforce, another by Mr. Thornton, another by Mr. Jenks, edited by Simeon, which last is almost a *cento* of the Liturgy of the Church. I think that your idea of dividing the prayers would be very good, if a family could be brought to enter into it, and to add their amen at the close of each prayer, which would tend to keep up their attention, without which there cannot be devotion. One sees, however, the practical difficulty of this by what takes place at church, where people are usually too *genteel* to join in the responses. I quite approve of your criticism on the preaching character of some prayers. We have only to pray for those who feel in whose presence they are, and are capable of offering up a spiritual sacrifice. Without spiritual life there cannot be any prayer; and though it is, alas! too much to hope that all who join with us are worshipping God in spirit and in truth, yet those who do are the only class whom we can include in our petitions. Pray let us talk over this important subject, for I should be grieved indeed to think that you would begin housekeeping without establishing the practice of family prayer, and I am sure you would not establish it without endeavouring to make it as useful, and interesting, and devotional as possible. I think that a portion of Scripture should always be read, and, when practicable, a short, plain, and practical comment.

On the 30th of May he writes thus to his wife, who had removed to Aberystwith, on account of the illness of their youngest child:—

This is my birthday, as you will doubtless remem-

ber. I seem to myself to have done hardly anything for God in these forty-three years, and to be only just beginning to live! May He grant me grace to glorify Him more and more each day. I am going to Shirley this morning to visit people there.

June 3rd.—Thank you for giving me such interesting details of all that you and our precious A. are doing, with her rides, and dips, and pebbles. Pray take donkey-rides yourself, and do not allow yourself to be fatigued. It is a duty to turn your time to the best possible account. When I come I will walk by the side of the donkeys while you and A. ride; and dear Walter, I hope, will be running about by our side.

Yesterday evening I accompanied Mr. Bourne and Mr. R. (the latter in the chair) to D., where we had a village meeting, and were assisted by a worthy Baptist minister, who gave us, as is usual with them, his autobiography under three heads: 1st, spiritual; 2nd, intellectual; 3rd, physical. It was however a consolation, under this infliction, to find that, though a Dissenter, he was not a destructive, and, though a Baptist, not a seceder from the Bible Society. . . .

Alluding to a curate he had in view, he adds,

Upon the whole I am rather cool upon the subject, for I do not think that he is such a hearty, self-denying man as would do real good. Without the daily cross-bearing there is no discipleship; and if it be not borne heartily, there will be no power of disciplining others.

CHAPTER XV.

THE following letters allude to a petition for a revision of the liturgy, to which Mr. Shirley had thought it his duty to affix his name.

TO HIS WIFE.

Sandybrook, June 5th, 1840.

I should, perhaps, have enjoyed the whole service more, (on the opening of Ashbourn church,) had I not been a good deal disturbed by the contents and deficiencies of the letter-bag. In addition to all this, there came your long lecture about Mr. Hull's petition, which was at the moment the most disturbing circumstance of them all; for I am always distressed when your judgment does not coincide with mine. But my opinion is not shaken. On the expediency of signing such a petition I shall not enter, because I know full well, that if one wishes to pass quietly through the world, the best plan is not to have any opinions on any subject; and if one is unfortunately troubled with opinions, the next best plan is, not to express them. On the merits of the case, however, I have long thought that the state of our subscription is most unsound. We have articles on points not essential to soundness in the faith, on which real Christians may differ, and yet we require people holding opposite views to subscribe to them; so that it becomes necessary to receive the articles in different senses. Is this

a satisfactory state of things? Then there are things in our services, not many, nor of very great importance; which most good and wise men wish to be altered. Must we go on without attempting such alterations when every day is increasing the difficulty of making the attempt; or shall we, while yet there is opportunity, go to the highest tribunal in the country, (not to the Ministry, but to the Lords, with whom the Ministry has not a majority,) and invite that tribunal to provide such a remedy as to its wisdom shall seem most fit? It is manifest that there is a growing tendency among the heads of the Church to contract its terms of union, and there is a growing tendency among the people to the contrary; and all this is leading to a separation between the nation and the national Church. I want to see the doors of the Church made as wide as the doors of Heaven, (as far as existing circumstances will admit,) and to confine our subscription and uniformity to such points as are essential to the character of a child of God, and of a true and faithful Church of Christ. You will please to remember that this petition did not originate with Bishop Stanley; nor with Dr. Arnold; but with Mr. Winstanley Hull, who is a high Tory and high churchman, and no ways responsible for the calamitous approbation of the above-named eccentric individuals. Read my defence to dear Mrs. B., and tell her that I hope the Vicar of N. may not hear of my delinquencies, for I should be sorry to diminish my influence with him, and should have no hope of convincing his judgment. The Bishop of —'s remarks I thought coarse and hard. It has always been the answer of men of that character to those who propose reforms, "If you do not like it as it is, you may leave it." If the Church does not meet the fair demands of quiet Christian minds, reform will come upon it at no very distant day, with a roar and power like the falls of Niagara.

TO HIS PARENTS.

June 26th, 1840.

The passage about me in the "St. James's Chronicle" is as

follows:—"The Rev. W. A. Shirley preached some years ago in favour of Roman Catholic Emancipation, (which I never did, having higher matters to preach about,) is a friend of Dr. Arnold, a sad Whig, and a low Churchman." The passage is contained in a stupid vulgar letter, by a person who subscribes himself a "*Curate*," and the worst I wish him is, that he may continue one.

Tell Holyer that I could make several improvements in my house if I had to build it again. One may say the same of life, and we should be ever making improvements as we go on.

A. has been in raptures with a ride on a donkey, which papa made to canter.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Aberystwith, June 27th, 1840.

I must write a few lines in reply to what you say about the letter in the St. James's Chronicle. In the first place, I am neither the better nor the worse for anything which an anonymous curate, scribbling in a newspaper, can say of me. In the next place, he did not say that I am a Radical; and if he did, that would not make me one. Nor would it unmake me if I were one. Convince me that I am wrong on any given point, and I will change my opinion, and with it my line of conduct; but to change without conviction is treason to Truth. In the present case you agree with me, that some alterations are wanted in the Church, and that is all I contend for. What those alterations should be is an after question, and a very delicate one, I allow; but you will find some valuable suggestions on this subject in Mr. Hull's book. Though I by no means pledge myself to coincide in all his views. Still less do I coincide in all Dr. Arnold's views, from whom I differ widely on many points, though I have a high respect for him. His "*friend*," in any legitimate sense of the word, I have not the honour to be. The real fact is, that the opposers of all change, the old high Church and Tory party, are glad to hoot down a peti-

tion of this kind, because it tends to disturb their "ancient solitary reign," but if God has designs of mercy to our land, through the medium of the present Establishment, the main object aimed at by the petitioners will be accomplished. At any rate, let those who will, hoot, I will avow my sentiments; sentiments, be it remembered, which I did not take up yesterday, but which, if I had selfish views to my own advancement, I should have kept to myself. As for the Archdeaconry, I do not dream of having it, and feel assured that it is already settled; but if I did aim at it, nobody that knows me would think that I had shaped my conduct, or should ever do so, in reference to that, or any other appointment.

TO THE SAME.

Aberystwith, July 1st, 1840.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Though it is late, I must write a few lines in reply to your note of yesterday, to assure you that you have put too strong an interpretation on my letter, and that I did not put on your's such a construction as you suppose. I think that if you were to read your letter again, you would feel that it was calculated to distress, as coming from you; and that it was not very reasonable to call upon me to change all my views and line of conduct on account of a passage in a newspaper. The more one is brought by circumstances before the public, the more callous one must become to such things, and there is nothing which I hold so cheap as the party press of the day. So let all that pass, and rest assured, that one loving line from my dear mother is worth whole files of newspapers to me, and will at any time neutralize the effects of their poison on my mind, but I am responsible to God for my opinions, and cannot change them, except on conviction.

I am, my dearest mother,

Your affectionaté and dutiful son,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Aberystwith, July 10th, 1840.

I have letters from both of you to answer, but little time for writing, in the midst of the laborious idling in which we are engaged. I always find that I have less time under these circumstances even than when at home. The demands of business, however pressing, have their limit, but the demands of idling are unlimited. Thus the busiest people have the most leisure. Their time is packed and arranged; and if they have spare time, they know where to find it, and do not let it slip through their fingers in dribbets. There is a learned dissertation on idleness for you. With regard to money, this same idling is as destructive to that useful commodity as it is to time, and I fear that we shall return home very poor. We are going to-morrow morning to see "The Devil's Bridge," and the grounds of Haffodd, in this neighbourhood. I have engaged to preach on Sunday next, for Mr. Hughes, and am, thank God, so much better, that I feel sure it will do me no harm.

TO A GOD-DAUGHTER.

Shirley, Sept. 14th, 1840.

MY DEAR EMMA,

It gave me very great pleasure to hear from you, and I hope you will always feel that, as my god-daughter, you have a claim upon my sympathy and my best advice in all that concerns you in spiritual matters. It would have given me the greatest pleasure to have talked more with you on religious subjects generally, for there are none so interesting or so important, and especially in reference to the rite of confirmation, in which you are desirous to engage. It is a pity that you have missed the opportunity of being confirmed in Derbyshire; but it is not impossible that a confirmation may occur at Brighton if you remain there any length of time. The Bishop there, who has just been appointed, is Dr. Shuttleworth, a great friend of mine. Should no opportunity

occur between this and Christmas, I do not think that there would be any harm in your accompanying your parents and brother to the table of the Lord, if you are earnestly desirous of doing so, and that not from feelings of personal affection towards them, but of love to your Saviour for having died to save you from your sins. Remember, dear Emma, that Jesus died to deliver you from everything evil or defective in your character, and that when you partake of the Lord's supper you will be reminded how great was your guilt to require such a sacrifice, and how great his love to die for such unworthy sinners as we are. I wish you would get a little publication by the Rev. E. Bickersteth, on the Lord's supper. Two little tracts by a friend of mine, on confirmation, I now enclose, and hope that they may be useful to you. Read over the second catechism in reference to the Lord's supper, and read the communion service. Remember, dear girl, that without conversion of heart you cannot enter into God's kingdom, and that without faith you cannot profitably engage in any religious ordinance.

Your affectionate God-father,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO A FRIEND.

September 21st, 1840.

It really seems as if brighter days were opening upon our church, so much zeal is manifested in all directions, and there is so large an accession of good bishops and faithful pastors. Shuttleworth will, I think, make a good Bishop if the dread of Calvinism does not lead him astray, and our new Bishop, Bowstead, is all that we could wish in respect of character, talent, piety, and a hearty desire to favour the best men, and the best objects. On Friday the excessive labour of my confirmation services will have ended, except that I hope they will give rise to some Bible classes among the young people who have been confirmed, some of whom I expect to come to the table of the Lord. One young man deeply interested me yesterday, and I really believe that the

ordinance, connected with the previous instruction for it, has been blessed to his conversion. This week my hands are sadly over-filled; within the eight days I shall have six services, six confirmation classes, and two Bible Society meetings. I am going to one to-day at Barton under Needwood, about twenty miles off, and on Wednesday I go to Tutbury.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Sept. 26th, 1840.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

What has become of you? I have been expecting, from week to week since our return from the sea, to hear from you, but have been so engrossed with candidates for confirmation, in addition to other engagements, that I have been reluctant to write any letters which I could avoid. The last confirmation (I have had to prepare Shirley children for one, and those of Osmaston for another) took place yesterday. And now I must call you to account for your silence. You will be glad to hear the sea has been beneficial to our whole party, and that we are going on very well. We are likely to be quiet and settled in a more than ordinary degree during the winter. I had a note the other day from Shuttleworth, in whose promotion I heartily rejoice, for I think he will make a good Bishop in general matters, and especially that he will exert his influence against the papistic follies to which the younger clergy are so much addicted just now. We have had our new Bishop here on a visit, and have been much pleased with him, on the whole. The drawback is a slight north country dialect, and a want of dignity. He has, however, sterling qualities; he is sensible, simple, straightforward, transparent, singularly humble, but firm and decided when he has taken his position. He is not forty years old, and promises to be a great blessing to the diocese. We had a large party of the neighbouring clergy to meet him. These church matters remind me that you were so kind as to say that you would contribute, if necessary, to the little church at Yeaveley; and though I would willingly spare your purse

in your present affluent poverty, yet I feel that my excellent curate has spared none of his friends, and that I am therefore bound to administer equal justice to mine. It is absolutely necessary to have a school-room in addition to the church; and I am most anxious to endow the church, and thus make it independent of Shirley; for which purpose I have offered to relinquish the tithe-rent charge there, and to give 200*l.* It is really more difficult to accomplish small things for such little places, than it is to raise large sums for places in which more people are interested, and more particularly when one has the annoyance of begging *pro domo sua*. We have just been reading Wilberforce's Letters with much delight, though I constantly feel that the letters have been selected with great partiality, and the life written with great unfairness. The sons want to keep in the back-ground many parts of their father's character, in which they do not resemble him, whether for better or for worse is another question; but the whole case ought to have been fairly stated. I have been much struck with the letters from Bowdler, as I remember to have been with his "Remains." Did you read them? That was, in every respect, a very superior man; and his early death was a great loss. He would have been the man to have written the life of Wilberforce; because he could have sympathized with the whole of his character, and would have drawn it with truth and vigour. Master Stephen's letters to Wilberforce are also full of originality, and piety, and power. Those of Wilberforce himself have always a peculiar charm about them, but talking rather than writing was his forte.

TO MISS HORNE.

Shirley, October 17th, 1840.

I have read the MS., * and like it much, as far as I have been able to form a judgment of it, without having before me the original work, my copy of which I cannot find. I

* A translation into Italian of a Tract by R. Hall, on the Holy Spirit, which he had been requested to revise.

should ask for the loan of your copy, that I might examine the MSS. more attentively, but I really feel that Signor Testa would do it so much better, that it is far wiser to hand it over to him. I am thoroughly convinced, from the private information I receive, that a moral volcano may shortly be expected to burst forth in Italy, and it is most important that we should be prepared to meet such an event and to turn it to good account, by having Bibles and religious treatises ready to pour into the country. We shall want missionaries under some form or other, and perhaps martyr-missionaries, to introduce and employ the books. May God raise them up! I expect to hear that the door is already open in Spain. The next door which will open will be that of Italy.

We shall leave this on Monday on our way to Winster for the Bonsall Bible Society and Matlock meeting.

TO THE HON. MRS. H. HANBURY TRACY.

[Formerly his ward.]

Shirley, Nov. 2nd, 1840.

MY DEAR ROSA,

I am glad to have this opportunity of presenting my very hearty congratulations on a connexion which seems to be most promising as far as we are able to judge, and I hope it may not be long before you enable us to confirm our good opinion of your choice, by making us personally acquainted with Mr. Hanbury Tracy.

You know too well my feelings of personal interest in you, and my anxiety for your eternal as well as present welfare, not to be aware how desirous I must be that this union may fix your mind to serious and useful views of life; in its practical duties, its many trials, and its various temptations. God grant, my dear Rosa, that you may be preserved from a vain and selfish mode of life, and led early to devote yourself to those high objects for which we were brought into this world. Remember our many conversations on these subjects, especially on Sunday evenings, and pray

to God to give you grace that your first steps in life may be taken wisely, and in his faith, and fear, and love.

Believe me,

My dear Rosa,

Your affectionate Friend and Cousin,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Shirley, Nov. 23rd, 1840.

Many thanks for your affectionate inquiries which awaited my arrival here on Saturday. I am thankful to say that, through the mercy of God, I got over my work in comfort, and that I am at this moment in a state of perfect health.

. . . . On Monday, my kind host, a Manchester printer of large fortune, a good and sensible man, who loves the Bible and the Bible Society, and the friends thereof, took me about the town. We had a Bible Society party to dinner, including Mr. Stowell, who always interests me, though I do not always agree with him. Then came the meeting, which was crowded and very interesting. . . . I got up in the dark, and was off to Newcastle. There I soon found myself in the midst of one of the most influential meetings I ever attended for Church extension through the diocese of Lichfield. I did not speak at much length, because I was a little man among great ones, and a tired man into the bargain; but I had some important facts to communicate, which seemed to make an impression on the meeting. We had from the Archdeacon of Salop (Bather) one of the most impressive and original speeches I ever heard.

The first sentence of the letter that follows refers to a handsome chain and gold pencil-case with a seal, which were put into the plate at Stafford. The friend to whom Mr. Shirley related the circumstance was much interested by the story, and was desirous to possess these offerings of self-denial. The chain he gave

afterwards to a young relation, as a memento of the important practical lesson it conveyed. The pencil-case he reserved for his own use, having engraved on the seal "Deny thyself," in honour of the feelings of its former possessor.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Nov. 30th, 1840.

I am glad — got the pencil-case and chain; they were kept to see whether the owner would like to redeem them. I should like to know their history, which I doubt not would be an instructive homily on self-denial. Talking of homilies, I quite agree with your opinion of the article on the British pulpit. There is not much power in it, but the subject is one of great importance; the very greatest. We have long had a style of preaching at once aristoeratic and narcotic, not suited to the mass in point of diction and sentiment, and calculated, in respect of doctrine, to lull rather than to awaken the conscience; as though the great fear was lest we should all be too religious, or at least that the hearers should carry godliness to a point which might cause their "panting teachers to toil after them in vain." Hare's sermons will I believe do good, notwithstanding their defects; and their most dangerous defect is a want of thorough, inbred simplicity. Woe to the smart, ill-furnished young gentlemen, and above all to the vulgar ones, who attempt to copy the affected simplicity of Augustus Hare. Pray tell Mr. —, with my kind regards, that I am delighted with what I have read of his sister's comment on the Romans. The best key, after all, to the understanding of the Bible, is sympathy of heart with the mind of God as there revealed. (See Eph. iii. 17, 18.) And I have been very much struck with observing the apparent ease, and yet, to my mind, accuracy, with which she explains some of the most difficult parts of that most important and instructive portion of God's word. I have been looking over a very interesting work chiefly on Cuba and the slave trade, "Turnbull's Travels in

the West Indies." I wish you could see it, for it contains some of the most sensible, and apparently well-informed remarks on the whole slavery question that I have ever met with. He corrects some of Sir F. Buxton's statements and calculations; but, on the whole, puts the abolition of the trade in a more hopeful and practicable point of view than Sir F. Buxton, whose plans of a remedial nature he considers excellent, as far as they go, but inadequate.

TO THE SAME.

Feb. 3rd, 1841.

I was delighted with your seal and with the comment on it. Nothing is more difficult to teach than self-denial, and a great error may be committed by giving painful or costly practical lessons on the subject. If we force or coax children into acts of self-denial, they will only be more determined on self-indulgence afterwards; and though a bad, violent parent may secure from his unfortunate child implicit obedience, and may make the child think itself the last of creation at home, yet a wilful, bad temper will have been in most cases engendered. What we want is real principle; the softening influence of God's Holy Spirit, conveying the meek and tender mind of Christ, and bringing us under his constraining love. "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's."* That is the true motive universally applicable, not by fits and starts, nor under the influence of passing emotions, but always and uniformly, even to one's enemies. At the same time, all that we could wish is not conveyed at once, nor in one way. A great deal of preparation work is often going on for years, almost unobserved even by the individual, before a true christian character is formed; and there is no reason why we should not apply to ourselves and others such little hints as your chain and pencil-case. Nor will such things be the less influential, that a degree of self-gratification has been connected with their use. "I have been wearing a gold chain which an-

* 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

other (who probably had just purchased it) relinquished for a great and good object." But I must conclude. Pray write soon, for I have great pleasure in hearing from you.

TO HIS SON.

Dec. 4th, 1840.

A. is sadly disappointed to find that you do not come till Monday the 14th, for she longs to see you, and to introduce the pony (Rosamond) to your acquaintance. She says that you are to be the only one who is to ride it besides herself. She is also getting up a tune on the piano, with which you are to be greeted. I think I told you that your uncle is appointed to command the engineer department of the army which is ordered to march upon Scinde, the country around the Indies, stretching up into Afghanistan to the confines of Persia. It is a service of considerable danger, and your mamma is very anxious about her brother; but he is in the path of duty, and a soldier must go where he is ordered. Remember that we are all soldiers of Jesus Christ, and that we are therefore bound to fight manfully under his banner, not shrinking from any service because dangerous, or unpleasant, or costly, but going straightforward where duty calls, and acting daily, not from self-will, but under a sense of duty.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1840, Mr. Shirley was appointed, by Bishop Bowstead, to the Archdeaconry of Derby, an office which he accepted with the earnest desire of raising it to the utmost degree of efficiency of which it is capable; and certainly few men ever entered on such a position under more favourable circumstances. It had been, even within the recollection of the present generation, little more than a dignified sinecure; it has now become one of the most laborious posts in the Church. At the time of Mr. Shirley's appointment it was in the state of transition. Already activity was expected from an Archdeacon, and therefore activity met with sympathy and support. The powers attached to the office were vague, the ideas of men with regard to them still more so; it was simply a position of influence, and the power of influence was Mr. Shirley's great talent. It was in truth the gift which "doth stretch itself as 'tis received," and Mr. Shirley received it in its widest acception; with all that energy and vigour of purpose which animate a man who feels that he has, after long waiting, found the work for which he was especially fitted—with a clear conception of his position, and a thorough knowledge of the resources at his command, he applied himself to their strenuous development. By means of the penny postage, which had

just been introduced, he created a new machinery of official communication, and calling into more active operation the office of the Rural Deans, he established through them a constant and effective correspondence with every parish of his jurisdiction; while he spared no pains to cultivate friendly relations with the clergy generally, and to prevent minor differences of opinion from interrupting their harmony and good feeling. At the same time, in order to promote their efficiency as a body, he bestowed the most anxious thought on the appointment of proper curates and incumbents, wherever he had the power of influencing the nomination.

With the deep humility of his character, there was united a strong sense of self-reliance, which enabled him to carry through undertakings which others would have abandoned as hopeless. To prompt and punctual habits of business, he soon learnt to add a considerable knowledge of ecclesiastical law.

But it was, after all, to his personal visitations that Mr. Shirley's efficiency is chiefly to be attributed. He possessed in a remarkable degree the talent of entering into the feelings, and understanding the motives and reasonings of those who differed most from himself in education and habits of thought. It was a remarkable sight (though one often repeated) to see the dogged resolution, the official parsimony, with which some village churchwardens had fortified themselves to resist the invasion of the parochial purse, melting like snow before the easy courtesy, the quiet humour, or the earnest persuasiveness of his manner. Then would come the discussion of difficulties. At one time he would show himself fertile in expedients, and intimately acquainted with the details of business; at another, with admirable tact, insisting only on the ac-

complishment of his object, he would leave to others the contrivance of means, in order to enlist their activity and self-love in the cause of improvement. Thus often, in an hour's conversation, he would raise men from despondency to hope, and from hope to zeal, or soften those feelings of opposition which the whole weight of ecclesiastical authority might have been powerless to combat.

Mr. Shirley had hitherto taken an active part in the affairs of the Church Missionary, the Bible, and the Pastoral Aid Societies, especially the two former, and had occasionally advocated the claims of other charitable and religious institutions. He now felt obliged to make way for the more pressing duties of the Archdeaconry, by confining himself to attendance on meetings in his own immediate neighbourhood.

Soon after his appointment a very unexpected call was made on him. Bishop Bowstead, who had taken up with extraordinary zeal the cause of Church Extension, had promised to preside at a numerous and very influential meeting called to consider this important subject. Late on the night before, the news was brought that the Bishop was suddenly seized with the attack which proved the commencement of his fatal illness, and that it was impossible he should attend. On the Archdeacon of Derby, consequently, devolved the whole conduct of the meeting, and the principal advocacy of the cause.

Happily, among his other qualifications for a public station, the Archdeacon possessed considerable practice, and it may be added power, of public speaking. Eloquence, as an art, he had never studied, but he felt strongly, and he thought clearly; and, wholly bent on communicating to his hearers the impressions of his

own mind, he was unembarassed by those thoughts of self which are the chief cause of failure to public speakers. He possessed in a remarkable degree the power of discerning the important points of a subject, and of placing them in a prominent point of view before his hearers. His natural facility of expression had been much improved by practice, and his language was correct and forcible; his style full, but free from redundancies and repetitions.

His speech on the present occasion excited the deepest attention. It was necessarily very long, and is said to have occupied nearly an hour and half in delivery. It entered minutely into the condition of the diocese, and revealed a state of spiritual destitution, of which few of the gentry present had any previous conception. This appeal, which made a strong impression, was powerfully seconded by other speakers. Some thousands were subscribed on the spot, and the subject of Church Extension was raised to a degree of importance in public estimation which it has ever since retained in the county.

By the illness which has just been mentioned, Bishop Bowstead was incapacitated for the exercise of his Episcopal functions, and a commission, of which Archdeacon Shirley was one, was named to represent him in the diocese. This was a heavy addition to his labours and his responsibility. It happened that a commission of inquiry into a case of clerical delinquency occupied his time very painfully and to little purpose; and some other matters of moment, which were at this time referred to the Bishop's representatives, made him feel deeply the anxious responsibility of a position which no delegate can satisfactorily fill. The following extracts from Mr. Shirley's letters best express the feelings with which he entered upon his new office.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Shirley, Dec. 21st, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am anxious not to let the day pass, though it is already far advanced and past the post time, without informing you that I received a letter this morning from the Bishop of Lichfield, offering me the Archdeaconry of Derby. You will, I am sure, take peculiar interest in this intelligence, and will give me the benefit of your prayers that I may be kept from errors and enabled to act with wisdom in this very important and responsible office, especially in times such as these on which we have fallen. But I dare not enlarge, for the subject is so extensive that it would carry me beyond the limits of a letter.

To R. H. Cheney, Esq., after making the same announcement, he observes,

Such an office would be of little value to me elsewhere, but in my own county it will be full of interest and importance. I have reason to hope that before long the county will be divided into two Archdeaconries, which will deliver me from having personally to inspect all the churches in the Peak, and your Monyash among the rest.

Elsewhere he writes,

The office is one of great importance no doubt, if he who holds it has grace to use it for great and good ends. May God give me grace and power according to my day!

TO MISS HORNE.

Shirley, Jan. 1st, 1841.

You are one with whom a few words will go a long way, for you do not need to be told that we love you very much. Therefore, having a vast number of letters to write, I will

only say that your congratulations and the assurance of your sympathy and prayers were very welcome to me—indeed to both of us. I know that I must clear my hands of former work, for they were full, and am doing so by obtaining the aid of Mr. Green, by giving up all travelling for societies, and removing my name from committees. My Archdeaconry is my great object, and on it I must concentrate my energies of mind, body, and estate.

TO THOMAS COX, ESQ.

Shirley, Jan. 2nd, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,

Will you have the kindness to inform the Committee of the Derby and Derbyshire Bible Society that I feel myself under the necessity of resigning the office of Secretary. I have long felt that my distance from Derby made me a less efficient Secretary than I could have wished to have been, and the additional duties which now devolve upon me as Archdeacon make it absolutely necessary that I should be released from some of my previous engagements. I need hardly say that the society has my best wishes and my constant prayers, and shall always have such assistance as it may be in my power to render, for nothing has shaken my conviction that a society so constituted, (of all denominations without distinction and therefore without responsibility,) is the only instrument yet devised adequate to the undertaking of giving the Bible to the world. I beg to present my compliments to our brother secretary.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO W. W. HULL, ESQ.

Shirley, Jan. 14th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged by your very kind letter. It certainly was very gratifying to me to find that, after the public de-

claration of my sentiments on the subject of Church Reform, and the vehement opposition which had in consequence been excited against me, the Bishop did nevertheless venture to confide to me so responsible an office as that of Archdeacon of Derby. My opinion on the general question is not in the least altered, nor do I ever hesitate to declare it, when the subject is brought forward. At the same time I think it may be more prudent just now that I am entering upon an office, the entire value of which depends upon the sympathy of the clergy, not to shock their prejudices by throwing whatever weight may attach to that office into a cause which many of them regard with conscientious horror.

The subject was, as you have been informed, discussed at the last Matlock clerical meeting. There were present about thirty clergymen, all of whom would be considered more or less decidedly of the "evangelical" class. I was looking the other day at my notes of the discussion, but cannot at this moment lay my hands on them. As far as my recollection serves me, four fifths of the whole number thought that a revision was desirable, could it be made with safety; but only half of them, or I think less than half of them, thought that a revision should be attempted under the existing circumstances of the Church and of the government. My great apprehension arises from the state, not of the government, but of the Church, for fantastical notions never surely were carried to a more absurd excess than at the present moment. Of your two petitions I prefer the shorter.

Yours very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, April 14th, 1841.

MY DEAR SIR,

I do not recollect any one in this neighbourhood who was so favourable to the effort of last year as to be in the least likely to come forward on the present occasion, and you will at once feel that if I do not subscribe myself, I could not solicit subscriptions from others.

The strongest objection urged last year, at least the one which carried most weight, was, that you addressed an incompetent tribunal, and therefore I should not advise your going again to the House of Lords. Further, my own feeling is, that the present crisis is so anxious a one, that it is better to follow the example of sailors in a storm; make all snug, and keep a steady look out, without being desirous of making way. Tract, No. 90, proves one of two things, either that the articles are already so elastic as to admit Cardinal Pole, if he were alive, or that, if greater extension be given to them, the tractarian school would put in their claim for comprehension.

An analogous observation would apply to the Liturgy; and we should be involved, just now, in a painful and perhaps perilous conflict, as to whether the modifications should be of a Laudian or a Cranmerian character. For my own part I should wish them to be neither, for my desire would be to neutralize too positive expressions, so as to embrace a larger body of devout worshippers of different sentiments on subordinate points; but the times are hardly quiet enough for such delicate work. The tractarian party will soon have written themselves out of the Church, or more decidedly into it, and then, if not before, there must be a convocation, or a commission, or some tribunal of that kind constituted.

TO MISS HORNE.

Shirley, April 3rd, 1841.

There is no one, whatever may be his station in the Church, who ought not to feel it to be both a privilege and a duty to pay any mark of respect to the mortal remains of such a man as Melville Horne, and you may depend upon my being present, if the Lord will, on Thursday next, to occupy any post which may be assigned me in that sad ceremonial. Your friends of recent acquisition can have no conception of what your father once was, though I have occasionally, even since his residence in this neighbourhood, witnessed

coruscations of that bright and vigorous intellect which for so many years he had devoted to the service of his God and Saviour. I never shall forget the impression which he made on me full thirty years ago by his remarkable powers of conversation, and I often refer to his "Letters on Missions," as containing some of the most powerful and spirit-stirring passages in our language on that great subject. He has worked more than most of us, and far better, and it is meet and right that he should be taken to the rest which, I trust, awaits us also when we have fulfilled our days, not as hirelings but as sons. Do not be troubled, dear friend, but hold on your way strong in faith and hope, and in that joy and peace with which they will always be connected. Mrs. Shirley desires her love and the assurance of her sympathy.

He elsewhere adds on the same subject,

The funeral of Mr. Horne is fixed for Thursday next. I am to be a pall-bearer, and consider it a privilege to pay any mark of respect to the mortal remains of such a man. What a brilliant intellect his once was! My own feeling is one of regret that any one should have seen him, and especially for the first time, in the enfeebled state of his latter years. But it is good for us to be thus humbled.

TO HIS FATHER.

Shirley, May 21st, 1841.

I have sent off more than forty letters in the first four days of this week, and shall have six or eight to-day, so that I am not on an equal footing with you who are holiday-making with your old school-fellow. God grant that your intercourse may be profitable! The view of life which deepens in my mind daily is that its very essence is influence. The nature and degree of our influence on others is the measure of our own existence and power, intellectual or spiritual. He who

has no influence on others may quit the stage and go to bed, for his is a living death. He who has it and does not exert it, is the wicked hider in the earth of a talent of inestimable value for which his Lord will call him to a tremendous account. But I did not mean to have started this subject, and was going, like a good chronicler, to have told you how, after having parted with you at the Athenæum, I went to the House of Lords. I gained my main object, which was seeing the Duke of Wellington, and watching his easy, simple, self-possessed attitude, so characteristic of his autocratic mind. I was amused also by listening to what was not unaptly termed "a pompous and clap-trap speech," by my Yorkshire acquaintance, Lord ——. In other respects their lordships did not contribute much to my entertainment or instruction. The debate in the Commons was too deeply interesting to allow of any important discussion elsewhere. The Lords adjourned at about 6.30 P.M., and I sauntered back to my club, where I read a little and had tea. While I was drinking my tea, I was joined first by Dr. Williams (my former master), the warden of New College, and soon after by Archdeacon R—— W——. We talked together till past 11 P.M. chiefly about the Oxford Tracts and cognate subjects. Dr. Williams I was delighted to find with me, and W—— did not venture upon a full defence, but spoke in mitigation of judgment.

TO A FRIEND ABROAD.

Shirley, June 21st, 1841.

If I could have written to you one of the *notulae*, some eight or ten of which I roll off daily, you would long since have heard from me; but in the midst of the press of business which has of late devolved upon me, I have felt it quite an undertaking to spread a wide sheet of paper before me, and sit down to write a long letter. In the mean time you have moved from Munich, and left me no subsequent address, therefore I can only trust to your having left instructions to have your letters forwarded to you. Shortly after the receipt

of your letter of April 28th, I went to town, and took part in some of the anniversaries of our great religious institutions, which are always full of interest to me. Certainly great things are doing both in this and other countries, and we are now beginning to perceive some result from the efforts of God's people during the last forty years. In England, public opinion has been won over to the side of true and vital godliness; though it is one thing to approve of it in others, and another to practise it ourselves.

June 23rd.—I was obliged to leave off writing on Monday; the whole of yesterday I was engaged in public matters from home; and to-day I am going out at one o'clock to visit two Churches, and attend a missionary meeting in the evening. Such is my life; a very busy one, and I hope not unblest to others; notwithstanding my manifold infirmities, of which I am, I hope, very sensible; and certainly it is a very happy life to myself, for it is full of exciting interest from day to day. We live in such momentous and critical times, that duties which in other times might be of a very ordinary and uninteresting nature, are now extremely important. Pray for me, that I may have much grace, real wisdom, untiring zeal, and unflinching fidelity granted to me.

My prospect for the future is, in a few words, that the Oxford Tract movement will tend rather to the confirmation of the gospel. Those people have advanced tenets which will not be received either by our ecclesiastical staff or by the mass, and the result, I believe, will be a falling back upon the sound Protestant principles of the evangelical body. The worst of it is, that the said evangelical body do not know who are their best friends, and fraternize with the Tories, who have ever been their most determined opponents and persecutors, instead of the Whigs, from whom we have had admirable church measures, and the best church appointments. I fear that the general election will not benefit the Whigs, and then we shall have a fresh struggle. However, we must work on, doing the work of the day in the day, trusting to our God for the morrow. I should be delighted to hear of your obtaining some government appointment, for

I think you would fill one with ability, and do good; but I had rather see you a missionary of some kind. What should you think of settling in New Zealand? You might be both useful and comfortable there, or in some similar position.

You will smile at my proposal; but I make it under the decided feeling that if I were in your situation it is what I should like.

TO THE REV. PHILIP GELL.

Shirley, September 16th, 1841.

The 28th is our Diocesan Church Extension meeting at Lichfield. Can you tell me of any respectable, intelligent, churchman in St. Alkmund's, beyond the river, who would aid a church extension movement in that direction? for I am in favour of attempting at once to get a clergyman, a district, a church, a school-room, and a parsonage-house, for that quarter of the town; and I see the means of doing so, with the good hand of our God upon us.

This short note has an interest which is not obvious to those who are not acquainted with Derby and its neighbourhood. In accordance with the wish expressed in it, Mr. Shirley succeeded in separating from St. Alkmund's parish, the district beyond the river; and he hoped ultimately to accomplish the other objects to which he above alludes. But he had, as he jestingly observed to a friend, "begged the town of Derby so pertinaciously for other objects, that he could not ask so soon again for another church." His feelings on the subject, however, were known; and when, on his death, his friends were anxious to raise some monument to his memory, it was unanimously agreed that the fittest tribute would be to carry out his wishes by erecting a church in the newly-formed district.

TO HIS WIFE.

Norbury, September 21st, 1841.

I write one line to say that the Bishop has offered me a stall in Lichfield Cathedral, in the kindest manner, expressing his regret that, like the archdeaconry, it would be a source of expense and not emolument. Of course I cannot do otherwise than accept it, for I ought to have a seat in the Cathedral, and it will give me an opportunity occasionally of preaching.

Mr. Grenfell has written to say that Dr. Arnold requires the masters to re-assemble at Rugby on the 2nd, though the school is not summoned till the 9th, therefore Walter must either go with him on the 2nd or come home for a week.* I have answered, that what he considers safe enough for him and his, I shall consider safe enough for me and mine, God being our keeper.

TO THE REV. P. GELL.

Cranford, October 2nd, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It is very kind of you to ask the question you do about the sentiment which you suppose to be contained in my Church Missionary sermon. I have not the sermon by me, but am certain that the sentiment which I intended to convey (I cannot say whether I succeeded in doing so) was, that on two occasions the whole family of man had started, so to speak, with the knowledge of the one true God; not on the second occasion with primeval innocence, but with a knowledge of God and his righteousness. Therefore man is without excuse; his idolatry is of his own wilful invention, and he cannot demand that God should again place the whole family of man in a position of similar advantage, as the condition of his taking vengeance. A sentiment this, in which you would, I believe, fully concur.

* The school had broken up in consequence of the appearance of a malignant fever.

A charge and eight sermons will be published in the diocese as the result of the visitation. I wish they could be collected into one volume. Your account of Sibthorpe's chapel is most painful. How unspiritual all that stuff is! "How is the gold become dim!"* I am quite prepared to carry out the reformation with you in respect to our Cathedral service, &c.; but I often think in reference to such matters, in such times as these, of a remark of that long-headed personage William III., that when he was coming over to England it blew a storm, and he heard the captain calling to the helmsman from time to time through the night, "Steady! steady!! steady!!!" I would not do just now what I would have done last year. There will be a re-action before long; in the mean time we must wait, and watch, and pray; doing quietly and firmly what is needful from day to day; among the needful things to be done firmly and quietly, is the protesting against error and nonsense.

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS SON.

November 17th, 1841.—I was just beginning to write to you yesterday, after a morning of incessant occupation, when the clock struck three, P.M., and I knew that I had only just time to gather up my letters, which almost covered the rug before the fire, seal them, and take off the bag myself not to miss the post. This morning I am very busy, but must write, if it were only to shew that we never fail to write to you however busy we may be; but last week brought no letter from you, and therefore you did not receive one. Your last letter pleased me much, for it was lively and chatty; and I was much pleased with you for sending the verses, and also with the verses themselves.

* Lam. iv. 1.

TO THE SAME.

Brailsford, December 13th, 1841.

You will be grieved to hear what brings me here. Your dear grandmamma was visiting the poor on Friday last, and in walking from a cottage with some books in her hand, to the carriage, she fell down and fractured her leg just above the ankle. I am thankful to say, that up to the present moment she has been going on as well as could be expected; but she has had a good deal of suffering, and such an accident must always be trying and even dangerous to a person of her age and general weakness.

I hope you will pray to God for her restoration. She constantly prays to Him for you and me and all of us; and never thinks, or speaks, or acts with regard to any of us, but in the spirit of true self-denying, self-forgetting love. Even your own parents can hardly love you more than she does, and I hope you will take every opportunity of returning her affection.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, December 14th, 1841.

MY DEAR CHENEY,

I am happy to say my dear mother is going on as well as possible. She has no fever, thank God, nor hardly any pain now, and exhibits all her characteristic cheerfulness and patience. The confinement to one position for a month or six weeks is in itself a great calamity; but I hope this will be the worst part of it. In the mean time it is an inexpressible comfort to me to have her so near that I have a daily report, and frequently see her. I am better, thank God, but not quite well, which makes me feel a good deal the absence of Mr. Green, leaving five services on my hands, and the care of two villages.

With regard to the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts," you cannot go wrong in contributing to it. It is mainly, but not exclusively, a Missionary Society for our colonies. I wish it were exclusively so; and that the

“Church Missionary Society” took up exclusively the directly missionary work of preaching among the heathen, and in countries where we have no colony. It is, however, practically very difficult to draw the line, as I could show by several instances had I time. “The Christian Knowledge Society” is, in the main, a book society, but not exclusively. It is also, in the main, a home society, but not that either exclusively by any means. It is with societies as with individuals. The first difficulty is to begin; and the next and greatest is to fix a limit, for one work of love leads to another, and he who begins by wanting occupation (if he sets to work in earnest) is sure, before long, to want time, a commodity of which I have a plentiful lack just now. I should bracket the Church Missionary Society and the P. G. Society, and give half as much to the Christian Knowledge Society as to either of the others.

TO HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENT, CEPHALONIA.

Shirley, Dec. 9th, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Since my letter first fetched you from the Pyrenees, your life has been a continued drama, full of interest and anxiety, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, hope and disappointment, and hope again. It is good to remember all the way that the Lord our God has brought us through the wilderness, to prove us, and to try us, and to see what was in our heart, that He might do us good in our latter end. I wish, while all these matters are fresh in your mind, that you would make notes of them, for such a piece of autobiography would be very useful to yourself, and perhaps to others. To me and others of your friends it would be full of interest. *Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*

There is much that is gratifying in the account you give of the disposition of your friend, for it proves his entire sincerity, but it gives me a very humble view of his position, and not a very exalted one of his firmness and faith as a christian confessor. His character reminds me of a fine sen-

timent of the celebrated Lord Essex in his defence; "Little minds, be they never so full of virtue, can be but a little virtuous." However, we must hope and pray that, whatever be the capacity of the vessel in question, it may be "fulfilled with God's grace and heavenly benediction."

Chapter the second of your strange life opens certainly under most auspicious circumstances. How remarkable it is that one door should have opened just as the other closed on you; it was most kind of our friend to think of you, and I doubt not but that he is happy to have had it in his power to provide a situation so much to your taste, and for which you are so admirably qualified. I suppose that your post does not depend upon the continuance of the present Lord High Commissioner. Pray give my kind remembrances to him, and his lady and family. You will, of course, not fail to write to me from your little kingdom, and tell me exactly what you have to do, and what opportunities you have of promoting that kingdom the interest of which will, I know, ever be near your heart. It would delight me beyond measure to pay you a visit there, but every month binds me faster not only to England but to Derbyshire. My duties and engagements increase continually in number and interest, so that I am hardly ever able to accomplish even such a hurried letter as this is to a friend. I answer all letters of business, if possible, by return of post; and when I have performed this daily task I am tired, my morning is gone, and I must go out to see my people, my visits to whom are sadly interrupted by frequent calls to different parts of my Archdeaconry. My life is, however, a very agreeable one, and I hope not unprofitable to the Church.

TO HIS LITTLE GIRL.

Eyam, Feb. 26th, 1842.

MY DEAR A.

I received your nice letter this morning at Stoney Middleton, on my way to take a ride of twenty four-miles on horseback, and to visit five churches, with which I am tired, and it is now past eleven o'clock; but I must tell you how much

pleasure it gave me to have a letter from my own dear little girl. I have had a beautiful ride over hill and dale, along rough and dirty roads, and sometimes with snow or hail driving in my face; but the sun often shone out, the views all round me were very grand, and the young horse and I dashed along without caring much about the weather. It was very right of you to throw a stone at the horse which ran at you, for if you had appeared afraid of it, it might have hurt you very much. I am glad to hear that you are learning a new tune with dear mamma, and shall be very happy to hear you play it to me. I hope you will be a very good little companion to mamma now that I am not with her, and do all you can to please her and make her happy. Give my love to her and tell her that I cannot write to her to-night.

I am, my sweet child,
Your affectionate Papa,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO T. J. BOURNE, ESQ.

Shirley, March 7th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have just returned from a visitation of the churches in the north of Derbyshire, which has taken me a fortnight, left me sadly over-fatigued, is not yet finished—and I have at this moment fifty letters to write. Under such circumstances, which are of frequent occurrence, in addition to ordinary engagements, public and private, it is absolutely necessary that I should give up altogether all deputation work for any of the societies. It would be impossible to draw a line, and I have not time or strength for more work than comes upon me of necessity within my own district, within which I do my very best for the society, as you know.

I have not seen the book to which you refer about the church principles of Nice, Rome, and Oxford; but I know what I think about the principles themselves, viz. that they have no foundation either in Scripture or in primitive antiquity. What a critical and interesting day we live in! I

was telling my people yesterday that the Bible Society is the main instrument by which the two-edged sword of the word of the Lord is now wielded. May the Lord nerve its arm!

Yours, very truly,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Rempstone, March 17th, 1842.

I have just had three very busy weeks; two were employed in visiting the churches of North Derbyshire, and one was employed by letters and meetings; but I have now visited all my churches, except six or eight, and have therefore nearly got up the arrears of work connected with my office. The ordinary work will, I trust, not be oppressive, as it really has been hitherto. One of the most blessed results of my movements is the facility of throwing good curates into neglected and over-grown parishes; but I almost want a little Pastoral Aid Society for Derbyshire, for that blessed society has its hands full and its pockets empty. It is quite refreshing to see what openings there are, and what vigour is thrown into all our movements; but these Oxford people "let and will let, until *they* be taken out of the way."* Their real object of attack is the evangelical party, and we must meet the attack by quietly and firmly holding up the great doctrines of the Reformation, without giving them any occasion to charge us with "walking disorderly," which our good forefathers were obliged to do, because the evil times in which they lived prevented them from walking otherwise. I saw my dear mother yesterday. She is going on very well, and has been wonderfully obedient and quiet, considering what an active mind inhabits that disabled body. We return, D. V., on Saturday to Derby, where I preach on Sunday for the Pastoral Aid Society.

* 2 Thess. ii. 7.

TO J. TAYLOR, ESQ.

Rempstone, March 27th, 1842.

DEAR SIR,

I am much obliged by your very kind and truly valuable letter of February 28th, which I should have answered at once, but that it found me on a visitation tour in the North of Derbyshire, engaged from morning to night. In one respect these visitations bear upon the subject of our correspondence, because they have enabled me to form some judgment of the extent to which these new opinions have spread among the clergy, at least of my own district; and I am happy to say, that if all England were like Derbyshire we should not have much to fear. There are some who have adopted Tractarian views to a greater or less degree, and there are some few survivors of the old class who have not sufficient professional energy even for Tractarianism; but as a body we are free from the errors of the system, though the excitement which prevails on the subject has stirred up some to a salutary regard to externals, and has driven others, who yet are sound in essential points, to an excessive and dangerous regard to the mere circumstantials of worship. I found a stone altar erected in one church, and a piece of red cloth stuck crosswise on the covering of a communion-table in another, and heard inflated sacerdotal sentiments from the minister of a third. While observing these things the thought naturally crossed my mind, "What would Mr. Taylor say or do in such cases?"

I *did* nothing, though I expressed my own opinion, because I know that the views of my own bishop, than whom no one has sounder views or a clearer intellect, is, that it is inexpedient to magnify such toys by attacking them, and thereby giving the party the advantage of appearing before the world as a persecuted body. Besides which, in our transition from Popery, ordinances and expressions were left which our Reformers would not have originated, but which they did not think it expedient at the time to remove, and these, so long as they remain, will always afford a

shelter to those whose sympathies are with the past rather than with the present state of things. Language also is such a clumsy vehicle of thought, that it is extremely difficult to fix its precise meaning and bring it to the question. Still there are, doubtless, circumstances in which all the difficulties must be met, because the danger of standing still may be greater than that of proceeding. And here comes the question on which you suspend the expression of your further opinion, namely, what is the nature and degree of danger to be apprehended from the use which the Church of Rome will make of the present movement?

Of course Rome will make what use she can of it; and past experience teaches us that she will be vigilant, able, and unscrupulous. We see, even now, how she can act with Chartists and the lowest Dissenters in one direction, and with ultra Tories and fanatical Churchmen in another. Popery is already assuming a sublimated form to attract imaginative, cultivated, and in some sense pious minds, while she retains all her grossness for the mob. She employs in her service architecture, music, poetry, painting, &c., and has evidently the command of very extensive funds. I expect that she will make many converts among us from among the extremes of society. If the unrenewed mind is to be religious, it must be after a sensuous fashion, and therefore any form of religion may be expected to influence the unconverted mass in proportion to its earthly and sensuous character, that is to say, in proportion to its falsehood. All this I see and feel; and, moreover, I perceive the decided tendency of the Oxford views to prepare the way for these evils, and to pervert men's minds from the truth. And having given you this standing-ground, I recur again to the practical question, What would you do?

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN the summer of 1842 Archdeacon Shirley spent some little time with his wife's relations in France. This relief from the pressure of business had the most salutary effect on his health, and his visits to France were on many accounts highly agreeable to him. It must not be supposed, from his occasional strictures on the French national character and institutions, that he was insensible to the charms of French society, or ungrateful for the kindness with which he was always received.

He spoke French with sufficient fluency to make his conversation agreeable, and his inaccuracies of idiom often gave great point and originality to his expressions. He was a general favourite at the houses he frequented, and had formed some acquaintances which he highly valued.

The only event which occurred in his parish in his absence was the death of a clergyman, who had retired to Shirley in extreme poverty. He took immediate measures to provide for the destitute family. Two of the children he succeeded in placing in the orphan schools in London, whilst he persuaded some relations to take charge of the eldest boy.

This was one of those cases which always met with peculiar sympathy from the Archdeacon, who liked to be regarded as the official guardian of the poor clergy, widows, and orphans of his Archdeaconry.

TO THE REV. W. SHIRLEY.

On board the Dart, June 27th, 1842.

We have as lovely a day for our passage as ever came out of the heavens, and all are well, thank God, and in excellent spirits. In the steamer a young clergyman addressed me by my name, which he saw on my luggage, and introduced himself to me as Mr. Hughes, a fellow of New College, and late examining chaplain to Bishop Shuttleworth. I was obliged to leave London before the delivery of the letters, and therefore did not receive a proof of my Charge. I do not suppose that many will be sold unless some one is pleased to attack it, but I have delivered my testimony. It would have been easy to have avoided controverted points, as most of the Archdeacons have done, and thus have escaped opposition; but in these times we must speak out, and leave the rest with God.

TO THE SAME.

St. Remy, July 12th, 1842.

On our way here, last Friday, we just looked into the cathedral at Evreux, but I must contrive time to examine it on our return, for it is a magnificent building, beginning from the eleventh century to the fifteenth.

On Sunday last we had a most interesting service, and the communion, at the house of a Mr. V—— at N——. I do not know much of his history, but I find that he is a great blessing to the poor scattered English in this neighbourhood, for whose souls no one cares. Mr. V. is a very interesting and clever man, and I hope truly pious. He has fitted up a room as a chapel, and conducts the service himself, reading the prayers

of the Church and a printed sermon. I am very anxious to send him out some good sound sermons: I preached from the lesson for the day, Luke xxii. 14th and following verses, with much feeling on my part, and I hope with emotion on theirs. The circumstances were altogether so touching that I could hardly get on, for W. received his first communion among those few sheep in the wilderness. There was at least one adult member from each of the English families; but I am grieved to say that ——— was not of the number, for a reason which is painfully characteristic of the state of things in this wretched country. Sunday was fixed by the government as the day, and the only day, for voting at D—— for the members of the Chamber of Deputies; and Sunday is the day always selected for public business of that kind; so that Protestants, and even some who ought to know better, come to consider the breach of the sabbath for such purposes almost a necessary evil of their position.

I cannot describe to you how the state of France oppresses my spirits. Externally all is very pleasing, and even decent, but below the surface it is abominable; disorder reigns through all the relations of life; husbands and wives, parents and children, masters and servants. The women are, many of them, superstitious; the men, and even the priests, are almost infidels. In political matters there is nothing fixed, nothing certain; so that the first principles of society may be called in question to-morrow, and that by a large and powerful party. The government has great influence, because it has enormous patronage, which it exercises in the most despotic manner, by turning off even an exciseman who takes part against the ministry. If it were not for this, there would be constant changes, for the feeling in France is almost always against the actual ministry. The present ministry, and M. Guizot personally, are unpopular, because they are supposed to favour English interests; that is to say, the French, with all their liberalism, are against free trade, though I must say that we have no good answer to give them while we continue our restrictions on the sale of corn. As far as I can judge,

I do not think that the feeling against England is one of political hostility so much as of commercial jealousy and rivalry; nor do I think that our corn laws affect our commercial relations with France, for flour which is worth about fourpence half-penny per pound in England is worth three-pence half-penny here, and the penny difference (that is one farthing) would not pay for the freight and a moderate duty. In fact the French would be dreadfully alarmed at the idea of their corn being exported to England. They dread collision with our wealth and our poverty—with our national wealth and our commercial distress; the former tending to raise the price of the necessaries of life, and the latter overwhelming Europe with goods, sold sometimes under cost prices. We are, in fact, very dangerous neighbours to the European states, and are full of danger to ourselves: France is in a directly opposite condition. Here there is commercial prosperity; the people, as far as I have seen, are fully employed, at nearly if not quite the same wages as in England, while most articles of life are cheaper; but the country is deteriorating. The constant compulsory division of property among children, with no exception even for the eldest sons of the nobility, is blotting out the class of gentlemen, and all the ideas, good, bad, and indifferent, connected with that order. This ruinous law breaks up the land into such minute portions, that very few persons can keep horses or cattle of any kind; hence the soil is deteriorating for want of manure. I asked why they did not use bones for manure, and was told that they were stewed down for soup! This law is at the root of all, or nearly all, the evils of France, for it makes people unwilling to have large families; it produces insubordination among children towards their parents, and constant lawsuits between themselves, while it almost annihilates the relation of landlord and tenant. Yet it is inconceivable how attached the French are to this law, so that no minister would dare to propose its abolition, and they do not seem to feel that it is an infringement on personal liberty, that a

man may not dispose of his property as he likes. I have remarked that the law generally meddles more with daily life here than in England, so that there is less personal freedom of action, while there is more of theoretical liberty. One of the results of the division of property is that the mass of the people are more subject to the influence of government, while there is no effective third body to maintain the balance of power. The peers are without any real political power, and being nominated by the crown for life, are themselves influenced by the government. The fact is, that the French are not in a state for the safe enjoyment of free institutions such as ours, which are of no use when they are merely the result of legislative enactments, and do not grow up with and out of the character of the people. In England the people are thoughtful, and there is a strong religious principle at work among them, the great truths of religion being almost universally acknowledged. Our Evangelical Church is the source and the guardian of our national liberty. It is owing to the free circulation of the Scriptures, the preaching of the gospel, and our Sunday-schools, that we occupy our present position among the nations of the world. Protestantism is our sheet-anchor—and if Popery, or even Puseyism, were to prevail extensively among us, I feel assured that national degradation would be the result. But I must bring this long letter, which almost amounts to a dissertation, to a close, and shall only keep it open in case there should be a letter from you by to-morrow's post.

July 13th.—Last night we had several persons at tea, some of whom were old acquaintances of M——; among others there was one who had been an aide-de-camp to Marshal Clauseul at Algiers, and just lost his election to the Chamber of Deputies. I found, from him and others, that there is a strong spirit of national irritation against the treaty which was to give the right of mutual search between France and England against slave-trading vessels; the French think that our object is to humble their flag, and impede their commerce. They say that they being the weaker naval power will be continually insulted, and that they have

been often maltreated already by our naval officers. They think that our government wishes and even orders these insults, and this gentleman said plainly to me, "The nation will not submit to this right, and will rather overturn the government and bring on a general war; and for myself I had rather all the blacks in the world were sold for slaves, than that the flag of my country should be insulted!" I found another gentleman who agreed with me on the division of property, the first I have met. I had a good deal of religious conversation with some of the ladies last night. One lady said, "Does not the Bible say that the poor in spirit will go to heaven?" I said, certainly. She replied, "*Comme ça doit être triste.*" Implying that heaven would be dull if composed of such persons—what an awful picture of their state of mind!

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

August 19th, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Through the goodness of our God we were all restored to our home on Saturday last, in health, and peace, and safety, having deposited Walter by the way at Rugby. The entire relaxation of a country life in France, with hardly any letters, no committees, no churches, churchwardens, or rural deans to be anxious about, and no parochial cares, is so complete, that a return to home duties is like waking out of sleep. The repose of this kind which is enjoyed, or rather indulged in, by the French, is one of the most painful features of society. There is a profound selfishness pervading all classes, and people seem to be awake only to their interests and pleasures. Even among the French Protestants at —, there were two ministers, but only one service on the Sunday, none in the week, and hardly any institutions at work for the good of the people. I told the principal minister, who is I hope a good man, but timid and lethargic, that we should consider his ordinary life a continued holiday. But there is, I fear, little desire among the people

for more spiritual food, and I grieve to add that one of the two ministers preaches Arian doctrine. Is it not very sad? I am thankful, however, to say that, whereas a few years since the vast body of the Protestant ministers preached such doctrines, the majority is now decidedly the other way, and that in many parts of France evangelical truth is making very decided progress.

TO J. SMITH WRIGHT, ESQ.

Dr. Arnold's loss to his family, the school, and the nation, is incalculable, and I fear irreparable. He has lived to good purpose in a short time, for he has shown what may be done to christianize our great schools, and his influence has been already felt at Eton, Harrow, &c., though his example has been followed by men who were far below him in the school of Christ. The details of his last hour, are on the whole the most striking accounts of a dying scene I ever read. A great, and good, and wise man, going deliberately with his eyes open and his mind in full vigour, to leave a wife and nine children, yet calm and thankful, and even rejoicing, strong in undoubting faith and ardent love, and a hope just on the verge of realization, was truly sublime. He had the funeral service, and the fifty-first Psalm, and the twelfth of Hebrews, and some other passages read to him, taking up and repeating the most humiliating or animating expressions, and so he passed away. There was no distraction about worldly affairs, for his compact and well-ordered mind had everything always in order and ready for every contingency. There was no fear and yet no excitement. It was the quiet assurance of one who "knew in whom *he* had believed."*

TO HIS NEPHEW AT RUGBY.

Shirley, Sept. 15th, 1842.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,
As I told Walter the other day, so I now confess to you,

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

that you are for once the injured party. It is most true that you wrote to me Sept. 4th, and now you have written to me again Sept. 14th, but you must remember that you have been "staying out," while I have been hard at work, and that I cannot be said "literis vacare," while all my mornings are consumed in writing letters. I am very sorry to hear of this same "staying out," for it shows that you have a constitutional tendency to inflammatory action, which will require the greatest care—that is to say, the greatest self-denial. It will be a serious benefit to you to have a lesson of self-denial constantly forced upon you. It is just the point on which you require discipline—and that not in diet only but in many other things. I am glad to learn that — is rousing up and doing. I want both him and you to act more on Christian principle, than from the worldly motives of competition and distinction, and that you should seek to glorify God by conscientiously doing your best in your school work, while you maintain in other respects a consistent Christian character. I am glad you like Mr. Tait's sermons, and certainly Matthew vi. 24 was a very impressive text. It is just that decision of character we all want. If the Lord be God, serve him—but if Baal serve him. Decision and consistency should be the characteristics of our religion. I shall be happy to receive your next communication.

From your affectionate Uncle,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS SON.

Sept. 26th, 1842.

* * * * *

I went on Saturday over Naseby field, and saw some ground opened, at the bottom of which was an entire skeleton and part of another, many more would doubtless be found if more ground were uncovered. I flatter myself that I obtained a clear idea of the battle, which I will explain to you some day. It is evident that the battle was lost by

the inconsiderate rashness of Prince Rupert and his headlong dragoons, who, being on the right wing, defeated Cromwell's left, and pursued them over ground which is so uneven, that it soon hid from their sight the main army, which was thrown into confusion by Cromwell. If it had not been for the intrigues of the Queen, and the folly of Rupert, the story of Charles might have been a different one, but the hand of God was manifestly in the whole business, and our national character has been very much formed by what took place then.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO A BOY AT SCHOOL.

Shirley, Oct. 7th, 1842.

I hardly know what to say about the Sacrament. You have had very general advice on the subject, but I consider your present (would that I had reason to believe it was past) state of idleness a state of sin. Your work may have been hard, perhaps rather too hard for you, but is there the least ground for thinking that you did your best? If not, you have been living in a state of sin, for your school work is your present duty, and your religious principles should be manifested by the conscientious discharge of your present duties. I do not say that the recollection of sins should keep you from the Lord's Table, but certainly you should not approach that table except with deep penitence for the past, a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ to forgive and heal you, and a stedfast purpose to lead a new life. Examine yourself on these heads, and do as your conscience dictates.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Shirley, October 22nd, 1842.

I have been dreadfully busy for the last fortnight, and, indeed, generally since I left you, but hope that a quieter time is now setting in for the winter. I am anxious not to lose another post without thanking you for your very great

kindness to our boys. They were quite enchanted with their day, and with their hostess, whose many merits have been set forth in glowing terms, ending with the gift of a pork pie each, which is a present that penetrates deep into the hearts of such carnivorous animals. Mr. Jones and Miss Exton have, also, not been forgotten as contributors to the numerous enjoyments of the memorable 20th of October, 1842. I am sure you will be glad to find that you have conferred so much pleasure, and I hope it has not been wasted on its recipients. These acts of love tend to soften the heart, and draw out the feelings, and it is very important that boys should have happy associations with religious people. Thus should we consecrate every talent, and employ every opportunity in the service of Him who hath loved us, and redeemed us by his blood from the world, that we should be his now and ever.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, November 16th, 1842.

I have been very desirous to write a few lines, but when I tell you, that during eight days from Sunday the 6th, I attended fifteen meetings or services, and that letters accumulated in consequence to such a degree, that in the last two days I sent off nearly forty, you will understand that it has been impossible to write quietly to a friend.

. The enclosed paper will show you what may be done by a small sum, for a vast and important population; and when I consider what a determined, combined, and systematic effort is now making to drive evangelical religion out of the Church, I am disposed to watch with tender and anxious jealousy over the employment of all means for securing to our beloved Church a faithful and enlightened ministry. The time is rapidly drawing on when our local sympathies will have passed away, when our affections will no longer cleave to the dust, even in a legitimate sense, if such there be, but spirit will meet with spirit, and that spiritual intercourse be universal, eternal, and complete. It is that thought, that

glorious prospect, which alone makes either life or death tolerable, for without it, life is to the Christian often a vale of tears, and always one weary battle field; conquering, it is true, but yet to conquer; for the monster has many heads, and a new one seems always to be sprouting out. I mean this, as you will feel it, in reference to our work within, but also in reference to that without. There really seems to be no end of the new and frightful forms of error which are successively making their appearance. I have observed, also, that whenever the Church of Christ seemed to have been blessed with some special manifestations, and to have been strengthened for some special work, evil has sprung up even within its bosom; witness the divisions within, as well as the assaults from without, which have been experienced by the Bible and Missionary Society. Well, we must go on working, fighting, and waiting, until the shades of evening call us to rest; and happy indeed is it for us to be enabled to repose in the assurance, that "there remaineth a rest to the people of God."*

TO A NEPHEW,

On his being put up into the sixth form at a public school.

Shirley, November 22nd, 1842.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,

"Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus." I hope you will bear your recently acquired honours meekly and gently, but it is rather ominous asking forthwith for ten shillings to buy a cane; however, I suppose you must have one, but I seriously caution you to be considerate, and quiet; that is the way to gain respect, and it is the part of a Christian. I approve of the system of fagging most decidedly, for several reasons, but among them, that it ought to be part of a complete and christian education to learn how to rule as well as how to obey. May God give you grace to learn and practise both lessons, as one of God's dear children. Make any arrange-

* Heb. iv. 9.

ment you like about the holidays; we shall be glad to see you here at any time.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,
In answer to an application made by him to Mr. Shirley to
preach their anniversary sermon in May.

Shirley, Oct. 1st, 1842.

DEAR SIR,

It is with much regret that I feel myself obliged to decline the invitation with which your Society has favoured me; for I admire your zeal, I rejoice in your success, and earnestly hope that it may be increased a hundred fold, how great soever it be. The motives, however, which prevent me from joining your Society, must also prevent me from advocating its cause. I confess that I do not see how those whose different views of doctrines or discipline prevent them from having a common worship, can with consistency combine together for the establishment and conduct of Christian churches.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Your very faithful servant,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE REV. ———.

Shirley, Dec. 16th, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR,

The subject to which your letter refers is one of great interest and importance, and, I may add, delicacy. In the first place, you raise the question of the validity of lay-baptism; which question has, by recent decisions, been set at rest. "Fieri non debuit, factum valet." It is our duty to warn the people (see Rubric), that "without great cause and necessity, they procure not their children to be baptized at home in their houses;" but if they have been so baptized, the questions which are asked when the child is brought to

be received into the Church, have reference, not to the qualification of the person by whom the sacrament was administered, but to the manner in which it was performed. Baptism by water, in the name of the Trinity, is valid, under all circumstances, and must by no means be repeated. There may, however, be a doubt, in the case of an irregular baptism by an ignorant person, and without proper witnesses, whether the scriptural form was duly made use of. In such case, if the answers to the previous questions be not satisfactory, you might use the hypothetical form of baptism, "If thou hast not been already baptized," &c. If there be not reasonable doubt of his having been duly, though not regularly baptized, you must not, on any account, re-baptize him, and had better use the service for the "Private Baptism of Infants," *mutatis mutandis*, and so receive the young man publicly into the church.

I think it is quite a case in which the party should be exhorted (see Rubric) to prepare himself with prayer and fasting for the reception of the sacrament. May the Lord be with you and the young man, and all concerned on so touching an occasion.

TO HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENT, CEPHALONIA.

Shirley, Feb 16th, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You seem to have been placed by Providence exactly in the situation which you have long expressed to me a wish to occupy, and one for which you are, I think, eminently qualified—a position of political and religious influence in the Levant. I trust that He who has placed you there, will give you grace for the discharge of your important duties, and to preserve you from the temptations incident to them. You do not say anything of any other English residents, and therefore I presume that you have no Protestant worship. Do the people possess the Holy Scriptures, and have you any opportunity of promoting their circulation? I am quite aware that your situation must be one of great delicacy in

religious matters, but I should think that something might be done. Is anything doing in the Ionian Islands generally to raise the character of the priests and of the schools? My idea would be to aim not at converting the Greek Priests into Protestant Clergymen, but at raising the character of the priesthood and of the church; and if we do not aim at something of this kind, I do not see for what good purpose we hold the islands. With regard to the Jews and their schools, I have written to some friends on the subject, and will not let the matter drop if I can do anything, but I want more information from you.

The description you give of the antiquities in your little Kingdom is very interesting. Pray give me an account of your future proceedings. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than paying you a visit, to see you and your island, your new city, and the remains of antiquity; but I have no immediate prospect of being able to sacrifice the time and money which such a tour would require. My spare money is all consumed just now on schools and churches. I think you saw our new church and school-room at Yeaveley, which cost nearly £800, and we have just spent about the same sum in making Shirley church one of the most perfect little oratories you ever saw. I am preparing this year to build a school-room and master's house, which will cost £300, and have persuaded a friend, who has property at Osmaston, (which you know is one of my churches,) to rebuild that church this year.* It will be quite beautiful, and will cost £3,000 or £4,000, to which I must contribute largely. When these things are done and paid for, I must, I think, indulge myself in a refreshing run somewhere.

We are both quite well, thank God, and very busy. My Bishop is very ill, and has made me and some others his commissaries for administering the general business of the diocese, but is, I hope, getting better. In the meantime, I

* Francis Wright, Esq., to whom the parish is now indebted for a church, school-rooms, and master and mistress's dwelling, of singular simplicity and beauty.

issue about three thousand letters annually, which makes a long letter to a foreign friend rather a formidable undertaking.

In church matters I fear that "high church" notions are on the ascendant, though "ultra puseyism" is denounced. The mode is to attack "tractarianism and evangelicalism," "popery and ultra-protestantism," "jesuits and puritans," *pari passu*—hitting at the first of every class a tolerable blow with the left hand, and striking an intolerable right-handed floorer at the others. Puseyism is an admirable invention. It is even a step beyond popery; for it reconciles the pride and worldliness of man's heart with the form of pietism and even the profession of a reformed and scriptural creed, and, what is quite as important, with the possession of the temporalities of the Church of England. There is a determined effort making to establish among us an episcopal tyranny, which, if God in his mercy do not frustrate the effort, will bring us back to a state of twilight, if not of papal darkness, and then the reflux wave will overwhelm the church, and perhaps also the monarchy.

Your friends across the Tweed are pulling their own house about their ears, by voting against the declared law of the land, and will shake our house to its foundations. Dr. Chalmers will go down to posterity as the good and able man who overturned the established church of Scotland; at which our lofty people will secretly rejoice, because it is not episcopalian, and our voluntaries will openly exult, because it was established and supported by the state.

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Bolsover, December 27th, 1842.

I was truly glad to hear that all was well with you, and to receive the assurance of your constant sympathy and love, and have rested in this assurance. When at home I have very little time for good old-fashioned letters, for my time is

employed by writing innumerable short letters of business, often of great importance, as you can well conceive, at such a crisis as this, when I have to answer questions which ought to be referred to a bishop. But I have not episcopal authority, and must argue when a bishop would decide. I have just now a commission on my hands under the Church Discipline Act against the drunken pastor of seven thousand souls! which is the source of much trouble and deep anxiety. My parish, also, small as it is, has given me a good deal of anxiety lately. In the first place I have the general feeling that I am too much engaged to visit the people as constantly as I could wish, and my curate is young and inexperienced; and in the next place the ranters have come about me like hornets, and turned a cottage into a chapel, just opposite my church-yard gates. They have a service at the very time of that in the church in the evening, unsettle the minds of my people, disturb our love and unity, bring in unscriptural doctrines, and give prominence to some of the worst characters in the place. My congregations are not indeed diminished; I do not think they were ever so large, and should say, they comprise two-thirds of the population on an average; but we are no longer one family, though the movers in this schism are people from another village, and its chief supporters people who went nowhere before. Yet there it is to weaken my hands, to prevent the power of discipline, and to keep many of my flock in a state of spiritual intoxication. I have, as you know, a hamlet to Shirley with a church, so that although I have three full services in the parish every Sunday, there is one part of the day at each village unoccupied, and this is the door at which these people have entered. Several of my people joined with the old methodists in prayer-meetings, when there was no service in the church, and with them I was on the best possible terms.

Whiston, December 29th.—I wish I had you with me to talk about my ranters. I think of printing a letter to my people on the subject.* The measure which I contemplate, but with some doubts, is that of telling them that hitherto

* This was never done.

we have been one parish, one family, but that we are so no longer; therefore that all my institutions, clothing society, &c. (to which no one in the parish subscribes) will be conducted on Church principles; those who leave the church leave me, and must look to their teachers whom they have chosen. I shall "mark those who cause divisions, and avoid them."* At the same time I feel the necessity of closer spiritual intercourse with my people, and have revived a Communicants' Meeting which I had before we went to Whiston. We now meet for an hour every alternate Saturday evening, and very much do I enjoy it; but it will not suit the taste of those who are fond of the spiritual egotism of methodist class-meetings. It really seems as if at the end of twenty years I were to be taught more deeply than ever my own insufficiency for the greatness of this work. Then how painful it is to see good holy devoted men such as Mr. —, sublimated, so as to mar their practical efficiency, and to prevent the full benefit of their example, if they be kept even from wild excesses, which I dread.† His paper exhibits a very perilous state of mind, though I quite agree with you that it is calculated to produce in any of us great searchings of heart. "Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile," on the one hand; and on the other hand an example, which, if generally followed, would interfere with the whole course even of christian life, can have no general influence. Who can pray four hours at least every day? Who can, with edification, fast honestly twelve hours, and that once at least every week? May the Lord be merciful to us! But we are poor lumps of clay at best. I have not yet read his Chandlich Revival, but will endeavour to do so.

TO HIS SON,

Shirley, Feb. 28th, 1843.

You will be glad to hear that it has pleased God, in a

* Rom. xvi. 17.

† This prediction has been since painfully fulfilled in the case here alluded to.

great measure, to restore me from my severe illness, but I am still very weak, so that even writing this letter is a burthen to me. I am, however, able to get out a little, and intend this afternoon to have a ride with dear A. I have enjoyed this quiet time exceedingly, and would be well content to be moderately ill for a season, that I might have leave to "stay out," and refresh both body and soul by rest.

I have been reading "The Life of Dean Milner," by his niece, and it is so interesting and instructive a piece of biography, that I am strongly disposed, when I have done with it, to lend it to you, for the edification of William Henry and yourself. Dean Milner began by being apprenticed to a woollen manufacturer at Leeds, but kept Greek and Latin books by the side of his frame; then was helped by his elder brother, the author of the Church History, and afterwards became senior wrangler, and so worked his way to be Professor of experimental philosophy and mathematics, Head of Queen's College, Cambridge, and Dean of Carlisle. He was a man of masculine understanding, of the clearest intellect, and of unwearied industry; true, honest, open, proving all things, holding fast what he was convinced was the truth; of a tender, generous, and loving spirit; and a humble, devout, faithful, bold, and devoted follower of his sovereign Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. Yet was this splendid mind and tender heart tabernacled in a great, unwieldy, and diseased body, which was a sad hinderance and burthen to him, till he shook it off rejoicing in the blessed emancipation. That was a life worth living, dear Walter, though it was one of much suffering both of mind and body.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, March 6th, 1843.

I am thankful to say that I have gained ground considerably during the last week, and yesterday went to church in the morning for the first time. I preached and administered the sacrament, but did not venture out again, as I was a good deal fatigued with the exertion. I am, however, not the

worse for it this morning. To-morrow we are going to Rempstone, on the kind invitation of our friends there, for rest and change of air.

I am glad to find that there is to be a confirmation, and wish you, by all means, to present yourself as a candidate for that very interesting and impressive ordinance of our Church. A man in the parish told me yesterday, that he had never forgotten the effect of the confirmation upon himself, and especially of Isaiah xxvi. 13, on which I preached on that occasion. Though he had gone back from his engagements, the seed had been planted, and is now, I trust, springing up, and about to bear good fruit. God grant that my dear boy may indeed be united unto the Lord in a perpetual covenant never to be forgotten.

TO A GOD-SON.

If you go through your confirmation without meaning from your heart what you say and do, there will be great danger of your resting satisfied with a merely formal religion, which is a state of spiritual death. But, if you approach this ordinance in a spirit of penitence for your past sins against your baptismal engagements; of humility under a sense of your great weakness; and, therefore, of earnest, real, inward prayer that God will give you his holy Spirit to dwell in your soul, to be the mind of your mind, and to make you another man; this, we doubt not, will be the beginning of a new, and holy, and blessed life to you. It shall be my business to pray that such may be the result, and I trust that you will not only pray, but strive.

Examine yourself as to your habits; they are what constitute character: your companions, your pursuits, your pleasures, your passions, your appetites, your tempers, the books you read for recreation, (the food of your mind,) and be prepared to relinquish whatever you find to have an injurious influence on you. You see that I write plainly, and personally, and searchingly; pray excuse my doing so, and be assured that I take a most lively interest in your present

and eternal welfare, especially as you are the son of one of my oldest friends, and you are designed, if found worthy, for the ministry of the Church of England. Learn early to watch over your own soul, that you may be prepared to teach others. May God keep you from being an unfaithful and worldly clergyman, the most awful of all characters.

TO HIS WIFE.

March 1st, 1843.

* * * * *

I forgot to tell you that at Stafford I heard Cooper, the chartist preacher, defending himself. He had consumed six hours in the examination of one witness, and was then engaged on the second, whom he kept, as I was afterwards told, for four hours and a half. I never saw a countenance more expressive of cool and malignant wickedness. He asked the most frivolous questions, between each of which he made a long pause; his object being to spin out the trial beyond the time at which the judge (Erskine) must go to the next county. The result will be, that five important special jury causes will have to stand over to the next assizes, at a vast expense and inconvenience to the parties. It is very sad, but we cannot have the grand impartiality and truth of English justice without some drawbacks.

I finished the life of Dean Milner yesterday, and intended to leave it with the Bishop, for I thought it would edify him as I trust it has me; but I fear that he has not strength to get through it, and, moreover, he has imbibed rather a prejudice against him as an University jobber. I should like to know what ground there is for such an imputation, for with all one's sense of man's weakness, I should not have expected anything little or scheming from such a man as Milner. It was, however, eminently a jobbing day, and perhaps he may have been tainted with the epidemic. We have in the course of life many a lesson to teach us to cease from man, and a growing sense of our many infirmities may well teach us to

expect little from our fellow worms and to judge charitably of them.

TO HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENT, CEPHALONIA.

Shirley, March 13th, 1843.

I have had a very long and interesting letter from —, from Edinburgh, about the non-intrusionists. He thinks that the issue will be the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, when the Presbyterian establishment shall have been reduced to an insignificant and uninfluential minority. I have no idea that this episcopal dream will ever be realized. It is a very bad business, and the most painful part of the case is to see good men in the false position of resisting the laws of their country, and overturning their established Church. Their first false step was passing the Veto Act, and they ought to retrace that step, and then all parties should join to consider what is to be done next.

I have half a mind, in June, to visit Sir M. Blakiston near Frankfort, and then work my way, with Mrs. Shirley and our two children, during Walter's holidays, into Switzerland. Are you likely to emerge from your monarchy? If it were not so distant I should propose paying you a visit, but that is impossible.

This is only a PS. to my last letter, but will, I hope, hasten a reply.

TO A FORMER PUPIL.

Shirley, March 16th, 1843.

Having a comparative pause in the pressure of general business, I have taken down a packet of letters from friends, and find among them your's of December 12th, of last year, which, I am sorry to find, has been more than four months without an answer; but this you, who are now a man of business, will understand and pardon. I am glad to find that you like the the work of your office, and hope that it

will prepare you for the future service of your country on a more enlarged scale. I only hope that you will not let your mind be cramped by the prejudices of party, or led astray by what I must think are the unsound religious views which you appear to have received. You know my affectionate interest in you, and will understand me when I say I often think of you with feelings bordering on sadness and disappointment, though, or rather because, on most grounds of the greatest moment, I have a sincere regard and even respect for your character, and there are many on which I quite agree with you. I entirely enter into your views of the position of awful responsibility in which we stand as a nation, for surely we have received much and rendered little in return. But I hope much from the influence of such men as Lord Ashley, and can truly say that mere secular politics are as dust in the balance compared with my earnest desire to see real christian principles brought to bear on the condition of our subjects at home and abroad. If I go to town the first week in May, which is very possible, I will look in upon you at your office; but I shall have very few days at my disposal, for I am engaged to preach at Matlock, April 25th, and at Chesterfield, May 14th.

TO THE REV. JOSEPH WOLF, D.D.

Shirley, April 15th, 1843.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,

I well remember the very interesting evening, to which you refer, of our meeting at the house of that great and good man, the late Dr. Arnold, whose loss I deplore on many accounts, and among them for the able resistance he was offering to the modified Popery now so sadly prevalent amongst us. I would tell you candidly that I consider this revival of antiquated error one of the greatest evils with which our beloved Church has been afflicted since the Reformation, and that I heard, with much grief and disappointment, that you had embraced many of the peculiar views to which I refer, though you had not gone the whole length of

the party which professes to aim at unprotestantizing the Church of England. I fear that I must conclude from your letter that there was, and is, a good deal of foundation for this report, though I am glad to find you speaking so heartily of your adherence to the thirty-nine articles in their plain grammatical sense. With my feeling on this subject, I should not like to take an active part in recommending you to the chaplaincy at Messina; but as I think it the kind of situation for which you are best qualified, and one in which you would be more at liberty than you were in Yorkshire to act upon your personal views of Gospel truth, I shall have no objection to your writing to the Rev. —, Messina, to apply for the chaplaincy, if you will wait until I have heard from a gentleman to whom it has already been offered. I rely, however, on your not writing before you hear from me again.

I am, Rev. and dear Sir,

Yours, faithfully.

W. A. SHIRLEY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Archdeacon, feeling the need of change of air and of relaxation, accepted the invitation of his old and valued friend, Sir Matthew Blakiston, to spend some time with him and his family in the neighbourhood of Frankfort. His wife and children accompanied him on this very pleasant excursion. But the remedy failed this time in producing its usual good effect. He did not recover his strength in Germany; and his sight was so much affected as to interfere with his usual occupations.

TO HIS FATHER.

*Shoehof, Bockenheim,
July 22nd, 1843.*

I have been very unwell since I wrote, and really I feared at one time that I must be compelled to invalid myself at one of these German watering-places, but I am thankful to say that I feel so much better, that I am inclined to hope that I shall be spared so unpleasant a remedy; for I had rather drink half the Pharmacopœia. Since I wrote to you we have been at Homberg, to return Lord and Lady Gainsborough's visit, and spent a very pleasant day. It was interesting to see the residence of our Princess Elizabeth,

with pictures of George the Third, and several members of our royal family, and sundry fat Landgraves of Hesse Homberg. There was a good deal of superior worsted work, on chairs, table-covers, &c., by the Princess Landgravine, containing for the most part her own arms and those of her husband. I doubt not she delighted in the recollection that she was a Princess of England, and in the enjoyment of the ease and informal repose of a German palace, after the unbending ceremony of her mother's court. She was much respected in the neighbourhood. The palace and grounds have gone sadly into decay since her death. The present Landgrave, who is, I believe, her husband's nephew, has, I grieve to say, admitted the gamblers into Homberg. Louis Philippe has expelled the professed gamblers who keep open tables from Paris, and they have migrated to the watering-places of Europe, where they offer large sums to the petty sovereigns, who are for the most part poor, proud, and self-indulgent, for the use of ground and for permission to open public rooms. They then lay out vast sums in building and fitting up splendid rooms, in laying out beautiful public gardens, and in constructing colonnades for shops. They give balls to the public, they promote trade, they draw visitors—in short, they are Satan's most seductive and destructive agents. These rooms are open, and gambling is going on in public all day, and every day, while the glorious sun is high in the heavens, and when "the moon has taken up the wondrous tale;" but the Lord's own blessed day is the worst of all the seven. There they sit, anxious and haggard, with long rolls of money by their side; scarce a word is spoken, except, "Is the game made, gentlemen?"—then a thing like a mariner's compass spins round, or some cards are turned up, and the filthy lucre is pushed backwards and forwards as it changes hands, with a small wooden instrument, which bears a most appropriate resemblance to those with which the mud is scraped off the roads in dirty weather. There is an awfully low standard of thought and feeling among what we should call the respectable classes of society here. In Prussia there is

a spirit of church extension as in England ; but here, the Lord has indeed his hidden ones, and they are, I trust, a goodly number, to which He is continually adding such as shall be saved, but the general tone is "of the earth earthy."* I asked a good and learned German minister, whether the Calvinistic and Lutheran communions were drawing closer to each other. He replied, that there was not sufficient life in either to make them care about their theological differences, and that he should not be surprised if they were to be consolidated ; because in that case fewer churches and ministers would be required, and the people, as a body, would be glad of an arrangement which would save their pockets, and leave them more to spend on their pleasures ; "they want more hotels and public gardens, and fewer churches and ministers." A German's delight is to take coffee and a pipe in the open air, in what we should call tea-gardens, listening to good music ; all seem to be quiet and well-behaved, but utterly worldly and sensual. There is no end of their meals, either in point of number or length ; even the common people have, 1st, white bread and coffee ; 2nd, brown rye-bread about nine A. M. ; 3rd, dinner about eleven A. M. ; 4th, coffee ; 5th, supper. They are improving in the arts and comforts of life ; for instance, their roads are quite as good as our's, and they are superseding our manufactures, though I must add by a very inferior article ; nor will they ever improve, so long as the present restrictions are continued. Everything is experiencing the blessings of peace, which are much felt in a country which has for ages been the theatre of war. Every little town has its lofty watch-tower, and every eminence of importance is crowned with a castle ; and I observed on the roof of that at Königstein, that there was an iron basket on the apex of the gable, evidently intended for a beacon fire. I found also an old matchlock in one of the towers, which I could only just lift, which must have been made to fire down upon an invader. Frankfort is surrounded by these lofty watch-towers, and

* 1 Cor. xv. 47.

once was strongly fortified, but it has suffered so much from sieges, in consequence of the strength of its defences, that a wise man persuaded the citizens to fill up the ditch, and turn it into walks and gardens. They have had the good sense to execute his design, and to erect a monument to his memory. The great bulwarks of this part of Germany are Mayence and Ehrenbreitstein, which are occupied in common by the troops of the sovereigns who compose the confederation of the Rhine. Should France attempt again to disturb the peace of Germany, and to execute its ambitious dream of making the Rhine its frontier, I am persuaded that not only will it miserably fail, but that it will probably lose its own German provinces of Alsace, &c. There is a strong anti-gallican spirit prevailing, which I hope will do good in many ways.

. . . . From Wiesbaden I hired a horse, and had a ride which did me good, about eight miles along the banks of the Rhine to Eberbach, to see a convent founded by that remarkable man, St. Bernard; that little delicate Frenchman, whose genius, enthusiasm, eloquence, and piety, (a wild mixture of great truths and great errors,) exhibited so remarkable a triumph of mind over matter in the darkness of the middle ages. The convent has been turned into an establishment for two hundred and fifty criminals, and two hundred lunatics, which is an improvement; and the vineyard in which it is said that the monks had good cheer, now ministers to the luxuries of the young, and I fear, dissipated Duke of Nassau, which is not much improvement.

After mentioning the previous departure of his son and a friend on a walking expedition to Heidelberg, Mr. Shirley writes thus to his parents.

July 31st, 1843.

* * * * *

We set out in a funny rattle-trap of a carriage by Lorsch (which is a very small chapel, but interested me much) for Worms. *Aug. 3.*—Our driver, however, had no intention of

taking us to Worms, and contented himself with depositing us, in the rain, on the right bank of the Rhine, because there was a curious sort of ferry to pass, which would have consumed both time and money ; and I did not insist on the point, as there was a citizen of Worms passing the ferry at the time, in a hired carriage, still more rattle-trappy than our own, who offered M. a place as far as the town, which is nearly half a mile distant. We reached our inn, which is very near the place where Luther rested, April 16, 1521, towards eight P.M. I calculated that the boys would sleep at Manheim, and set out for Worms by the first steamer. Therefore I went down to the river by seven A.M., Friday, and when the steamer arrived, I saw them and their knapsacks, and you may imagine how surprised they were to meet me, and still more to hear that M. was with me. After breakfast, it poured with rain, so we hired a carriage, and set out to see Worms. The churches, especially the cathedral, are extremely curious specimens, chiefly of the early Teutonic style, the peculiarities of which I will explain by some prints which I have purchased. In the Lutheran church, which is painted all over, roof and walls, in fresco, there is a large fresco of Luther before the Diet, when he said, "Here I stand, I can do no otherwise, God help me, Amen." I procured a print of this picture, with a pamphlet to explain it. We ascended the tower of the Lieb-frau church, from which we had a fine view of the city and of the road from Oppenheim, by which Luther entered. A tree is also shown, beneath which he is said to have rested. There seems to be a good deal of sympathy with Luther personally, but the power of his doctrine is little felt in these parts. Nine-tenths of the Protestants are Arians or Deists, and even the ministers play at cards or dance on Sundays, and do nothing better. It is a sad story, though there certainly is a revival of religion in some districts, especially Pomerania, and Silesia. On the whole, the relative numbers of Roman Catholics and Protestants are much what they have been for many years. They used to be Roman Catholics eighteen millions, Protestants sixteen millions ; and now they are

Roman Catholics twenty millions, and Protestants eighteen millions: but the Roman Catholics are united and active, while the Protestants are painfully divided, and for the most part inert.

TO THE SAME.

The Rhine, Aug. 8th, 1843.

As the river is extremely uninteresting in the Dutch parts, flowing, as it does, between two flat banks of sand, and passing by few towns of any interest, I have come below to get letters ready for England, where, please God all be well, we hope to arrive on Thursday. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the Blakistons, and we parted from them with regret. It is like going out of a quiet harbour to put to sea again. I am thankful to say that I am more fit for work than when I left England, for at that time I was more out of health than I was aware, and must now be very careful, or I see clearly that I shall be unhinged.

Since I wrote last, I have made the acquaintance of Mr. A., the minister of the French reformed church, (descendants of the Walloon Christians, who were driven out of the Netherlands by the persecutions of Philip of Spain,) and of M. Vömel, a great friend of M. Von Sidow's, and head of the Gymnasium, or high school of Frankfort. The former is a good and clever man, but I am told he is not a very edifying preacher. He told me, that in September there is to be a great meeting at Frankfort, of Protestants of all denominations, to form and regulate a society to be called "The Gustavus Adolphus," for their mutual support and encouragement, and for building churches, houses, and schools. This is just the movement for which one longs, but all depends on the hands into which it falls, and the principles on which it is conducted. I asked M. Vömel what he thought of it, and he said, that though it originated with the philosophical Protestants, he hoped that good would result from it, because, though the evangelical Protestants were at present in a minority, they

were the most active, and the most powerful. He is a very learned, able, and pious man, and I believe that our regret was mutual, that we had just become acquainted with each other when I was leaving the neighbourhood. He recommended some German books, one or two of which I procured, and gave me an interesting account of the state of opinion in religious matters in Germany. He said that the Rationalists, whose characteristic is to believe nothing that they do not see, and who hold that some parts of the Bible are inspired and others not, (they being judges of the distinction!) have been overturned by the Philosophical party, who have exposed the littleness, and narrowness, and ignorant pretension of the Rationalists, without being however much nearer the truth themselves; for they hold, with regard to the Bible, that though it is the word of God, yet that it is his word, wrapped up in mythological fables, of which they are the interpreters. So these two parties, with equal presumption, and almost equal ignorance of the truth of God, are contradicting and confuting each other, and preparing the way, we may hope, for a truly scriptural school. The mind of Germany is a curious and interesting subject of contemplation, and its deep earnestness and learning, even when wrong, is refreshing, when contrasted with the flimsy folly of the French. I cannot help thinking that the religious opinions of the Germans, at least about Frankfort and other places similarly circumstanced, are influenced unfavourably by the vast number of Jews who are found there, and amount at Frankfort, Bockenheim, Offenbach, and as I learnt yesterday, at Rotterdam, to one-twentieth of the entire population. I think that this produces a false liberalism, in illustration of which I may mention that lately, at Offenbach, on the death of an influential and benevolent Jew, the Lutheran clergyman attended his funeral, and pronounced a funeral oration after the Rabbi had pronounced his.

By the way, I went with M. Vömel to the synagogue on Friday evening, and a very curious, though painful scene it was; dirt and gilding, chanting and chattering, some people accompanying the service with a constant oscillation of their body, others

talking to each other, walking about, and playing with children, all with their hats on; few attentive, hardly any with even the appearance of devotion; a blaze of light produced by innumerable tapers—but you have witnessed the strange and affecting performance. There were prayers offered, as we were informed, for the repose of the soul of a man whose son stood near the chanter; so true is it that every false form of religion must have its purgatory, from which nothing can deliver a thoughtful mind but faith in a finished propitiation for sin. After the service, or rather at its termination, wine was consecrated, and offered and devoted to the poor, in a chalice, by a member of the congregation; and it occurred to me, that it was at least an illustration of the Lord's supper, if our blessed Lord may not even have sanctified the "cup of blessing," which was offered in the synagogues, by adopting it as the memorial and exhibition of his dying love.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Aug. 28th, 1843.

I had your last long and very interesting letter with me, while in Germany, and often looked at it, and as often intended to answer it, but I was tired, weak, ill, and idle, and very little disposed to do anything which required mental exertion. I took the advice of an English physician, but I think he mistook my case, and treated me as an indolent, self-indulgent dignitary, by which he reduced me to a sad state of weakness, from which I was just beginning to recover, when I was obliged to return home to my work; and here I am, as busy as ever, without my usual power of getting through business. I believe, however, that I am gaining strength daily, and that by avoiding all work that can be avoided, I shall, with God's blessing, be soon much better than I was before I left home.

We have been near Frankfort most of the time, but have made excursions. I sent Walter, with two of Sir M. Blakiston's boys, with knapsacks on their backs to Heidelberg,

and Mrs. Shirley and I met them at Worms, to which we made a sort of Lutheran pilgrimage.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Aug. 31st, 1843.

MY DEAR —,

* * * * *

One word only would I say at present, in reference to your great question, "what must I do to be saved?" * Salvation is a practical and present matter. It is deliverance from the curse and dominion of sin, as a state of mind, self-will, opposed to God's will. So then the question is, very nearly, how shall my self-will be overcome, and my heart brought into such a state of simple-minded submission to God, that it shall be my pleasure (my meat and drink) to do His will. The Bible tells us that this is to be accomplished "by faith," which informs my spirit that a sufficient sacrifice has been paid for my past transgressions, that God is reconciled to me, is willing to receive me in love, as his child, and will give me, day by day, strength to have victory, and to triumph against the world, the flesh and the devil; not by one finished victory, except as the will is concerned, but by a continually advancing superiority. Thence I obtain a child's mind, not a servant's, and resign myself, as it were, to be led by the Spirit of my heavenly Father, having one mind, and so to speak, one interest with Him, even his glory. Then it will not be a question how much I must do to merit eternal life, but the eternal life which has been conveyed to my soul through faith in the finished sacrifice of Jesus Christ, saves me, has saved me, has translated me from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear Son, and sends me forth, in uncalculating obedience, to live as far as I know how, and am able, according to God's will, revealed to me in the Bible. Obedience is not a question of more or less, but a state of mind; and when a man is thus

* Acts xvi. 30.

minded, all minor matters, all details of duty, will "fall into their proper places," as John Milton says. More of all this when we meet.

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, Sept. 7th, 1843.

I hope that you will benefit by your change of study, and that, having experienced the evil effect of boys stamping over your heads, you will be tender of the nerves and convenience of those who will now be under you. The death of the fruit-boy in your play-ground, was indeed a very awful occurrence. So sudden; and in the midst of the sports and vigour of youth! Even the old seldom realize the nearness, and hardly even the certainty of death, how much more the young! Yet we have many memorials sent to us, from time to time, to remind us that at any moment our period of probation may be suddenly closed. Blessed are they who abide in Christ. I have not been well since my return home, and feel hardly equal to the daily pressure of business; so much so, that I have promised to go to Harrogate on the second of October, if I am not decidedly better. Osmaston church is rising beautifully.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Sept. 14th, 1843.

Your nice long chatty letter of the 9th, deserves a better answer than it has received, to say nothing of the note which arrived this morning, with the copy of Latin verses. One of the best results of writing Latin verses is the cultivation of taste, and I think there is more of that—more of mind in these verses than in any I have seen before. When I was at Winchester, I used to be much more fond of reading Latin verses, than of writing them, and was tolerably well read before I left the school in Milton's, Vida's, and Barberini's. The latter gentleman was a pope, but I am not quite sure

whether he occupied the chair of St. Peter when he wrote the verses, nor whether, if he did, they benefited by his infallibility. I should like you particularly to read John Milton's, and there are some very good pieces also by Gray, and Sir William Jones. I think there used to be more of this sort of scholarship, and indeed of latinity in general, than there is now; probably because Latin was more needed then as a medium of communication among the learned than it is now. Had I lived fifty years ago, I should have conversed with my learned friend, the head of Frankfort Gymnasium, in good Latin, instead of using indifferent French, or execrable German.

I was very glad to find you expressing yourself as you did respecting Mr. Grenfell. He has been more to you than ten tutors; for he has been an affectionate christian friend, acting towards you as I wish ever to act myself, with love and firmness. At Birmingham, on Monday last, I consulted Dr. Blakiston and Hodgson, and they have condemned me to a month of idleness. To-morrow morning, therefore, I am going alone into exile; but at this moment I am not quite sure what will be the place of my banishment; probably Blackpool, on account of its magnificent sea and sands; but alas! there is nothing else; I shall have a sea without ships, a country without trees, and a home without friends. When tired of such monotonous dulness, I shall either push up into the lakes, or fall back upon kind friends at Sowerby. You should have called on — and —, particularly after the accident which happened to the latter. When will you learn these little attentions, minor morals, Christianity (that is love) in trifles?

TO MRS. W. A. SHIRLEY.

Fleetwood, Oct. 6th, 1843.

After writing to you yesterday, I saw two young men going out to fish for eod. I went with them, accompanied by a number of "The Pictorial History of England." I read the history and held a line for my friends. I caught a flat

fish, and a large cod caught me, for he broke off two hooks at one pull. The history was A.D. 1710—11. What a period it was of intrigue and baseness; great events turning on the petty manœuvres of little people; the low-minded, stupid, vulgar, obstinate Queen, the contemptible Mrs. Masham, the proud, wilful, unprincipled Duchess of Marlborough, her able, but avaricious husband, the scheming Harley (Lord Oxford), the profligate St John (Lord Bolingbroke); and these men opposed to each other, all selfish, venal, and unpatriotic; corresponding privately with Lewis the Fourteenth and the Pretender; carrying on a disastrous war for which the glories of Ramillies, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, were no adequate compensation, for the sake of placing an Austrian instead of a French prince on the throne of Spain; and then the Tories concluding the peace of Utrecht when France was almost prostrate in the dust, on the condition of relinquishing the very point for which so much blood and treasure had been expended! A short and spirited moral history of wars, their origin, consequences, and issues, would surely be a useful sermon to the great congregation of the world. They would attend to it, and deem it very impressive, I doubt not, until the next time their passions were excited. War is the outbreak and the expression of national sin. I am half a quaker on that subject, and on oaths. There is an outbreak for you! as violent as the cod which stole my hook—a just punishment, for the hook was designed to steal him. I was much refreshed by my idleness on the quiet water, and by the warm row out and back. I felt better in the evening. On the whole, I do not feel disposed to move, for I am supremely quiet. There is plenty of sea here when the tide is up; and the sea is quite *capace* of making a pretty considerable stir in rough weather. At low water there is a vast extent of sandbanks, with a sort of marine river between them, by which vessels enter. I hope to arrange all my archidiaconal correspondence with the parishes, so that, after the meeting of the thirty-first, there will be no extraordinary public work. I do hope that it may please God to give me strength for my ordinary

work, and especially to give me a meek confiding submission to His will, with regard to those matters, especially in my parish, which often disturb my peace.

TO THE REV. J. HAMILTON GRAY.

Fleetwood, October 6th, 1843.

MY DEAR GRAY,

I have to thank you for two letters, which arrived just as I was leaving home; *relegatus*, as the Romans were wont to say, by the doctors, to some place of exile, where I might study to be quiet, and not to do my own business. I have selected a place certainly of profound repose, for this infantine port, which I remember ten years ago a rabbit-warren, is now almost deserted by their biped successors, for "the season" is over. I feel refreshed already, which is a main point, and hope that when the month of solitary banishment to which I have been condemned, has dragged its slow length along, even to the 28th instant, I may, by God's blessing, be enabled to resume what a half French cousin of mine called the *tourbillon* of my ordinary life.

I am sorry to hear of ——'s loss, and could not help thinking, as I read your account, what different forms the christian character assumes, modified as it is by the personal peculiarities of the very imperfect beings on whom, by God's grace, it is impressed. One only wonders that our heavenly Father should bear with us at all, and recognise as his children those who, at best, give so faint an exhibition of his likeness. But if he bear with even the best of us, we should learn to bear one another's infirmities, where there is, on the whole, evidence of the divine nature. And yet this charitable view need not prevent us from feeling, and even expressing, disapprobation of what we consider to be wrong in doctrine or practice. In this way we may have personal charity for many of the Oxford agitators, while we denounce and resist their errors. Your account of what you saw at Oxford was full of interest, instruction, and alarm. You are alarmed by what I confess I think the "*reductio ad terrificum*"

of your own opinions. The "high Anglicans" seem to me to have adopted an untenable position, on a sliding scale which will lead them to No. 89 at least, if not to Rome, unless they make a vigorous effort for self-deliverance. It seems to me that the first ten tracts contain all the *virus* that was developed in the last of the series, and, as I think, logically developed; but the "high Anglican" party did not, and do not, object to those early tracts. It is essentially the system of Rome, revived in one form by Laud and his followers; again, in a less spiritual form, by Sacheverell, and the men of that low and worldly age. John Wesley started with similar opinions, and when he discovered the unevangelical point to which they were leading him, he ran off into an opposite extreme. Oh! that men would draw their views on church matters, with more simplicity, from God's word written, and not propound as needful, even in matters of discipline, what is not written down there as essential to the constitution of a congregation of christian men. I would go further, and say, would that they were content to imitate the wise and comprehensive moderation of our own blessed communion, and measure the depth, rather than the height of their churchmanship, by bringing their views to the test of her articles and formularies. It is a painful thing to say, but I confess that I do soberly hope, that several of the leading tractarians would go off to Rome. We can do better without them than with them, and such an event might, by the grace of God, startle sympathizers; but still it would not change them; and the fact is, that a sublimate of Romanism is really more suited to our worldly, formal, and fashionable churchmen, than anything which such men as Cranmer, Ridley, &c., ever designed to offer them. I have gone off, you see, at a tangent, on this subject, which deeply interests me; but, though I see a solemn crisis at hand (not less than that which has come over the Scotch Church, and perhaps eventually of the same character) and have many fears, yet I am disposed on the whole to be of good cheer. I see that parties (in a good sense of the term) are very much broken up, both in Church and State, and I hope that in their recon-

struction, good and wise men, who have hitherto been separated, will be drawn together, each having lost some of their characteristic infirmities. I want to see churchmen meeting more on common ground; and those who are earnestly bent on winning souls to Christ, though they may differ as to the best mode of accomplishing their object, uniting for mutual support and for the discouragement of those nominal friends and servants of the Church who are exerting their slender might to pull it down with their hands.

I hope we shall have a good church gathering on the 31st at Derby, when the Diocesan Church Extension anniversary is to be held, for I think such meetings are very useful.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

*North Euston Hotel, Fleetwood,
Oct. 7th, 1843.*

I write according to promise, to inform you of my movements, but not in much hope of persuading you to emancipate yourself, and join me. Yet it certainly would be an act of special charity, for here I am in a large hotel, "the season" over, enjoying a solitude almost as unbroken as that of Robinson Crusoe before he found his man Friday. I wish to be idle, and accomplish my purpose tolerably during the day-time, but, at night, I am obliged to read and write in self-defence, and this tries my eyes, which have, of late, partaken of my general want of tone. I have two French cooks, who have little else to do, except performing mutton chops or beef steaks for my dinner; but having ascertained that the latter dish is either above or below their genius, I shall be obliged to confine myself to the former. I see a grey outline stretching E. N. E., which they tell me are the lake mountains, but it is, I fear, too dull to enjoy scenery; however, if you will come, we will go somewhere, or do something. Pray pity me, a poor solitary exile!

TO MRS. W. A. SHIRLEY.

Newby Bridge, October 9th, 1843.

I feel like a bird out of a cage, having emerged from that dull place, Fleetwood, into trees, and hills, and rivers, and beauty. I have stumbled upon a well-educated and gentlemanly man, who has joined me. I wish just to get a peep at the lakes, that I may be the better able to take you, and our dear ones, to ramble among them some day. In the mean time, I am thankful to say that I feel much better, and am persuaded that the cheering, distracting effect of this ramble will do more for me than anything.

Ambleside, Oct. 14th.—I have a painful collection of letters before me; for those from Fleetwood followed me yesterday, and made up, with those you sent me, fifteen; but I want to be out, for the day is blessed, sharp, and glorious. Yesterday the carriage spring failed, just after we had set out, therefore we were obliged to take to the lake, and had a most beautiful sail; but there were many squalls and much rain. We got under a boat-house and dined, and were glad that we were not on the top of the mountains.

TO THE SAME.

Keswick, Oct. 17th, 1843.

After writing that hurried note to you from Patterdale this morning, I set out, as soon as the weather seemed tolerable, for this place, with a guide who carried my baggage. We started at half-past eleven A.M. The road for about four miles lay along the borders of the lake, and was extremely interesting. I then turned a little out of the way to see a waterfall in Mr. Howard's park; the scenery was exquisitely beautiful: the park, as wild as Chartley, with red and fallow deer, and a precipitous river bounding through a ravine, and, as I advanced higher, falling in a very striking cascade. From this point the road went over moors and mountains, without a single house, or even tree, and the road was

blocked up with snow, which was always six inches deep, and in some places three feet. Happily, though the hills were covered with snow, neither snow nor rain fell until I got into the valley, about two miles from this place, when I encountered a driving and very heavy sleet shower, so that I arrived, at forty minutes past four P.M., wet through from above my knees, and cold, hungry, and tired. However, I believe that it has done me good. I sent immediately for my letters, and received your packet, with the sad news of our dear Bishop's death. He will be a great loss to me in many ways, and to the Church at large, for it will be long before we shall see a man in such a position, of such simple piety and truth-loving vigour of intellect. I do indeed feel with you, that such events are calculated to teach us the utter worthlessness of anything short of an interest in Christ. God grant that they may have the effect of detaching our affections from all earthly things.

TO THE REV. J. HAMILTON GRAY.

Sowerby, Oct. 25th, 1843.

I reached this place yesterday, and found a great collection of letters; and as I return home to-morrow, my days of leisure for long, chatty letters are over. I have had a most affecting and interesting account of our late dear Bishop. He underwent intense sufferings during the last seven days of his life, having previously appeared much better than he had been for a very long time. The seat of his acute pain was supposed to be the spine. In the midst of his sufferings he was constantly saying, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life; and, thanks be to the grace of Christ which I find sufficient for me, I can add, and I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."* The Archbishop of Canterbury has written a beautiful letter, in which he says, that "in him the Church has lost one of the ablest of her prelates."

* Psalm xxiii. 6.

With regard to his successor I have no pretence "*Diis propius accedere.*" But I remember hearing our late dear Bishop say, that the best man Sir Robert Peel had for the bench was Lonsdale of King's College; and such was the impression left on my mind by an evening I once spent with him.

TO A ROMAN CATHOLIC RELATION.

Shirley, Jan. 4th, 1844.

MY DEAR M.

We were glad to hear of your safe and pleasant journey, and of your happy meeting with those you love, and have often talked together of your interesting visit to us. It is always pleasant to have to do with people who think and feel, even when their thoughts and feelings do not on all points agree with our own—"c'est bon froter notre cervelle contre celle d'autrui." We should always be aiming at obtaining or communicating knowledge, especially on the highest of all subjects; and we seldom, if ever, attempt to teach without becoming learners ourselves. You are well aware that the object of my conversations with you never was to proselyte you from one form of religion to another, though well aware, that if you felt as I do, you would submit to any suffering in the defence of religious views which are opposed to those which you now profess. Yet this has not been my object; and I have rather aimed at what would, if received, make you a sounder member of the Church of Rome than you are at present, for you seem to me to be in a sadly unsettled state of mind respecting some of the fundamental principles of Christianity. I allude particularly to your opinions respecting the inspiration of the Bible, and the great doctrine of the Bible respecting justification. The inspiration of the Bible is so fundamental a point, that until your opinions are settled respecting it you never can have any fixed principles of faith. The question must in the first instance be decided, whether the Bible is to judge us,

and to be the sole, supreme standard of our opinions and actions, or whether we are to judge the Bible, accepting what we think right and reasonable, and rejecting what we do not like or cannot understand. The apostles either were, or were not, inspired by the Holy Ghost to unfold and explain Christian mysteries, carrying on the instruction which our Lord had given to the church while He was on earth, and which He told his disciples should be so carried on and completed by the Holy Spirit after his departure. If they were not so inspired, we may treat their writings with more or less of respect, but we must look elsewhere for authoritative teaching; but if their writings are the oracles of God, we must submit to their teaching with humility and faith. It is of course impossible, within the limits of a letter, to enter upon the wide subject of the inspiration of the apostolic writings; but thus much I may say, that the miracles wrought by the apostles attested their inspired commission to teach the universal church of Christ; and if they were not inspired also to write, their teaching was limited to their own day, and we have now no authoritative record of the Divine Will of mercy, as it was fully revealed to the church by the Spirit on and after the day of Pentecost. With regard to the doctrine of justification, which seemed so much to offend you, I would observe generally, that this is the most important matter contained in the Bible; which is the volume that answers the great question, "How should a man be just with God?"* man being sinful, and God being perfectly holy.

Jan. 25th.—I have been prevented from continuing this letter, first by weak eyes, and then by an attack of influenza. I feel that I cannot do justice to the large subject which ought to occupy the remainder of this sheet, and must therefore simply set down some texts of Scripture to which I wish you would refer.† The great object is the formation within

* Job ix. 2.

† Luke xviii. 10—14; John iii. 14—18, 36; John vi. 28, 29; John xi. 25, 26; Rom. iii. 21—28; Rom. iv. 3—6, 11, 13, 22,

our hearts, of a new mind—a new character—a state of mind at peace with God; and the Bible tells us that is to be accomplished by faith in the dying love of Christ; that Christ is the one sufficient sacrifice offered for us, and the only mediator between us and the Father. Would that I had more room and time. Write to me fully, and I will do my best to answer you, if I may write in English.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE REV. C. BRIDGES.

Shirley, Jan. 31st, 1844.

MY DEAR CHARLES,

I was longing to hear of you, and have for the last few days been thinking of writing to you simply from love, for I had not any particular subject; therefore was I right glad to see your handwriting, and a note to you shall be added to those which lie drying their backs upon the hearth-rug. We have all been ill, really very ill, and confined to our beds for several days with influenza; but are much better, only not quite strong. I have been often ill during the last year, and feel myself less vigorous than I was. I have been overworked and over-pressed in mind and body. My last illness of about a week was a blessed season of repose to me; such an illness, without pain to distract the mind, is a sort of sabbatical mercy, and as such I have welcomed it. God grant that its hallowing effect may remain on my heart. I caught cold attending our new Bishop at the consecration of a church at Derby. He referred in his sermon, in a most beautiful and affectionate manner, to dear Bishop Ryder, of whom the church was a memorial, though its consecration had been delayed by some informalities. The Bishop is

&c.; Rom. v. 1, 9, 16, and Rom. vi. 1, &c., contains the answer to objectors. Rom. ix. 30—32; Rom. x. 3, 4, 6—10; Rom. viii. 3, 4; 2 Cor. v. 19, 21; Gal. ii. 16; Gal. iii; Phil. iii. 4—9; Tit. iii. 4—7; 1 Pet. ii. 24; Is. liii. 5; Heb. ii. 4; Gal. v. 6.

most kind to me. He has declined patronizing the Bible Society, but in the kindest and most moderate manner. I am working Sir R. Peel's act very extensively, and hope to get ten new parochial districts in my Archdeaconry. On the general question, I think that this bill very much affects the practical bearing of the Church Pastoral Aid Society on the wants of the Church. Most of the places which the society now aids in Derbyshire will, I hope, eventually be supplied by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. What we want just now is, a fund to meet the grants of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and so secure the patronage; and I would add, to help parties to build churches the patronage of which is to be vested in trustees, because the Incorporated Society will not help them. Our Diocesan Church Extension Society does meet the latter case, by aiding the building of all churches without distinction of patronage; but we have had to fight several hard battles on the subject. The former case is, to my mind, the most important just now, and I confess that I should like to see the Church Pastoral Aid Society employ its funds, in some cases, in aid of building a parsonage house, or even an endowment. But I see difficulties, as some people, friends of the society, would be jealous of an application of the funds to create a private patronage. I dread the formation of a new society, but I feel the want of something. I think the plan proposed in Seeley's Magazine of setting up a general Church Society, in opposition to the Incorporated Society, is very full of danger; though I feel that the Incorporated Society is full of nonsense; yet we may take their money, and leave their nonsense where it is, for they do not oblige us to have it.

I am very glad to hear that you are going to preach a visitation sermon. May the Lord guide your pen; and also in the important chapter you think of adding to "The Christian ministry." Your tone, just now, must be very calm and moderate if you are to get a hearing. "Puseyism" has been, in a certain sense, put down; the opinion of the Church has been pronounced against those extreme and fanatical notions; but the enmity remains to the Truth as it is in Jesus, and I fully

expect a storm before long on the old baptismal question, and perhaps some others. Depend upon it, if it were not for the pressure of dissent and popery, we should be crushed to death. I will give you, in conclusion, a triad of ecclesiastical paradoxes.

1st. Our connection with the state is the safeguard of our doctrinal integrity.

2nd. The lay impropriations are the safeguard of our secular property.

3rd. Dissent is the safeguard of our evangelical liberty.

There is a letter for you; when will you write such an one, and so easy to be read withal? Our united love.

Yours, affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS NEPHEW.

The Palace, Chester, Feb. 14th, 1844.

MY DEAR W. H.,

I am very sorry that I did not meet you, but your note encourages me to hope that what I was so anxious to promote by conversing with you, has been by God's grace accomplished. It is a very small part of a really sound and comprehensive education, to furnish the mind with knowledge. The will must be subdued, the heart influenced, and habits for good created and confirmed. God grant that this may be the result of your residence at Rugby. Be assured that I love you with an affection and interest second only to that which I feel towards my own children, and that I long for you, as for them, not only that you may be successful in this life, but above all, that you may be made meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light.

I am grieved to say that the accounts of your dear father, this morning, are very unfavourable. It is a great mercy that he is at Shirley to be nursed, and we must pray to God for him, and hope the best.

TO HIS SON.

Barton, May 23rd, 1844.

I have been, and am so very busy, that I have not been able to write to you. I do not think so lightly of the "repetitions" as you seem inclined to do, and am persuaded that the power of learning by heart accurately, is a test of intellectual vigour; and that the practice is an excellent method of strengthening the mind, as it most unquestionably is of improving scholarship. I was reading lately a life of Porson, by Dr. Young, and his biographer says that his extraordinary scholarship was mainly the effect of a wonderful memory, which had been exercised at school by his having to learn by heart every lesson he construed. I hope you had the grace to write to your sister on her birthday, for it ought to be kept as well as the Queen's. I am in the midst of a tour of parochial visitations.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN the course of this summer the Archdeacon took his family to visit some relations near Cork, and whilst in that part of Ireland he was joined by them in a most pleasurable excursion to Killarney. This will account for the date of the following letter to his parents.

Dundanon Castle, July 13th, 1844.

I wish I had time to describe our delightful tour to Killarney, or to tell you all I think and feel about the political and religious state of Ireland. My heart is full of the subject, but I confess that I do not see my way through it. I have inquired a good deal into the temperance movement, which is really one of the most remarkable external changes ever wrought, in so short a time, on the habits of a people. It has reduced the duty on ardent spirits £360,000 per annum, and put at least four times that sum directly into the pockets of the peasantry, besides the indirect effect of making them better, and more regular workmen. It is changing the national character, and making them thoughtful and provident. There can be no doubt that O'Connell and his faction use it as they use everything else, to promote their own bad ends; but this was not its origin, and I believe that it will eventually lead the people to look for comfort in industry, rather than in agitation. The worst of the matter is, that there is not work for the population, which has been swelled by the improvident habits which drinking has induced, and people when unemployed and hungry are easily provoked; and truly there are topics enough for agitation to

fasten on, though it is not easy to find the remedy. I believe that few, comparatively, of the leading agitators, and not many even of the people, contemplate repeal as a practicable measure. The other day when ministers were in difficulty, the people had written on the wall, "Hurrah for *Rapale*, boys, Peel's out;" some one afterwards wrote underneath, "Aye, but Dan's in." They are a funny, warm-hearted, clever, foolish people, who amuse, and interest, and almost please me.

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, Aug. 12th, 1844.

I can quite fancy that your remarks on Dr. Arnold's monument are just. It is a sad pity that when people have money to expend they only consider how much ornament it will command, without reference to what is consistent with the object, the place, the person, and the parties on whose behalf the work is done. Protestants build churches suited only to popish ceremonials, Methodists erect pagan temples to the honour and glory of John Wesley and of themselves, and a body of English gentlemen set up such a memorial as you have described, to hand down to posterity the character of a man who christianized a great school, by the blessing of God on the exhibition, before the boys and the world, of the masculine simplicity of his hallowed intellect. Keep your eyes open, my dear boy, and everything you see will teach you; but you must aim at being a candid as well as a discriminating observer. When we try to do anything ourselves, we soon discover how much easier a task it is to criticise than to act.

We got home quite well on Saturday, about seven, P.M., and found all very comfortable, except that there were nearly thirty letters, which prevented me from writing to you on Monday and Tuesday. We found that a sad event had occurred, the overturn of the omnibus from Longford to Ashbourn, by which four persons besides the driver were very much hurt, and Mr. Morley, (of the brook,) had his thigh broken in three places, and died in four days afterwards. It has made a great sensation in the place, which I hope may be beneficial and lasting. The congrega-

tion at Shirley was almost as large as when the church was opened; and there appeared to be a very good feeling among the people. The school-room will soon be roofed in, and promises to look well. Osmaston church is roofed in, and they are putting the parapet on the top of the tower. It has a very massive and imposing effect.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Sept. 5th, 1844.

I was much pleased by your remarks on Dr. Arnold's monument and inscription. There is something dreadful in the idea of putting such a man as Arnold under such a prelatical canopy as you describe, and then putting the canopy and him over a pew. However, it is easier to criticise than to act, and perhaps you and I, with all our taste, might have done something as bad in its way.

Tell me how the water colours get on. I find that A. has described to you Keith's "*rococo*" clock,* which you will suppose to be, in its way, nearly as bad as Arnold's monument; but I assure you that I am quite reconciled to it, it is so very handsome; and though Bacchus is there triumphing over Time, the victim is so much larger, and nearer, and more eloquent than the conqueror, that the story will in the end be "*capta ferum victorem cepit.*" Certain sure it is, that Time will have most favourers here, for we consume hardly any wine, and pay all due respect to the moments as they pass. On Sunday I had three full services, besides two baptisms. Monday, a dozen letters, two confirmation classes, and visiting my people three or four hours. Tuesday, commissioners at Derby, eleven A.M.; then at half-past twelve by rail to Chesterfield to lay the foundation-stone of a school-room, (with a beautiful trowel presented to me,) addressed about 2,000 people in the open air, returned at ten P.M. to Shirley, having picked up Mr. Blisset. † Yesterday, laid the founda-

* A very handsome Louis Quatorze clock presented to Mr. Shirley by his late pupil, Mr. Stewart Mackenzie.

† Afterwards his valued curate at Osmaston.

tion-stone of a new church at Clifton, preached in a licensed room, and then addressed 1,500 people in the open air; this field preaching is hard work; then a confirmation class at Osmaston. To-day, loads of letters and two confirmation classes.

TO W. H. WADDINGTON, ESQ.

Shirley, Sept. 9th, 1844.

MY DEAR WILLIAM HENRY,

Your welcome letter was read out at the breakfast table this morning, and gave great pleasure to one uncle, two aunts, and two and a half cousins, for even little Anne seemed to partake of the general joy. Your success will, I am sure, gladden the hearts of your dear parents, and be a pledge and earnest to them of similar results of persevering exertion on a larger field. Why should not the first mathematician of his year at Rugby, be also the first of his year at Cambridge? You have had peculiar advantages above most other boys, in respect of mathematics, and ought to have gained the prize; but you deserve much credit for having made the most of your advantages.

I am glad you enjoyed your holidays so much and had the pleasure of seeing again so many of your former schoolfellows. What do you expect to be after a similar interval? Matured, I hope, in thoughtful views of life, enriched with much useful knowledge, and prepared to employ whatever talents God may have confided to you in His service from whom all good things come. I fear we have little chance of seeing you next holidays, for we have no fêtes, nor *bonbons*, nor opportunities of practising waltzes or polkas. However, we contrive to be very happy in a quiet way notwithstanding, and the worst of all that French gaiety is, that it is apt to make amusement necessary to happiness, than which, nothing can be well more injurious to the "life of God" in our souls, or to our real enjoyment of life on the whole.

Your affectionate uncle,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO SIR THOMAS DEANE.

Shirley, Sept. 9th, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The sight of your handwriting rejoiced us all, but it produced rather unpleasant sensations in my conscience, for I had been resolving to write to you the first day that the bag contained only a moderate number of letters on business; but one day has followed another so quick and so full, and all spare time been occupied with the preparation of my candidates for confirmation, that there never seemed to be time to sit down to write a quiet letter of love to Dundanion. If time had been as abundant as love, the letter would have gone, brim full, long since, for we often talk of our happy visit, and the dear friends we enjoyed there, and I have reason to be specially thankful for the beneficial repose, and peace, and fun, (for that is very wholesome in its way,) with which I was favoured there, and to which I owe it that I am now so strong in my Master's service. I hope that the result of your visit to Harrogate will be equally beneficial, though you will have worse water, little if any fun, (unless you can contrive to manufacture some for yourself, which is not impossible,) and you have left "your love" behind you. Can we not persuade you to come on here, and pick up a little of such poor love as we have to offer? We shall be at home until Sept. 23rd, when my Bishop comes and takes me with him on a confirmation tour which will last a fortnight. Then we shall be at liberty again, except that Oct. 14th to 16th I must be at Lichfield, and Oct. 22nd and 23rd at Matlock.

TO HENRY KINGSCOTE, ESQ.

Shirley, Oct. 18th, 1844.

SIR,

Sir George Grey has sent me a paper privately circulated by you in the form of an address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the revival in our church of an effective order of Deacons, and has requested me to write to you on

the subject. It is clear that, for all practical purposes, the order of Deacons no longer exists in our church, but when it is proposed to revive an institution which has fallen into desuetude, the question which at once suggests itself is, what were the causes which led to its discontinuance; were they valid, and have they been removed? Of the seven orders which had for many centuries existed in the Church, five were discontinued at our blessed Reformation, for reasons on which I need not now dwell, but which are, I think, sufficiently obvious. The order of Deacon was retained as being of scriptural authority, and the ordination service shows that the Deacons were originally intended only to read the Gospel, and to employ at least a year in assisting some presbyter, and in observing the manner in which ministerial functions were performed. It never was intended that a parish should be confided to a Deacon, or that they should, on any occasion, perform the whole service in a church. In fact, they were designed to be very much what our scripture readers now are. Yet in a very short time nearly every distinction between the two orders was obliterated, because it was found practically inconvenient to maintain a merely formal distinction between the two orders, and because cases were continually arising in which the difficulty of obtaining clergymen in full orders, almost compelled men to employ Deacons. There is every reason to expect that the result would be the same in our times. If you ordain men as Deacons, of a class and attainments which preclude any immediate prospect of their being candidates for higher orders, you introduce into the Church a class of men who would, I fear, degrade the ministry; not only in an intellectual, but even in a moral point of view. If you require of the candidates for orders a longer or a stricter period of probation as Deacons, you increase the expense of a clerical education, and defeat your own object.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that it is better to have our scripture readers nominated by the clergy, and licensed by the Bishop, than to have them ordained. That is the only way to keep them laymen, and to employ, with

good effect, a body of pious and humble men in co-operation with the clergy. Our experience goes on to shew, that an inferior order will either aim at becoming equal to the one above it, or will itself be degraded, and lower the estimation and influence of the whole body.

I am, your faithful servant,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Nov. 7th, 1844.

SIR,

Sir George Grey has sent to me, a month ago, a paper privately circulated in the form of a lay address to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the revival in our Church of an effective order of Deacons, and on the general appointment, under ecclesiastical authority, of scripture readers and catechists, and requested me to write to you on the subject. I wrote a letter to you at the time, but did not venture to send it, being too much engaged to give sufficient attention to such important matters. On referring to what I then wrote, I find myself still generally in the same way of thinking; namely, more disposed towards the latter than the former part of your plan. The order of Deacons having practically become obsolete among us, the presumption is against its revival. Therefore those who seek its revival should show that there is no longer the same tendency in the two orders to melt into one, nor the same objection to maintaining a distinct and subordinate class of clergymen in the Church of England.

Of the seven orders which had for many centuries existed in the Church, two only, Priests and Deacons, were continued at our blessed Reformation; experience having, I presume, shown that the Church was compromised rather than otherwise by the numerous persons who wore her livery under the title of sub-deacons, lectors, acolytes, exorcists, and door-keepers. I confess my fear to be, that if men of an inferior grade and inferior education were ordained, they would not mix well with the other clergy, and

would rather compromise the body. If they were all holy, consistent, humble men, no evil would arise, but much good. We can only, however, legislate for men as we find them.

Then I think that if these permanent Deacons, or Subdeacons, for they must, in some way, be distinguished, worked well, they would soon desire and deserve a higher degree, and that without positive merit, if there were no gross and tangible demerit, it would be practically impossible to keep them in a subordinate position. I do not think, then, that two classes of clergy would work well. You must have one qualification, one examination for them all, as a general rule. You might doubtless say that you would require a degree for Priest's orders, and some inferior testimonial for Deacons; but exceptions in favour of deserving or aspiring Deacons would soon become so numerous, that we should be brought back to our present state.¶

You might also say that a Deacon should not have the sole charge of a parish, and there would be a grave reason for such a regulation; but then the only door into the Church would be assistant curacies, and that would evidently be too narrow, unless such curates were to work a year for nothing in some of our large and ill-endowed parishes; but this would practically increase the expense of a clerical education, and diminish the number of candidates for orders.

2. I do not see the same objections to scripture readers and catechists, for they would still be laymen; they might at any time lay down their office, or be deprived if needful. I think they should be licensed, after examination, and a solemn appointment before the congregation, and their duties very distinctly laid down. Certainly, whatever is done should be done generally, and not by one or two particular Bishops, and therefore I think your address to the Archbishop an excellent move, and wish it all possible success. What we want is to have larger notions of the Church of Christ, specially as embracing the laity in active co-operation, otherwise we shall be an army of officers. The great difficulty is, that our legislative functions are paralysed, and that our executive has to be administered under canons, rubrics, &c.,

which have stood still while everything around them has been in constant motion. How could the state be administered if our statute book had been closed in the seventeenth century?

It is, however, cheering to see the Spirit of God moving upon the minds of his servants, and teaching them what the times and circumstances of the country and of the world require. May the Lord bless and prosper you in this and every work which has in view His glory, by the extension of His kingdom.

Believe me, dear Sir,
Your faithful servant,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Winster, Oct. 24th, 1844.

MY DEAR LORD,

I have just been attending a half-yearly clerical meeting at Matlock, where thirty-four clergymen were present, and I wish your lordship could have heard the answers which were given to a question put by me, after tea on Tuesday, as to the results of the last confirmations, especially in reference to the numbers which afterwards partook of the Lord's supper. The answers generally were most encouraging, instructive, and I may add, affecting. The report from — was, that a very deep impression had been made, not only on the candidates, but on the congregation generally, and that the communicants, which had been eighty before the confirmation, were a hundred and ninety-nine on the Sunday afterwards, with the prospect of more young persons coming forward another month. Mr. M., of Christ church, reported to the same effect, and that out of sixty-nine candidates, he had fifty-four at the Lord's table. Mr. H., of —, had thirty out of one hundred-and-three. Mr. N. reported, that at H., one third of the candidates were middle-aged people, who had been awakened to a sense of their neglect of church ordinances, and that there were three or four Roman Catholics among the number. Half his population are Romanists,

I grieve to say. At A., thirty-three of those who had been confirmed communicated, and Mr. H. mentioned the very interesting fact that in many instances the parents had been led to come with their children to the table for the first time. I might mention many other cases, but these were the most striking. I felt that my own parish was sadly behind the rest, owing perhaps to my own absence; but I hope yet to reap some visible fruit. We have indeed reason to bless God for what he has done for us, and to take courage for the future.

You will, I am sure, be interested in learning, that the numbers for approving of the Chancellor's nomination were 882, non placet, 183. This majority, large as it is, hardly represents the feeling of the University on the subject, for the minority have made the greatest exertions to bring up every man they could muster, and an attacking body has great advantages in such a case. I hope this move, which has, I think, been either a mistaken or a desperate one, will do good, by showing what these men are aiming at, and who and how few they are, and by drawing moderate men closer together. The subject most talked of now, is what notice ought to be taken of Mr. Ward's book. If no notice be taken of it, our articles are a dead letter.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours very faithfully,

W. AUG. SHIRLEY.

The following letter was written in explanation of a speech which Mr. Shirley had delivered at a meeting of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and which being inaccurately reported, had led to the idea, that he gave his unqualified approval to that Society, at a time, when in common with many of its friends, he was well known to be dissatisfied with the Tractarian influences which marked some of its operations in India.

TO THE REV. CHARLES BRIDGES.

Shirley, Oct. 28th, 1844.

I am not surprised that you should have been startled by the notice to which you refer of my Society for the Propagation of the Gospel proceedings, and I owe an explanation to your truth and love.

It is substantially true, that, accompanying my Bishop in his confirmation tour, I attended with him four meetings of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and that I expressed myself as so satisfied of the duty of supporting the Society in its work for our Colonies, which is left undone by the State; and so satisfied, moreover, that though they do not do all that I could wish in the selection of Missionaries, they do what they can, under their circumstances, to send out the best men they can get, that we ought not to allow the funds to decline as they had done during the last year. I have subscribed one pound for several years, without taking much interest in the Society, or knowing much about its affairs. Last year I presided at the anniversary meeting at Derby where eight persons were present besides myself, and I really felt that we were bound, either to leave the Society, or do something more for its support. I was not prepared to do the former, and have from the first refused to have anything to do with the Colonial Church Society, because it tended to such manifest division, and I think we ought to endeavour to evangelize the Church of England, rather than to form a separate evangelical party within it, though well aware that the latter result must often take place. With these feelings, and also being anxious to co-operate, as far as possible, with my Bishop, who acts towards me with the greatest kindness and confidence, I was prepared to see all the good that I could in the Society. The report proved the paramount necessity of the case, and the dependence of whole colonies, in part or in whole, on the Society. It proved also that God had blessed the labours of the missionaries sent out, in a very remarkable degree—in illustration of which I might refer

you to a document from Madras, which appeared in the Record of October 21st, and which was produced at one of the meetings. The testimony of the Bishop of Calcutta was also satisfactory evidence to my mind, after making every allowance for his position, that many sad misrepresentations have been circulated respecting the missionaries, and that the Society is an instrument of extensive good. I felt that it was not right therefore to give only one pound, while I subscribe five pounds to the Church Missionary Society, and three pounds to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and therefore determined to subscribe two pounds for the future, in the hope of shaming some persons who talk much about the Church and the Society, into doing more for both. I support church extension on broad principles, though well aware that some of the churches will fall into bad hands; and on the same principles, I am prepared to support the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, though reserving my special exertions for causes in which I have more unqualified confidence, and praying that it may please God to diffuse the full light of his glorious gospel, where it is at present somewhat obscured. I hope this explanation will satisfy your mind, though I regret that the qualifying expressions which I used at the meetings were not reported, and that I did not express myself more distinctly on that point. I have no hesitation in expressing my alarms, and will take care that nobody shall misunderstand me another time; only my conclusion certainly is that we ought to support the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and to draw closer to good men of moderate sentiments, who may not, on all points, agree with us. I wish I could talk to you about my visit to Oxford, and of church matters generally. The sky is to my mind very cloudy.

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, Oct. 29th, 1844.

I am glad that you enjoyed your holiday, and that the

weather was propitious. I have been at Rothwell, and thought it a very interesting place, especially the church, which is a remarkably good illustration of the whole history of the pointed style of architecture. The font also is so curious, that I had half a mind to have a model made of it, but found it would cost me more than it was right to spend on such a toy. Then what a curious place that crypt is, with its mysterious collection of bones! They were discovered in the church 200 years ago, and no one can tell how long they may have been there before. We have no record, that I am aware of, of any battle in that neighbourhood sufficiently important to account for so vast a number of skulls, many of which exhibit marks of wounds. Perhaps a monastery had been founded on the site of an ancient battle-field, where pagans and Christians had fought, and when the present church was built on the same site, the bones which were discovered were thus arranged in the crypt; but who can tell? "*ignotis perierunt mortibus illi.*" It is however a very solemn spectacle. The unfinished market-house has also its share of mystery. It was built thus far by Sir Thomas Tresham. Not so early I think as 1507, for the style of architecture even would lead us to a later date than that; and I think that Sir T. Tresham lived late in Elizabeth's reign. I believe that the figures would be 157--, and that Sir T. Tresham was a Roman Catholic gentleman of fortune, who was implicated in one of the many plots which were formed by that party, just about that time, to liberate Mary Queen of Scots, and if possible to subvert the Protestant dynasty. I wish you would refer to your biographical work, and to your numerous historical works, for some notice about Sir Thomas, and send me the result. It would be interesting if you could discover that, within those ten years, he was arrested, or fined, or obliged to leave the country.

I send two pounds for you and W. H. to subscribe to the window, though it is entirely against my notions of common sense, to "make that darker which was dark enough before." I presume that there will soon be another subscription to light the chapel, even in the morning service. Ask W. H.

to read to you what I wrote to him about the devotional habits of the boys. Remember that it was Dr. Arnold's high enterprise to christianize Rugby, and through it our large schools in general. That was an object worth living and dying for ; but you must be aware that it is one towards the accomplishment of which you are in a position to make some not inconsiderable contribution. Bear that in mind, for it is a talent of which you must give an account. Everybody one meets, talks of Dr. Arnold's life, which is really a national blessing, as he was himself while he was with us.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Shirley, Dec. 30th, 1844.

MY DEAR LORD,

* * * * *

I have no confidence in ——'s professions, but his whole demeanour is at least more civilized than it used to be, and it will do him good to feel that he is under your Lordship's eye, though after all, external decency will not go far towards making a faithful minister of Christ. May He who alone has the power do the rest for him, and for all of us. Indeed, I feel in my subordinate position, what you express, with regard to what the Bishop of Calcutta calls that "awful office," what pressing need we have of "daily bread," to sustain us in our work. Be assured, my dear Lord, that I feel the greatest pleasure in serving under you, as a son with a father, and desire grace with all simplicity to devote my life to the service of our common Lord and Master.

I am glad your Lordship has seen Mr. H. Smith's book on baptismal regeneration. He is a very good and useful man. I have [not yet read his book. The subject is one of great difficulty, which has been continually rising up in the church, like that of predestination, &c., and I believe the less that is said or written about them the better, because they turn upon the movements of God's Spirit, which "bloweth where it listeth,"* and on the existence of faith and repent-

* John iii. 8.

ance, of which we can only judge by the fruits. However, I must not get into a dissertation on these matters.

With regard to the Society* to which your Lordship so kindly alludes, I would say that it not only grieves me when I find my opinion at variance with yours, but that it leads me seriously to question the soundness of my views. My original idea in joining this institution was, that it was designed to supply a defect of the Incorporated Society, which excludes churches built under the act of William the Fourth. I have long felt the great injustice of the systematic opposition to the working of that Act of Parliament, by the Church Building Societies, and when an attempt was made on the part of the Coventry clergymen to introduce a similar principle into our own Church Extension Society, I had made up my mind to withdraw my subscription, in case of their success. I believe that it is very advantageous to the Church generally, to interest various individuals in its patronage, and that the peculiar wants of many places have been best consulted by vesting the patronage in trustees. Therefore I regard this Society as a defensive measure, and one that supplies a serious defect in other societies having the same object in view. At the same time, I should much prefer their simply aiding churches built under the Patronage Act, to their creating a fresh trust patronage of their own. I act more freely, and with more comfort, in a Society conducted as our own Church Extension Society is, and it is only when I perceive a tendency to special exclusion, that I am disposed to step in, and do what I can to supply the defect.

I am very much disposed to move in what might appear a different, if not an opposite direction, by resisting the new test proposed to the Oxford Convocation, which I think a very questionable measure. I should be glad to know what your Lordship thinks of this matter.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

With much regard,

Yours very faithfully,

W. AUG. SHIRLEY.

* The Church Extension Fund.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Jan. 6th, 1845.

You seem to have pleased the petitioners at — better than I did, for, knowing the use that might be made of my letter, I told them that it was a very delicate matter for me to interfere with the right of private patronage; and they have sent me in reply somewhat of a lecture for my want of zeal in their cause. They must think so for the present; but, in truth, I do feel most deeply the incalculable importance to that large and disorganized population, tainted as it is with false doctrine, heresy, and schism, of the present crisis. It is a case like this that makes men wish for a trust patronage. Had that new church been placed in such patronage, a man of efficiency and zeal would in all probability have been placed there, instead of its being made a matter of family convenience. I can, without the shadow of flattery, say, that were such cases in hands like those of your Lordship, I could with entire confidence leave them there; and I hope I may say for myself, that on the subject of our late correspondence, I am not influenced by any party-feeling, and that no one more sincerely detests party-spirit than I do, or is less disposed to be microscopic as to men's opinions and ecclesiastical practices; but I do see that some men are "scatterers abroad rather than gatherers together," and though perfectly honest and assiduous in their efforts to do good, they do not succeed, because either their views of christian doctrine are unsound, or their ideas of christian practice are formed on a too worldly standard. But I will not enlarge on this subject; and conclude by thanking your Lordship most heartily for the kind, I might say the tender manner in which you write to me.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Jan. 10th, 1845.

MY DEAR LORD,

It appears that the "prayers" complained of are only on

the first day of the new year, and one can understand that Mr. — might find it useful to meet his people at that time for more personal intercourse, than the ordinary prayers of the Church admit; but perhaps it would have been better not to have given a public character to such a meeting by the notice from the desk. With regard, again, to the meeting of communicants, I must say that he seems to me to be acting up to the spirit of the rubric, which requires previous notice from every communicant; and I have invited my communicants to meet me before every administration, and have found that the practice tends to their edification and to my own, and also to unite them to me and the Church. The Church of Rome has its confessional, and the Methodists have their class-meetings, and we need something, if it can be had, which will give us the good of those practices without their evils. The extempore prayer before the sermon is doubtless inexpedient, but, as your Lordship observes, there is no absolute rule. Mr. H., of C., prays with the idea and topics of the "bidding prayer" before his mind, and thinks this the nearest approach to the rubric. For my own part, after the full service we have enjoyed, I do not like anything beyond a short collect, for myself and the people. I suppose Mr. — and his curate *never* bow, because some people are continually bowing, and his practice will probably increase the number of frequent bowers in his congregation. Thus we go on, pendulum-fashion, one extreme producing another.

I am sorry to say that Mr. Wright, having ordered such very thick oak timber for the seats of Osmaston Church, the builder has none seasoned, and says that he cannot be ready before May. May God bless you, my dear lord, and carry you through this year with peace and comfort to yourself and much usefulness to the church of Christ.

TO THE SAME.

Jan. 24th, 1845.

I am very sorry you feel so much still about that Church Extension Society; but really, in the present state of the Church, one cannot wonder that, in some dioceses, people should wish to see the patronage of some of the new churches in other hands than those of the bishops, and I must say that I am glad to see many persons interested in the patronage, though I am quite aware of the evils to which the system is liable.

We have got rid of the new statute, but now it is proposed to have a formal condemnation of No. 90. What is your Lordship's opinion of that? I have declined signing the address to the Vice-Chancellor on this last subject, because I think we have quite as much on our hands already as we can do well, and that condemning "The Ideal" is a practical condemnation of No. 90 and its principles. Mr. Ward, personally, is doubtless a small matter, but it seems to me important to denounce this *non-natural* subscription.

TO THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD.

Shirley, Jan. 1st, 1845.

MY DEAR VICE-CHANCELLOR,

I feel very uneasy about the new statute which is to be submitted to Convocation on the 13th Feb., and shall be much obliged if you can resolve my doubts, for, as at present advised, I could not vote with you, and should be very sorry, especially under existing circumstances, to vote against you. With regard to the condemnation of Ward and his "Ideal" &c., there can hardly be two opinions among faithful sons of the Church of England, but the case is very different with regard to this new test, and I am sadly afraid that the moral influence of passing the former measure will be seriously damaged by the rejection of the latter. That the latter will

be rejected is, from all I can hear, in a high degree probable, though on this point, as on all others connected with the subject, you must be better informed than myself. My feeling however is, that even if you succeed in passing this new statute, you will have taken a step full of peril for the future,—for,

1st. Every additional test, or additional stringency given to old tests, has a tendency to diminish the moral weight of those tests, and to endanger their existence.

2. It seems to me inexpedient, to say the least, to impose a test in the University which is not recognised by the Church—and further, in one University, which will probably not be received by the others, and may thus make them the receptacles of persons of unsound opinions.

3. The imposition of this new test will secure public sympathy to those who refuse it, but are willing to subscribe the thirty-nine Articles, whereas now the common sense and honesty of England is pronouncing itself loudly against these theological special pleaders.

4. This new test may hereafter be used as an instrument of persecution against individuals holding opinions the very opposite of those against which it is now directed; for it is a net with very narrow meshes, and will entangle all those who, differing from the sense of the framers of the Articles, and also from the present sense of the University, (for instance, an Arminian when the University was Calvinistic,) yet think that a test should be construed in the most comprehensive sense, so as not to exclude Arminians.

5. I think also it might make some of those whom we should be sorry to lose, throw themselves into Newmanism, if not into Popery, because they could not subscribe this test, or were unwilling to submit to it as unconstitutional and oppressive.

6. It might further encourage a very mischievous system of espionage.

All these objections have, I dare say, occurred to you, but I should be glad to have my doubts removed, if possible, because I apprehend very serious permanent evil from the

proposed measure. Pray excuse my troubling you so fully on this subject, and

Believe me, with great regard,
 My dear Vice-Chancellor,
 Yours very faithfully,
 W. AUG. SHIRLEY.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Jan. 11th, 1845.

I am much obliged by the full letter you have taken the trouble of writing to me, and wish I could say in reply, that you have convinced me of the propriety of the proposed measure. I should only waste your time if I were to discuss the subject, but I feel strongly that the conduct pursued with such entire success in the case of Arian subscription, ought to be followed in the present instance. Do not by your own act acknowledge the soundness of the Tractarian theory of subscription, but maintain boldly that it is false in law, and dishonest in principle. If it is found impossible to keep Romanists out of the Church with our existing form of subscription, it will be then time to consider the necessity for adopting a more stringent one, and therefore I very earnestly desire to see the new statute postponed, until the case of Ward, and of those who think with him, has been fairly and fully tried under the existing safeguards for the orthodoxy of the University and of the Church.

TO THE REV. G. SHERER.

Shirley, Jan. 16th, 1845.

MY DEAR SHERER,

I wish you had not asked my opinion about the measures to be proposed in Convocation on the 13th of February, because my feelings are all one way, but my judgment draws me another. As however you have put the question, I must answer it as well as I can.

The measure is threefold.

1. To condemn certain propositions extracted from Mr. Ward's Ideal.

2. To degrade him, in consequence of the publication of sentiments at variance with the Thirty-nine Articles, to which he had subscribed.

3. To render the test of subscription, in the case of persons charged with holding heterodox opinions, more stringent, by requiring them to declare that they subscribe the articles in the sense in which they believe that they were originally published, and are now proposed to them.

1. On the first point I only wait for Mr. Ward's pamphlet, which he tells us he is actively employed in preparing; for unless he can show that the propositions proposed to be condemned are not fairly extracted from his book, I have no hesitation in voting for their condemnation.

2. Therefore, if satisfied as above, I am prepared to vote for his degradation; for he holds opinions at variance with the plain sense of the Articles, without subscription to which he could not have taken his degrees. The only reason given against this vote is, that other persons equally guilty are not punished, which would be a reason against hanging convicted felons, because many other persons still at large deserved the same fate, which may be profoundly true.

3. On this head I am not satisfied. The proposed measure is a ready method of meeting the immediate case, but is it safe, expedient, or constitutional? I think not; for it may be brought forward as a precedent, or even used as an instrument for oppressive measures against persons holding very different opinions from those which we now desire to condemn. I doubt whether it would be even sufficient in the case of such protean logicians as the No. 90 people, for they might argue that it was the design of the Church to exhibit articles with "catholic" opinions.

Further, I deem it very dangerous, and even unconstitutional, to have a form of subscription in one University which is not adopted by the other Universities, and probably will not be, and, above all, which is not sanctioned by the Church.

I think also that the measure is a practical acknowledgment that the theory of subscription propounded in No. 90, and adopted by Messrs. Ward and Co., is sound; for if not, why may we not treat their special pleading as a judge or jury would treat any similar attempt to torture a statute from its plain meaning? If a man holds that treason against the state is consistent with his oath of allegiance, we do not alter the oath, nor do we compel him to sign again with an explanatory declaration, but we send him either to Newgate or Bedlam as the case may be.

Ever yours,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO SIR THOMAS DEANE.

Shirley, Feb. 20th, 1845.

I have been constantly not only intending, but even longing, to write to you; but, as you say, you are not a curate, nor even a churchwarden, in my Archdeaconry, and those who are one or the other come upon me, day by day, with such pressing claims for time, that my friends are neglected, my books unopened, my play left unplayed, and my own proper, personal, and even parochial duties, are squeezed into the compass of an Irish cabin. Many thanks for your kind and interesting letter, and for the newspaper, with such a curious tragi-comic picture of life in Ireland, where life is, for the most part, a tragi-comedy. You are a queer people, that you are; but I suppose that after having tried a long time to make you like ourselves, by fair means and foul ones, by bayonets and Bibles, concession and oppression, intimidation and conciliation, we shall be obliged, after all, to take you in your own way, and have good and respectable colleges to teach Aristotle and Father Duns, good logic and bad divinity, just because you will not have one without the other.

I am not sure, however, that, after all, you may not retort upon me and say, that we are not doing much better

at Oxford, where I was last week, and certainly heard bad divinity enough, but very little good logic; unless that be deemed the best logic which enables a man to put the best face on a bad cause, and prove that the Thirty-nine Articles are consistent with the whole cycle of Roman Catholic doctrines. Some people maintain, and with much show of reason, that this is the real test of good logic, because when one has a good and plain cause there is no need of logic, for any plain, thick-headed fellow can tell that white is white, but to prove it to be black requires such a genius as Aristotle, or Daniel O'Connell, or Mr. Ward. The most striking part of the said Mr. Ward's exhibition was his quiet assurance, and the easy coolness with which he promulgated the most astounding opinions, and all this in contrast with the earnest, self-possessed dignity of the members of Convocation. During his address, of an hour and half, a few of his own excited partizans cheered twice, which he very properly restrained, but with this exception, there was not the slightest expression of feeling until the question was proposed. The papers say, that the undergraduates cheered Mr. Ward and hissed the Vice-Chancellor. Now this is an instance of our bad logic, for in this proposition the middle term is not properly stated, and should be a particular instead of an universal affirmative; for it is true that some forty or even, perhaps, fifty indoctrinated youngsters did show their sympathy with Mr. Ward and their contempt for constituted authorities, in that manner. It is important also to observe, that of those who voted for Mr. Ward, many repudiate his opinions, and some hold them in the most extreme abhorrence, but think the mode of proceeding oppressive. And it must be allowed that a majority of the resident members of Convocation, the college tutors, &c., are Tractarians, and that a large number of our young men have imbibed these opinions. But the tide has decidedly turned, and public opinion is every day pronouncing itself against them with increasing distinctness. I feel that a very critical time is at hand for our beloved Church, and that the great question

is, what shall we settle into after this commotion? Shall we go to pieces like the Portland vase, and let Papists and Socinians pick up the fragments, and make what they can of them? or shall we come out of the furnace purified seven times, from our dross? None but the Refiner can tell. Let us plead with Him day by day, and watch thereunto, each at his post and in his own manner.

I am to preach before the University on Whitsunday, which is a very important office just now, and a very arduous one. I have also to prepare an address to our Lichfield Architectural Society, having stipulated for entire freedom of speech, because half the truth is not true.

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, March 3rd, 1845.

I received the Rugby Miscellany this morning, and have read almost every article. I like much the general tone of the work; and it is delightful to observe how it is pervaded by the spirit of Arnold, especially by his sense of duty and responsibility. No. 4, "Principles of Christian Art," I do not like. It is nonsense to talk of the horizontal line, implying that man's views are bound to the earth; and the vertical line, implying and teaching the contrary. The "Earliest Basilicas" were of Roman architecture, and for the most part, had been secular court-houses, and certainly there was nothing vertical in them; nor was there, as you know, any such thing as pointed architecture, or the "starry-pointing," steeple until the twelfth century. That is *twaddle*, therefore. Nor is it true that we have lost the principles of architecture generally, since the sixteenth century. The revival of letters (not the blessed Reformation) threw all gothic architecture into disrepute; and you are aware that it had passed its culminating point before the Reformation began; and that, however rich the perpendicular style may be, it is a de-

parture from the gothic type. You are aware, also, that the same changes have taken place in other countries as well as our own; that there is the same depravation of gothic architecture where the Reformation has had no perceptible influence; that in Ireland, even the papists, until lately, have built pagan mass-houses after the most approved form of our conventicles; and that, so far from England being the only country which has not struck out for itself a distinctive national style of architecture, two styles, very beautiful in themselves, are peculiarly English; namely, the perpendicular gothic, and that combination of Gothic and Roman, which we call Elizabethan. We did not build churches immediately after the Reformation, because they were not wanted; and, when they were wanted, we built after the fashion of the day, not in England only, but throughout Europe; forgetting that there may be many forms of beauty, but that harmony and congruity are always its essential constituents.

It is clear that you must leave the romance of school associations to Wykehamites. Your feeling must be one of grateful responsibility, that you belong to a school on which Arnold has impressed the character of his own earnest, masculine, and christian mind.

Poor dear Mr. Grenfell is in a most blessed state of mind; we shall all feel his loss deeply. I have known him for thirty years nearly; and he has been a true christian friend to you and W. H. You must learn, dear boy, to walk alone, or rather to lean more on God.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, March 6th, 1845.

I suppose that the Miscellany will have to yield to the graver matter of the prizes, or I would remind you that Brixworth has very much the air of a rude country basilica. Showing that the different styles were not abstract inventions, but that

circumstances impressed them on minds capable of receiving the impressions, and of giving them expression. With regard to the prize subjects, the English verse (Marie Antoinette) is a fine and pathetic subject. If you have read any of Carlyle, you would feel how it ought to be treated. Theresa's daughter, full of beauty, grace, and dignity of mind, and bearing; radiant with joy and golden expectations, sharing the throne of France, with all its chivalrous associations, just at the moment when that gilded bauble, chivalry, (better than nothing in a rough age, and better than the coarse egotism by which it was supplanted,) was just bursting. Then, of course, there is the dark future, not too much dwelt on, but just lightly touched, as a hazy distance.

English Essay—"What is civilization?" A Frenchman says, it means having the best possible *cuisine*; and perhaps to an Englishman, this is an important ingredient; but what will a Christian philosopher answer? There is a Chinese, and a Hindoo civilization; considerable refinement, great courtesy. Is this what you want? Is it a luxurious aristocracy, or is it comfort, civility, education (1st Corinthians 13, and the Epistle to Philemon) pervading the masses of men? I take it that Horace, Mæcenas, Cicero, Virgil, Cæsar, Augustus, &c., were fine gentlemen in their way, and that their civilization was much like our own. Then see how elegant were the houses and villas of those epicurean inhabitants of Magna-Græcia, e. g., at Pompeii, Herculaneum, Neapolis, Pæstum, Baiæ. Their literature indicates a high degree of mental culture. Those Greeks, too, what clever people they were! Plato, Pericles, Xenophon, Alcibiades, must have been gentlemen; but I think that the style of the Platonic dialogues betrays a want of what we deem thorough civilization, even in Socrates. What respect there was, too, for female honour! What high-minded and noble principles! Then what was wanting? one always feels that something was wanting. What was it? Was it Christianity? Were the Romans of the later and Christian empire more civilized than their pagan

predecessors? Are the modern Italians more civilized than the Romans? Are we more civilized than they? The French than we? Work away, my dear boy; and may God prosper and bless you. I know that the desire to please me will always be an additional motive for exertion, but I never wish it to be a primary one.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, March 29th, 1845.

We returned from Lichfield yesterday evening, and found your note, with twenty-two others, so that I have not much time to write to you. We have had a very busy time at Lichfield, with the Bishop, Dean, and three Archdeacons, hard at work to settle Church matters. My architectural address was well received; and we had a very instructive one from our new secretary, Mr. Petit, a clergyman who devotes almost his whole time to ecclesiastical drawing; his chronological series of about fifty churches, drawn with a pen on folio paper, were pronounced to be admirable, even by Mr. Cheney, who was staying with us at the Deanery. I have no direct evidence of the south aisle having been extended to receive the Lady altar; but there are so many cases in which only a south aisle has been extended, and in those cases it always has her altar, that I think there is a strong presumption in favour of this idea; especially as there is distinct evidence of the Lady Chapel having been projected from the cathedrals, and that about the time the south aisles were widened.

TO T. J. BOURNE, ESQ.

Shirley, May 17th, 1845.

It has been quite out of my power to write to you, up to the present moment, to tell you how much we have all felt for you in your great loss. I saw enough of your dear wife to feel that she must be a severe loss to you and yours; for her gentle and christian spirit must have been a constant source of comfort, and peace, and edification; an epistle to

be read by you all, written on her heart by the Spirit of God.* She and her babe are gone to rest with Him, the impress of whose character she bore on earth; and for them we could wish nothing better, and may confidently say, "He hath done all things well;"† and so doubtless He has by you and her surviving relatives, as you and they will know one day. But these lessons are hard to learn, and are never fully learnt here below; and therefore, even when we have abundant hope, we cannot but sorrow; and I always feel backward to present to a friend topics of consolation which I am sure are present to his own mind, at least as far as conviction of their truth is concerned, but which it must be so very difficult to realize fully in practice. Patience must have its perfect work, and it will work experience of the Lord's ways of mercy and love and wisdom, and hence will be derived a hope that will not make ashamed any one who rests his security on so firm an "anchor of the soul,"‡ as his confidence, founded in experience, that He doeth all things well. May He teach you this blessed lesson, and so His "loving correction will make you great." Mrs. Shirley joins with me in kind regards, and the assurance of our christian sympathy.

TO MISS HORNE.

Shirley, Aug. 1st, 1845.

We returned last night from rather more than a fortnight's absence, at Edale, near Castleton. I have done business enough in visiting churches, and more than enough in writing letters, to satisfy my conscience; but my spare time has been devoted to the wildest rambles with my two children and with Mrs. Shirley, when they were not too wild for her, among moors and bogs on the top of Kinder-Scout, the Peak of Derbyshire. I believe that none of my predecessors have more diligently visited that part of the Archdeaconry. We have all, I trust, laid in health and strength enough for

* 2 Cor. iii. 2, 3

† Mark vii. 37.

‡ Heb., vi. 19.

future service. May we be enabled to devote all to our only Lord and Master.

TO HER MAJESTY'S RESIDENT, CEPHALONIA.

Shirley, Aug. 18th, 1845.

I wish I could talk with you, for it is very unsatisfactory to write a short and hurried letter about the numerous topics of interest which continually present themselves to us in these eventful times. It would give us great pleasure to see you in England; and to tell you the truth, it would give me still greater to see you in Cephalonia; and if the impediments and incumbrances were less, you might calculate upon a visit from me and mine. We sometimes talk of taking a tour when Walter leaves school, but that will not be until this time in 1847, and then a hundred things may have happened; and one thing is certain, that even if we are all alive and well, we shall be older, and less inclined to ramble, and more entangled with important duties, and less able to get away. Such is my experience, year-after-year, until it seems as if I must be *adstrictus glebæ* to work on until *the rest* arrives; and it is doubtless part of our Heavenly Father's dealing with us to allow us to be so wearied with toil, and so harassed by temptation, that we may long for the rest which remaineth for his children. I am glad that you find interesting employment where you are, and that you have some prospect of getting a church built for the English. My feeling is, that the church ought to be built by the Government; but I shall be happy to give two pounds towards your object.

—, whom I think you know, has given me a good deal of trouble by an ultra exhibition of High Church principles on stone. I am happy to say that the Bishop acts very cordially with me in this and other matters, which is a great comfort and support to me. We are likely to be harassed in all directions by Romanists, for whom these Romanizers are preparing the way. The tractarian movement has culminated. Newman, with some eight or ten fol-

lowers, will go off to Rome; but very few people now venture to call themselves of that party; so that in the advertisements for curates and curacies one almost always sees "No tractarian," given as a necessary qualification. The offence of the cross has not yet ceased, and there is great enmity against the Evangelicals; but the sympathy prevents active measures. In the mean time the Romanists are building in England, and agitating with great boldness in Ireland, where they have so much reason on their side that it is difficult to answer them, and yet one shrinks from concession. It is very hard to defend the cause of an English-speaking established Church for $\frac{880000}{8000000}$, a large portion of whom do not understand English, and will repudiate your Church as heretical. The fact is, that England has been in a state of quiet revolution for the last ten years, and before 1848 has come to a close, the revolution of 1688 will have been superseded, and its work undone. The Scotch have gained a presbyterian established church, and have now almost entirely cast it on one side, when it was in its most spiritual condition, and purchased a new one; and I suppose that the Irish will, in the end, follow their example. The Irish Church will, I fear, be given up when in its most spiritual condition, and all parties will have their own free churches. "Magna est veritas et prævalebunt," "The Lord reigneth;"* would that I could do as Isaiah xxvi. 20, 21; but perhaps that is a selfish wish. We go on much as usual, and I dare say you would find very little changed, even in the situation of the tables and chairs, if you were to drop in upon us. . . . In other matters, we have just built a school-room and teacher's house at Shirley, and placed an excellent master and mistress in them; and Mr. Wright, who is going to build a large house at Osmaston, has taken the 200*l*. I was going to spend in rebuilding my chancel there, and built an entirely new church and school house, of the most beautiful character, at a cost of about 8,000*l*.

* Psalm xcvi. 10.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Shirley, Sept. 5th, 1845.

I have thought over the case of my attendance at the meeting for the support of the Moravian Missions, and, having stated my views, am quite prepared not to attend them again if your Lordship think it even inexpedient that I should do so. It never occurred to me that I was doing anything particular, for I regarded the Moravians as an ancient episcopal communion of foreigners who have settled amongst us, and been treated with brotherly kindness by Bishops of great weight. It is true that English people who join them are in a schismatical position, and I should not support their churches, nor assist at their services; but it seems to me quite another matter to employ those good Germans, call them laymen if you please, to go forth to preach Christ among the greasy Esquimaux, &c., where no other church is working. It is important also to observe that the Association for Moravian Missions, is one of members of the Church of England, and none but members of the Church of England took any part in the little meeting at which I presided. I delighted to think of there being other reformed episcopal communities besides our own; and while they recognise this primitive form of polity, I confess that I am not over curious with our genealogical ecclesiologists to find out whether there may not be some defect in their episcopal pedigree. I should be sorry to have my own title exposed to such a test. However, my personal attendance at such meetings is a sacrifice which I would cheerfully make, if your Lordship thinks it better I should do so. My intercourse with continental Christians has given me a very lively sympathy with them, and made me feel, as I have often told them, deep regret that they do not possess the privileges and security of episcopal government.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Sept. 12th, 1845.

Many a day since the receipt of your very interesting letter about this time last month, I have endeavoured to write down my daily budget of letters, that I might begin quietly to write to you; but I have never found time enough to enter on it in a satisfactory manner. This morning I have rather more time; but when I look again over your letter, I feel that time is the least thing required for an answer, which needs many excellent gifts in which I feel myself sadly deficient. I feel, too, alarmed by the weight you seem to attach to my opinion, and fear lest anything I say may injure one I am deeply anxious to benefit. May the Lord give to both of us wisdom, meekness, and love, a teachable spirit, and entire faithfulness. Perhaps I shall not please you when I say that while you regard your difficulties as mainly of a theoretical nature, I consider them to be, almost entirely, practical and personal. You seem to think that, if you could decide on the abstract question, "What is the standard of Christian conduct?" all would be easy; but my impression is, that if you were to act out, with uncompromising decision, your present convictions, theoretical difficulties would recede before you. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God,"* is a text of deep moral meaning, and applicable to most cases, and to your's among the number. For consider what is your position. You say, here are two standards set up by men of two classes, or parties, or ways of thinking; one theoretically good, but practically impossible, the other practicable, but evidently beneath the rule of Scripture. You acknowledge, therefore, that the high standard is the correct one, or, in other words, is that of the Bible, so that the theoretical question is disposed of. You acknowledge, that is, that the Bible points to perfection, because it points to God, and aims at making us like Him whom we worship. It may follow from this acknowledgment,

* John vii. 17.

and in fact it does, that those around us are very imperfect beings, and even Christians of a very low standard. "Behold He putteth no trust in his saints, yea the heavens are not clean in his sight." * All this is true, and tends to make us humble; but surely it has no legitimate tendency to make us rest satisfied with a lower standard through despair of being what we ought to be. The doctrine of Scripture is that Christ has died for our sins, that we should die to sin; and that He has risen again for our justification, that we, being reconciled to God, should have a new mind given to us, through the indwelling of God's Spirit. This new mind does not speculate and theorize about modes of life, but acts, in proportion to its development and vigour, according to the will of God. See Rom. vi. You will, perhaps, say, "The will of God is exactly the point I wish to ascertain; tell me what is God's will, and I am satisfied." Now, in reply, I would say, "Are you prepared to act upon God's will simply, fearlessly, and without compromise, or the influence of other minds than His and your own, when that will reveals itself to you?" Let me take an illustration, or case, to which you have yourself referred. You have a large household, and many of your domestics are young persons of both sexes, exposed to many temptations, and probably very ignorant. They look up to you as their head and guide, and, as far as the difference in station will permit, as their example. Is it satisfactory that you should not assemble that household for prayer and reading the Scriptures? You will, I believe, allow that it is not; but will reply that you cannot conduct family prayer in a manner which would commend itself to your own judgment; and that, in fact, you hardly ever see it conducted in a way which you think calculated to be useful. You conclude, therefore, to neglect a duty, because your standard of excellence in its performance is one to which you cannot hope to attain, and which, you almost suspect, is unattainable. Is not this exactly the way in which you are treating the question of a decided conformity of the whole life to the standard of the Bible, and is it

* Job xv. 15.

one which satisfies your conscience? Suppose, on the other hand, that you were to assemble your household, and to tell them with entire simplicity what your feelings are on this subject, and that, though you cannot discharge the duty as you wish, and as you think it ought to be discharged, your anxiety for their spiritual benefit, and for the blessing of God upon the family, will not permit you to abstain from the attempt; are you not persuaded that such a confession would be a great relief to your own mind, and would be calculated to make a deep impression on some, at least, of theirs? and not only so, but that strength, and grace, and wisdom, would be given to you as you went on? I mention this case not as a single one, for it could not long stand alone, but as an illustration of my meaning, and of your difficulty. “*Incepe, dimidium facti qui cœpit habet.*” Our Lord told the rich young man to sell all he had, and give to the poor, and that he would then have treasure in heaven, because his difficulty was love of money. He might have told a mere student to sell his library and build a church, or found a mission, for a similar reason. He might say to an aspiring Lord of the Treasury, “Retire from public life, for ambition is your snare, and devote yourself to doing good in the country, and you shall grow in grace.” He may say to another, “Relinquish the society of the gay, the accomplished, or the witty, and be content to be despised, and even hated, by the very persons who now admire you and seek your society, and thus you shall have joy and peace in your soul—and follow me.” When our hearts are won over by the constraining influence of the love of Christ, to love Him, and therefore to follow Him, bearing his cross daily, without which we cannot be his disciples, we shall act, as a dutiful and affectionate child acts, without calculation, but with a loving resignation of our will. There will be still much room for self-reproach and humiliation, and penitence, and daily effort; but, when we can say, “Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee,”* there will be peace, and few theoretical difficulties, though many practical ones.

* John xxi. 17.

The New Testament gives few details of conduct, but lays down principles, broad and deep, and when our mind is thoroughly imbued with those principles, they will conform our conduct, almost imperceptibly, to themselves. Such I believe to be the experience, and inward history of every renewed mind; and though I do not like to quote individual cases, because they are all imperfect, and no two are exactly alike, yet I would say of Mr. Wilberforce, to whom you referred as an instance, that, from what I knew of him, I believe that his character was formed under the influence of God's Spirit, that the glory of God was the mainspring of his whole conduct, that his life was an habitual bearing of the cross, and that it was such (as evidencing a mind subdued to God's will, though falling short of its own aims) that his Lord would approve of his general mode of conduct. He might, you know, have held important offices, and been the centre of attraction to a brilliant circle; but he chose contempt and comparative obscurity, for the sake of the great ends he had in view. That he lived in a good house, had his comforts around him, and drove his carriage, is only saying that he occupied the position in which God placed him, and glorified God in that position; but taking him as a man of about £6,000 per annum, his whole manner of life was totally different from that of other men of the same means; and if you were to ask, "How should a man of such a position live, so as to do most good?" the answer would, I think be, on the whole, imitate Mr. Wilberforce. But is not this the practical answer to your theoretical difficulties? Had Mr. Wilberforce speculated and reasoned, and his mind was acute enough for the purpose, he might have gone through life without the enjoyment of peace with God, and without any benefit to his fellow-men. As it is, the example of such a man, at such a time as the period of the French Revolution, itself the result of an irreligious age, was doubtless one of the means employed by God to awaken the minds of the upper classes in this influential country, to the great subject of Practical Christianity. His life was holy, without asceticism, and a

practical application of the rule of Christ and the example of His apostles to the age and circumstances in which he lived. The secret, I am persuaded, of that holy and useful, peaceful and happy life, was the constant habit of private prayer, and the simple-minded study of the Bible. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and you shall find."* If you really and honestly desire to know how you should act, on the whole, so as to please God, and glorify Him, I am quite sure that it will be given you. Do not confer with flesh and blood, for our souls are at stake in these matters; and, above all, do not make man your standard, or your guide, but act out the Bible, and you shall have treasure in heaven.

It will be the greatest pleasure to me if this most imperfect letter is of any use to you, and I need not tell you that I shall be glad to hear from you further.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Shirley, Oct. 1st, 1845.

I am much obliged to you for forwarding to me the letters about the National School Society. The fact is, that our whole educational movement has to contend, not only with the apathy which is all but universally prevalent, in a greater or less degree, but with a strong and active suspicion that it is made an instrument for the inculcation of extreme opinions. No disavowal of Romanizing teaching will remove this suspicion, however strongly, and even honestly, the disavowal may be made, while the services with which the National School Society is connected are conducted in any peculiar manner, or the church fitted up in a way that indicates a party feeling. With regard also to the teaching inculcated, erroneous impressions may be conveyed, not only by the direct teaching of error, but by deranging the proportions of truth, and giving undue prominence to minor matters. If we are to have a system which is to secure the

* Matt. vii. 7.

confidence of the whole Church, it must be as free as possible from the least taint of party feeling. In this I am quite sure that your Lordship entirely agrees with me. I can readily believe that the remarks of the Record are hypercritical, and that they are written by a person who has very little ecclesiastical feeling; but still the impression left on my mind by what I read of them was, I must own, one of doubt and suspicion. I hope that the subject will be taken up vigorously by your Lordship, and other Bishops, and that the society may acquire the confidence of the whole Church, which certainly it does not at this moment possess. Having thus frankly expressed my own sentiments, I must add my regret that Mr. — has brought forward my name as he has done, as though my influence (which I am persuaded he very much overrates) had been used against the Society. My influence, such as it is, has been exerted very strenuously, as your Lordship is aware, to remove the prejudice which exists against the Lichfield Training-School; and, with regard to the National School Society, I have placed my own schools in connection, (that at Shirley, only last week,) and have written strongly to Mr. — my opinion of the unreasonableness of Mr. W.'s objections. About six weeks since, I had to recommend a schoolmaster for an endowed school; and, failing to obtain one old enough at Lichfield, advised the trustees to apply to the National School Society. At the same time, I must honestly say, that I should not receive a master from that quarter, without a very searching investigation into the character of his religious opinions. We want pious, humble-minded men, for our village schools, who know why they are the christian members of an episcopal church, and who can value the services of the Church of England as they are administered in our village churches. I would not send a young man, whom I wished to be trained for myself, to Westminster, because I should expect to have him back, spoiled for my purpose in more ways than one, and because I have found that they are admirably taught and trained for our use

at Lichfield, in sound, but not extravagant church principles.

TO MISS HORNE.

Thornby, Nov. 12th, 1845.

Your kind letter met me, as I was setting out, in spite of rheumatism, and the remonstrances of Mrs. Shirley, to fulfil an engagement I had made to preach at Naseby, where my friend, Mrs. Bishopp, has been the means of sending light into a land of darkness. I was in a good deal of pain last night, but am thankful to say that it was steamed out of me, and I am better this morning, and have preached my sermon, an annual thanksgiving after harvest, in the spirit of Deut. xxvi., the collection being given to the county Infirmary. I have been very busy lately, with education matters. The enclosed circular will tell you what I am doing. Most truly do I wish that you were in one of my villages. But your post, at present, is clearly where you are; and it is always a comfort to have that conviction, and must be a special comfort to you, to join with your dear sister in ministering to one whom God is so manifestly preparing for his glory, whether it be his will to remove him shortly, or to keep him here a little longer, to wait and suffer, and yet perhaps to do some work for Him who has loved him.*

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

Shirley, Nov. 28th, 1845.

I return your queer book, (I can find its title if needful,) about Mahommedanism. The author must be a Mahommedan himself. These are such queer times, that one does not know what people will take up next. Tongues, miracles, visions, prophecies, mesmerism, magic, an earthly taber-

* The Rev. Nathaniel Gilbert, since deceased.

nacle for a glorified Christ; mansions in Mars, or Saturn, or Venus, Astrology, (actually held now by a clergyman of education). Truly the world is in an odd state, and it is not only the Romanists and Romanizers who are wild. I let these exalted people think and write as they please, and neither follow nor fight them, but attend to my own business.

I do not know how my speech at Derby (for the Irish Society) deserved the title of a "sledge hammer," for surely it was very peaceful. My own feeling was one of quiet, thoughtful, sad humour, if you understand that mixture; and in truth no mixture can be regarded as heterogeneous in Irish matters. It may be very shocking and heretical, but I certainly do think that the Irish clergy have made a great mistake in the matter of the Government system of education, and that the only course in Ireland is, for the Government to provide general secular education, and for the ministers of all creeds to have free permission to add the religious ingredient to the children of their own faith. I am glad to hear that many of the clergy are coming round to this view of the subject, and I am so satisfied of its soundness, that I have no doubt of its ultimately prevailing. With regard to —, I am sure that he is sound in the faith, but can easily imagine that he finds it difficult to act with some of those around him, for he has larger views than they have, and is almost the only one whom I can get to take up the most important subject of education, on which our future hopes mainly depend.

TO A FRIEND.

Shirley, Dec. 2nd, 1845.

Your last letter has not a date, therefore I cannot tell how long it has been in my hands; but this I do know, that it has been constantly before my mind, and I have been longing for leisure to write. I need not tell you the old story of pressing daily engagements, for you know its truth full well; and the enclosed circular, which ought to have

been sent to you, as a Derbyshire squire, by the Secretary of our Archidiaconal Board of Education, will show you that I have had special occupation in getting up, and directing this educational movement. We have raised between seven and eight hundred pounds, and aim at the establishment of a training-school for mistresses, at Derby, as a counterpart to the one for masters, at Lichfield, if we are rich enough, which I doubt. In addition, however, to all this, I have lost a great deal of time by a severe and obstinate attack of rheumatism, which still hangs about me, and disables me for some work. Still I could have answered your letter, as I have done some hundreds, in the interval, if it had admitted of an extemporaneous answer. I have perhaps also been influenced by the feeling, that, not only is your question a difficult one, but that it is not of a very practical nature. Your conduct will be much the same, whatever you may consider to be the real solution of the question. You will still be disposed to the exercise of charity, and yet will not give without consideration of the objects relieved, and a due regard to the other reasonable claims upon you. Still it is always worth while to endeavour to clear up one's views of any great moral and religious question; for it must have, indirectly at least, a practical influence if we succeed. I suppose the case might be shortly stated, by saying, that the gospel demands constant self-denial, but that even the interests of society, the working of the social system, seem to be promoted by individual selfishness. Take, as an illustration of the scriptural rule, Matthew v. 42. See the rule given again, with some modification. Luke vi. 30, 31, 38. In Luke vi. 30, you will see that the words are *παντὶ τῷ αἰτοῦντί*, and I have heard of some people who act simply upon this command, just as the Quakers do on Matt v. 33—37, and never turn away from the face of any poor man. On the other hand, I have known very good, and very munificent people, who consider it a positive sin to encourage the common system of mendicity. Which of these most correctly interpret the mind of Christ? In the first place, I think that the golden rule, given Luke

vi. 31, of doing to others as we would men should do to us, explains our Lord's meaning. We are to regulate our charity by conscience and sympathy. We should put ourselves in the place of the applicant, and judge what we think ought to be done, by a person in our relative situation. Then our Lord's own conduct illustrates his teaching. He lived himself upon alms, and Judas was the treasurer of the money thus contributed for the support of Christ and his disciples. Yet it is clear that He did not require the women who followed Him to devote their whole substance to His service, nor did He give away all that He received, but He seems to have directed Judas, from time to time, to give something (*ἴνα τι δῶ*) to the poor. John xiii. 29. Again, the instructions given to the rich imply that they should continue to be comparatively and relatively rich, 1 Tim. vi. 17—19, and therefore that there must be some limit to their charity. The case of the rich young man, Matt. xix. 21, is evidently a special remedy for a special case, if it be not rather the probing of a wound.

By the way, I met, the other day, with an interesting illustration of what follows, verse 24, about the camel, and the needle's eye. Lord Nugent, when at Hebron, was directed "to go out by the needle's eye," that is, by the small side gate of the city. And, in many parts of England, the old game of "thread the needle" is played to the following words,—

How many miles to Hebron ?

Three-score and ten ;

Shall I be there by midnight ?

Yes, and back again.

Then thread the needle, &c.

Now this explains, and modifies, one of the strongest and most startling passages of scripture, on the subject of riches, for the camel can go through the needle's eye, but with difficulty, and hardly with a full load, nor without stooping.

Then, again, one might judge that some, at least, of the directions of Scripture had reference to peculiar times and circumstances, and that we must apply the spirit, rather than

the letter, to our own case. For instance, when the Christians could be numbered, and were exposed to constant danger, they threw all their property into a common fund, Acts ii. 44, iv. 32; yet it is clear, from Acts v. 4, that even then, this was not considered an absolute and universal duty, and abundant subsequent passages in the epistles shew, that the practice did not continue when the Church had so enlarged as to become an important constituent part of society. Then, Christians were to do good unto all men, Gal. vi. 10, especially unto their fellow Christians, which implies a discrimination, and one founded on character. Still, I am prepared to allow, that if the precepts of the Gospel were acted upon with simplicity, and by a very large portion of mankind, they would very much derange the state of things around us. I am not sure that active energy in this world's business might not be restrained, and improvidence encouraged, for I believe that the Christianity of the Gospel does not harmonize with even the decent and diligent worldliness which men tolerate, and even admire. Our Lord told the young man, Matt. xix. 21, that if he would be perfect (τέλειος as contrasted with *ιδιώτης* in the sense of the mysteries) he should sell his property, and give to the poor, and follow Christ. If all had done so, society could not have gone on; but, in the relative condition of the Church and the world at that time, the thorough following of Christ as a disciple (the *τέλειος ἀνήρ*) was probably inconsistent with any secular engagement. The principle applies still, though it is practically modified by the altered circumstances of society, at least in civilized and christianized countries. Yet, even now, if an Italian were to set himself, with his whole soul, to bring back the Church of his country to the religion of the New Testament, he must be prepared to relinquish all he had in the cause. Indeed, among ourselves, it is not easy to get on in the world and, at the same time thoroughly to live out the Gospel; the whole tone of general society is of another kind, if it be not at variance with the spirit of the Gospel. But is there not much in the New Testament to lead us to expect that such would be the case? Our Lord calls his people "the

salt of the earth,"* that which keeps the world from absolutely corrupting, but is a something by itself. His wonderful prayer, John xvii., is conceived in the same spirit, see especially, verses 2, 6, 9, 14, 16, 25. Without going into the mysterious question of predestination, I am only speaking of the fact, that the Christian character, in proportion to its purity, cannot amalgamate with the world. Like oil and water they may be mechanically mingled up, but they do not combine, and each hastens back to its integrity. Perhaps I might add that, like gold, a certain portion of alloy is necessary to make it work in this rough world. So, then, we may be brought to the conclusion at which you seem to hint, that our Lord foresaw that in the general history of the world, the saved would be, alas! comparatively so few, that each of them should look to his own salvation, without very closely considering what would be the politico-economical result, if all around were to follow his example. I am sure, for instance, that it is better for one's own soul to err on the side of inconsiderate charity, than on that of shrewd caution, and to withdraw too much from general society, and live in what would be considered a strange and peculiar manner; than to have the tenderness of devout affections hurt by the ordinary intercourse, business, or pleasures of the world. I am sure that there is deep spiritual wisdom in Proverbs xviii. 1, and that they are truly wise who are contented to become fools (1 Cor. iii. 18) for Christ. If, after all, we are constrained to acknowledge that the teaching of the New Testament is not consistent with the most approved notions of political economy, we must bear in mind that this science is the philosophy of the world as it is, not as it ought to be; its object is to shew us how we are to make the best of our present imperfect condition. The object of the New Testament is to teach us how that condition is to be made perfect, and to shew us what we ought to be. We must expect, therefore, that the Gospel will have a deranging effect on the general system of society, and those

* Matt. v. 13.

who propagate it will be deemed, as formerly, "the men who turn the world upside down."* The issue of the whole conflict will be universal peace, and holiness, and love; but while the two systems are in conflicting contact, there must be more or less of confusion, even of war. Matt. x. 34, &c., was not true only of those times, but is painfully illustrated by the private history of many nominally christian families, at the present moment. When the Gospel has accomplished its destined purpose, and "the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and his Christ,"† it will be seen what is the real character and legitimate effect of Christianity. Till then, the Christian must be in the world, but not of it, even as his Master was; and, if any one is really willing to do God's will, it will not be practically difficult for him to ascertain what his course of conduct ought to be. Even though our services may be imperfect, not only in the sight of God; but also of our fellow creatures, so that we might be tempted to think that it were better not to attempt what appeared to be a plain duty, than discharge it in an imperfect and apparently unedifying manner; yet I am sure it is better for ourselves that we should persevere, and I believe that our perseverance, in the midst of many imperfections, will, on the whole, tend to the edification of others. Besides, we should improve in the exercise. I am specially alluding to the case of family prayer, though there are many others of a similar nature, for instance, my lecture and prayers this evening, respecting which, I feel all that you say about family prayers.

Tell me, dear —, whether I have, in any degree, met your views, and put the subject in any other point of view which may occur to you. I wish you would not write a mere letter to me, but a small treatise on the practical working of popery. You have doubtless seen the Quarterly Review of Michelet's work; but I wish you would give the very valuable result of your own observations on this subject, which is every day becoming one of increasing importance. You have special

* Acts xvii. 6.

† Rev. xi. 15.

qualifications for treating this subject in a superior manner, and you ought not to bury a talent so useful at this moment. Pray think of this, and let me have the result.

TO THE SAME.

Shirley, Jan. 6th, 1846.

I had not observed, in the papers, the account of the loss of your nephew, and am much obliged by the touching and instructive particulars you have given me, and delighted to find you speaking as you do about it. I have often thought you too sceptical in matters of that kind, hardly expecting so much as we are warranted to expect from the promises of the Bible; or, perhaps, I might with more accuracy say, expecting so much from the influence of faith in Christ, as not to make sufficient allowance for the difficulties, the obstacles, with which it has to contend in our weak and corrupt nature, and hence, to doubt the reality of religion on account of the imperfections of individual characters. I think that there is nothing unreasonable in supposing that God would prematurely ripen for glory those whom it was his pleasure to remove hence at an early period, and that children, and, we may add, uneducated persons, should be taught and carried on unto perfection, by a more direct process than that by which others are permitted, with fear and trembling, to work out their salvation. I hope that — derive all the comfort from the blessed end of their dear child, which what you tell me of his state of mind is calculated to give them. It must be a sad damp upon the domestic cheerfulness of Christmas; and I can well understand what you say of your feelings with regard to anniversaries in general. They tell of life passing away; they tell also of many changes, loss of friends, and changes moral, social, religious, political, going on around us, which make us almost feel strangers in the world; but this is God's way to wean us from the world, and should teach us to look not on the things which are behind, but on those which are before,

and then we may regard all these changes with calm and cheerful submission, if not with full joy and hope, which are however the Christian's privilege and portion.

I am glad you think I met your case in my last letter. With regard to the case of Dives and Lazarus, I think we must assume that the one was a rich worldling, and the other a poor believer. The request of Dives (Luke xvi. 27, 28) implies that he was in a place of torment for sin, into which he would not have been sent if he had "heard Moses and the prophets;"* that is, had been a believer, and led a religious, devoted life. He was one of those described, (Psalm iv. 6,) who are seeking their "good things" in this life, and from the objects of sense. On the other hand, Lazarus, not having gone to the place of torment, but to the bosom of Abraham, (the father of the faithful,) implies that, though poor, he was pious. We must, as you say, take the one lesson which the parable was designed to teach and not enter too minutely into every phrase.

I am sorry to say, that since my journey into Lichfield on the 14th, I have been confined to my bed for nearly a fortnight by sciatica, and am still confined to the house, both weak, and very lame, and susceptible of the least chill. I have enjoyed the quiet much, but have been too ill, the greater part of the time, to read or write myself. Walter has been my secretary, and he and Mrs. Shirley read to me in the evening. I am however, thank God, really making progress, but the weather must improve before I can venture out. Our united kind regards and best wishes.

TO THE DEAN OF ACHONRY.

Shirley, Jan. 13th, 1846.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I am very much obliged by your sending me, through William, your very able and convincing letter on the Irish education question, which I hope may tend to remove the

* Luke xvi. 31.

conscientious objections of so large a portion of the Irish clergy to administer that measure, as the best which can be had under the peculiar circumstances of the case, and to supply its defects through the instrumentality of the Church Education Society. My visit to Ireland, in 1844, left on my mind a very painful impression of the aspects and prospects of the Irish Church. A national church, which is not the church of the people, is a sad sight, and a missionary church hardly able to keep its own after three hundred years of trial; and with all external means, is a very discouraging one. The only hope seems to be of a thirst for scriptural instruction being excited by God's Spirit within the Romish communion, for with God that also is possible.

I shall order your work on "Newman's Development." I am reading the book, and doubt not that we thoroughly agree in our view of it. I think it, among other things, the most sceptical book I ever read. There is no proving religion by the Bible, for who is to judge? nor by the fathers, for they are inconsistent with each other and themselves, not to say unsound on some points (p. 12, &c.); nor by "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus," for there is no consistent system of theology of which this can be predicated, and the heretics have at times outnumbered the Church; nor even by the decisions of councils, for the whole church system was not developed at once. Moreover, scriptural exegesis is a perilous thing, as we see from the example of the Syriac Church; therefore the perplexed and bewildered mind must throw itself in passive despair on the Church of the present day, for there alone is there any assurance of our obtaining a full revelation of God's present will. All reasoning is at an end, for reason can only lead to heresy. He who reasons doubts, and he who doubts is damned; but he who receives the doctrine of the Church of Rome on such grounds as these, confesses that he has faith in man, and is a sceptic towards God.

Give my love to William, and thank him for his letter. I am still quite disabled by sciatica, but better. I want a curate, but am rather afraid of our countrymen, unless they

are specially recommended. When they are good they are excellent; but many of them are inspired, and cannot be managed.

Your affectionate Cousin,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO SIR THOMAS DEANE.

Shirley, Jan. 23rd, 1846.

The doctors say that the best way to heal a wound is by "the first intention," and therefore I will not suffer my conscience to grow callous to the gratitude which your kind letter has excited, but reply by return of post. It is very strange that your letter, dated 17th, should have only just reached me; but the Cork mark is 20th, and then there is the Wakefield mark of the 22nd. I am thus particular, in consequence of having just composed a "Decade of Epistolary Morals," which appeared in the Record of yesterday, and of course I must be a diligent observer of my own morality.

Let me then, in the first place, thank you, not only for your kind inquiries, but for your very agreeable remedy, so unlike those of the faculty, in the loving and pleasant words of a true friend. We have had a good deal of sickness of late, though not, thank God, of an alarming nature.

With regard to myself, I had been suffering a good deal from rheumatism in my right leg, but went about much as usual, and took my duty on Sunday, Jan. 13th. The next morning I found myself so lame that I could hardly move; but I was engaged to be at Lichfield by twelve o'clock, to support a very important measure of my own, the establishment of a diocesan school at Derby for the training of school-mistresses. Therefore I was lifted into my carriage with much pain, and thence to the train at Derby, a fly, and the place of meeting at Lichfield—said my say—was conveyed to the Deanery—went to bed—returned home the next day in the same painful manner; kept my bed for near a fortnight with a bad case of sciatica, and have not yet been even to church since, or walked a quarter of a mile at once.

But I am able to ride when the weather permits, and my general health is now very good, except that I am rather weak. I have enjoyed much blessed rest, which body, soul, and spirit needed. I have seen more of my boy (who came home on the 15th) than I should otherwise have done; my study and papers have been reduced to a charming state of order, and I have had time for reading, meditation, and prayer; so that I have had many mercies; would that I had turned them to a better account! Our two children are quite well, thank God, and a great comfort, and my dear father is, as usual, full of health and spirits. I am very glad you have so good a report to give of the beloved party you have brought, in so artistical a manner, before us, and I hope you will have the comfort of seeing your son qualified for whatever duties it may please God to call him to discharge. We had heard the sad story of dear Dundanion before, and all wish that we could renew the pleasant hours we spent there, before its fate is sealed. I am glad to find you actively engaged in your profession. It is your calling, your duty; you may glorify God in it many ways, and therefore have a right, in faith, to rest assured that He will enable you to walk consistently, and to witness a good confession before those with whom your daily engagements bring you in contact. Enclosed I send a paper on ecclesiastical architecture, which I read to a society at Lichfield.

With regard to our popish matters, I do not despair yet of God's goodness to the Church of England. In the first place, the mass of the laity, and even of the clergy, have shown that they will not endure false doctrine. In the next place, these secessions to Rome are the retreat of a vanquished party; they are confessions that it is a hopeless attempt, in which they have been engaged, to unprotestantize the National Church. Lastly, by their appeal to tradition, and especially by the plea of development, they acknowledge that the Bible, as well as the Church of England, is against them. It is very sad, certainly, to see these limbs severed from the trunk; but amputation is better than mortification, and we may yet thank God and take courage. I think that

the Record, though I honour its fidelity, makes good people croak overmuch, and would frighten them out of their fidelity to the blessed Church of England. Edward, Dean of Achnory, tells me that he has written on Mr. Newman's book, and I have ordered his pamphlet, "A letter to the Archbishop of Dublin." Newman's book is one of the most sceptical I ever read. He gives up most of the evidences of religion, to prove the necessity of an infallible authority in matters of faith; so close is the connexion between popery and infidelity. My M. is writing to my fair cousin, of whom I am glad to think as such a blessing to you and yours.

TO A FRIEND.

Lichfield, March 18th, 1846.

I came here yesterday for our annual three days of public business, ending with a sermon to-morrow, in the cathedral, to the children of our national schools, which I am to preach; and as my letters do not follow me, I must seize an hour of leisure to write to you. I am glad my last letter met your views, and your case, and I think I understand your meaning. The fact is, that there must always be a wide distance between the theoretical perfection which is our aim, and will eventually be our attainment; and the practical imperfection with which we are compelled, while in the body, to be, not satisfied certainly, but yet so far encouraged, if our course is really one of progress, as not to be driven to despair of ourselves, or what is, perhaps, even worse, to despair of mankind in general, as though there were no real religion where there is evidently so much of imperfection; and as if it were hopeless to draw any rule of Christian conduct, when we know that the one laid down for us is rigidly straight, and the one by which we are practically walking, is obliged to yield to pressure on one side or the other. No small portion of the heresies which have distracted the Church may be traced to that desire for ἀκρίβεια, which will be felt most by the noblest and most exalted

minds, but which, in man's low estate, is practically beyond our reach. It is very difficult to aim at what is best, and constantly to strive after it, and yet to use thankfully what is inferior; but otherwise we shall always be dissatisfied, not only with our attainments, (which would be well,) but with our position, and with the state of things around us. "The Ideal of a Christian Church" leads one man to Popery, and another to Socinianism, and a third to Presbyterianism, and a fourth, perhaps, to downright infidelity, according to the peculiar temperament and intellectual qualities of each. And yet without some notion of what a Christian Church should be, there will be nothing definite in our efforts for the improvement of the particular communion to which we belong. So with regard to ourselves, we should aim at principles; at possessing the mind of Christ; and the details of the Christian life will follow, "not by constraint, but willingly."* There will be a new nature infused into us by God's Spirit; and therefore holy, pure, unworldly; opposed to all that is evil, and drawing us up to high and holy things. Our religious action, springing from within, will have in it something of the unconsciousness of those animal functions which go on without our perceiving them; it will become a divine habit, so to speak. Now, I think that Johnson was an example of a man who was aiming at details rather than principles in religion. He was dissatisfied with the "corrupt fruit," and pruned the branches, and was still dissatisfied, because more corrupt fruit was again produced, and all was struggle, and sorrow, and bondage. He forgot that, as a Christian, he was not under the law, but under grace; and it was not until that grace (the mercy of God in Christ) got possession of his soul, and drew him towards God in harmony of mind, by its assimilating influence, that he had peace, or joy, or liberty, or spiritual power, to have victory and to triumph over the world, the flesh, and the devil. When will you come and talk about these things? I am very nearly quite well, as the children say, and go

* 1 Pet. v. 2.

about like other people, only with feelings about the muscles of my leg that teach me caution. They want me to preach a Bampton lecture; but it is not quite settled yet, and I should like to talk to you about it.

TO THE REV. ED. HARLAND.

Birmingham, May 7th, 1846.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many thanks for your most kind and sympathizing letter. The Bampton Lecture is a charge which, under ordinary circumstances, I should not have accepted, for I need not tell you that *rerum mearum satago*. In fact, I requested that my name might not be brought forward if any other were presented of a satisfactory character; but the appointment having been the unanimous act of the Heads of Houses, I could not do otherwise than yield. Certainly, it is a decided act of the University against Tractarianism at least, to have appointed such a person as myself at such a moment; but never was a more anxious burthen laid on a man's shoulders, all things considered. I have few books, little leisure; have not access to any public library, and have many, many personal defects which I know better than most other people, but of which I had better say no more. My Bible must be my subject—the supremacy of Scripture; and that same Bible, unlocked by prayer, must be in a great measure my library.

Pray that wisdom and strength of body and mind may be given me. I have come here in despair of finding any real benefit from home treatment, to put myself under the care of my very able friend Dr. Blakiston, and I am thankful to say that this measure has thus far thoroughly answered, and I entertain no doubt, please God all goes on as at present, of returning home quite well at the end of next week. But I cannot expect to be quite strong at once, and therefore, as soon as my visitations are over, I intend to go to my brother-

in-law near Rouen, for six or eight weeks, to rest and write Bampton Lectures, as far as those two objects are compatible with each other.

Believe me,

Yours, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Malvern, May 21st, 1846.

MY DEAREST A.

I must send one line with the united expression of our tender love, and earnest prayers, that you may have many happy returns of your birthday; and that as each year comes round, you may be found, not only increasing in stature, but always increasing in favour with man, and so advancing in favour with God, through the Son of His love, that you may in this life, and for ever, be one with Him, and he with you. That is a very wonderful expression, darling, but it is one that applies to such poor, guilty, imperfect creatures as we are; and even to children, if they are indeed God's children, for we are then ever with God, when His will reigns in us. This is the reality of the divine life, and of all real peace, to have God so enthroned in the very centre of our hearts, that we may truly say, "Thy will be done." Then there is calmness and resignation, humility, meekness, and contentment; for faith says, "He doeth all things well," and love rejoices to submit to what God does. But when our own will is unbroken, unsubdued, like an untamed colt, we toss and fret, and fume, and give ourselves much needless trouble and ineffectual agitation; until at last we learn that there is no liberty but in serving God, and no peace but in laying down our opposition against his will, and taking up arms against Satan and self, or rather against Satan, as ruling in us by nature. Now, my dear child, I hope that before another birthday comes round, you will have learned much of this heavenly wisdom, for it is life

eternal. God bless you, dearest, and may your parents always have reason to rejoice on the 22nd of May.

Believe me,

Your affectionate father,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MRS. R. S. BUNBURY.

Shirley, May 30th, 1846.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Your touching letter has filled us all with sorrow. I have been to my parents at Brailsford, and read it to them; and they, who only returned last night, and had not heard that Robert was dangerously ill, were deeply distressed, for they loved and admired him much.* I know that words cannot express what your loss is, and I fear that words can do little for its alleviation. I can only assure you of our sympathy, and of my affectionate hope that you will continue to consider yourself as a member of our family, and give us some opportunity of shewing, by such kind attentions as it may be in our power to offer, how highly we value your devoted love to our dear departed cousin. He did indeed deserve your love, for he was no common man; and what is more, he was no ordinary Christian. The mind that was in Christ was also in him, and he exhibited its practical working in all the relations of life; for I never knew a more gentle, faithful, upright, and single-minded person. He walked with God, and God has taken him to himself. We cannot think such a removal to his Father's house strange, nor should we complain that he was not left longer among us exposed to temptation, toil, and suffering. May we follow him, even as he followed Christ.

May the God of all consolation be with you, dear Adèle, in this very sad bereavement, and watch over you and your little child. That child will be an affecting legacy from Robert to you.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

* The Rev. Robert Shirley Bunbury, late Vicar of Swansea.

The Archdeacon derived much benefit this summer from another excursion to France, where he always enjoyed the luxury of comparative repose from the arduous labour of his daily correspondence.

In reference to this his last visit to that country, a relative writes, "We can never forget his last visit to us, when the sunshine of his blessed temper brought happiness wherever he went."

TO THE REV. G. BLISSET.

St. Leger, Darnétal, July 20th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter of the 15th reached me on Saturday last, and we were all much grieved to have so bad an account of your health. It is indeed very sad, to our thinking, that you should be so soon reduced again to silence, perhaps for a long time, for I hope you will not attempt to work before you are quite equal to it. Pray remember, that when I return, if it please God that I return in full vigour, all will be easy. . . . But after all, and in any case, we have the comfort of feeling that it makes no difference in our whole *λειτουργία* what portion of it is spent here, working as we may while "this fleshly texture of decay so closely shuts us in." Indeed, our present work derives all its dignity, and no small portion of its comfort, from the thought that it is part of that endless service, that unbroken song which occupies and gladdens the spirits of the just made perfect. Let me hear from you again, to say whether the cough yields to water and silence. I cannot say that I am at all times quite free from any symptom of sciatica; and I should think nothing of the little I feel, did it not tell me that the irritation has not quite subsided, and that it is liable to return on any special excitement. It is very difficult to avoid excitement in a place like Rouen, as you would feel if I could tell you the whole story. The state of our poor countrymen and

women is awful, and yet there are rays of life. Yesterday I read the communion service at Rouen, A.M., and the chaplain preached. There were more than two hundred present. Then I went to Sotteville, a league distant, where a son of the late Mr. Buddicombe, of St. Bees, has created an English population of more than five hundred, by a railroad locomotive manufactory; and I preached to about fifty children and sixty adults. In the evening at half past six, I preached again at Rouen to a good congregation, including several captains of vessels. It is supposed that there are usually about forty vessels in the port of Rouen, chiefly colliers, and the whole English population cannot be less than two thousand. What a field for exertion! There is a large French protestant population, also; but, generally speaking, in a very bad state. Still there is a great stir in many parts of France; and I am sure that, under God, a vast harvest might be gathered here, if there were but reapers. I conducted, the other day, a little missionary meeting at Darnétal, among the French Protestants there, and found them most attentive and thankful.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

St. Leger, July 20th, 1846.

By all means sign the paper to receive the government inspector. It can do no harm, and may at any time be withdrawn, if you have not received a grant from the Committee of Council on Education. I want to have the inspector received throughout my Archdeaconry.

. . . I cannot follow your prophetic speculations; not, I hope, that I "despise prophesyings," for I was largely engaged in them, according to the sense of that passage, yesterday, and feel that the deepest and most reverential attention is due to every part of God's word; but I have yet to be convinced that current notions on these subjects are God's word, and not man's erroneous speculations. That is the grave question, which is not to be disposed of lightly on

either side ; for the error on one side is quite as great as that on the other, and of the same nature.

TO HIS PARENTS.

St. Leger, Darnétal, July 24th, 1846.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

On Tuesday we set out, that is my brother-in-law and William Henry, Walter, and myself, on an expedition to see some objects of interest along the right bank of the Seine. We took the steamer from Rouen at 2.30 P.M., dined on board, and had a delightful sail to Caudebec, which we reached between six and seven o'clock. We went to see the church there, which is a remarkable building of the very rich style of Gothic architecture which prevailed for about a century, from 1350 to 1450—that is to say, during the palmy days of British rule and Romish spiritual dominion. The style is over-gorgeous, but the general effect is very impressive ; yet, even in externals, one misses the simple, finished, clean, light, and really handsome churches of England, and above all, one feels that the arrangement here is sacerdotal, while with us it is popular ; common prayer, instead of a service muttered in an unknown tongue by priests within a closed choir. Caudebec is on the level of the river, and close to its banks. Our road lay up a very high hill to the west, from the top of which we had a charming view of the town beneath, the hills to the north and east, and the serpentine Seine winding its course through the valley which stretched out to the south as far as the eye could reach. We hired a “charabanc,” not such an one as Louis Philippe gave to Queen Victoria, but such as our farmers drive to market in, only without springs. There were two seats suspended to the railed sides of the cart by straps. These seats had tolerable leather cushions on them, or we should have been shaken to pieces on the cross roads. I must, however, say that the roads are wonderfully improved since I first travelled in France, so that they are now nearly,

if not quite as good as our own. In this way we drove on merrily to Lillebonne, where we arrived towards dusk, about nine o'clock, or rather sooner. This is a very curious place. It was formerly a Roman town called Julia Bona, of which the present name is a corruption; and there are still very considerable remains of Roman work. The amphitheatre is in very tolerable preservation; and we were told that all over the hill towards the river they are continually coming upon the remains of Roman buildings. The place is also remarkable for having given birth to William the Conqueror, and there are still parts of his castle remaining in a very striking position on a detached hill, which formerly commanded the river. But the Seine is a very fitful stream, and is continually changing its course, so that Lillebonne is now nearly three miles from its banks. The conqueror's castle is now possessed by a M. L'évêque, a calico printer, who has levelled the ditch, and built his house within the walls of the castle out of the old materials. The dungeon tower is still standing, and in perfect repair, for it is found useful as a store-house for wood, &c. There is also part of another tower of considerable height, built in the style of the twelfth century, which is a very conspicuous object. A very neat garden occupies the rest of the castle-yard, and the owner with much civility allowed us to walk round, and talked to us from a window as we were going, as also did his English governess, a respectable looking person of about thirty-five years of age. The family is Protestant, as indeed are most of the principal manufacturers in this neighbourhood; but I am sorry to say that their protestantism is usually little more than the negation of popery. There is a sad state of death among them. We slept at Lillebonne in a wretched little dirty inn, but the beds were clean and good, and we had no animalculæ for our bed-fellows, so that we were contented. Wednesday morning, having gone before breakfast to see the antiquities, and having made a very respectable French breakfast, (which is in fact the old dinner,) we went in our "rattle-trap," or "tappe queue," as a Frenchman would call it, to Tancarville. The drive was very pleasing, though the

landscape always wants the charm of our inclosures and hedge-row timber, when there are no striking objects; but when we approached Tancarville, we wanted nothing to make a most delightful prospect. Our road for the last mile lay down a hill so steep and rough, that we thought it prudent to descend and walk, though the sun was broiling hot. Before us stretched out the wide waters of the Seine, on our left was a wood, and behind the wood extended a line of hills. On our right rose up into the air on a nearly isolated rock, a tower of the old castle, other remains of which ran up along the well-wooded sides of the hills to the west. Within the castle-yard is a château, built by the Montmorency family, about a hundred years ago, but desolate and deserted, having been ruined in the Revolution, traces of which meet one in every direction. Over the door of a prison in the castle, we discovered an inscription which had been blackened to conceal it, but by raising William Henry on the shoulders of our guide, we made out "Qui principi maledixerit, morte mulctatus erit." One can easily understand that a sentiment which threatened death to any one who should speak against the prince, was not acceptable in days when a word spoken against the people was instantly avenged. However, bad as the revolution was, France required the scourge, for the state of society before that event was awful; and I do not believe that there is so much infidelity now, as there was then, though it is doubtless more avowed at present. When Popery is triumphant it must always produce infidelity, among people of any thought, and it thereby shews its origin. Now that there is more religious conviction among the people, Popery is also more religious. At this moment a Jesuit missionary is preaching a course of revival sermons at Darnétal, very much in the style of the Ranters, and producing great excitement. He invites the men to go to him at four A.M. to confess and receive absolution, that they may take the sacrament, for he has discovered that many have not taken their "first communion." There is not a word about the Gospel, which has shocked —, who reads her Bible, and is in a very interesting state of mind. The

Bible is the great instrument, after all, for pulling down the strongholds of Satan. But to return to Tancarville; after having rambled about the castle, we set out on our way home, and as we found that we were passing by a country cottage where M—— passes a good deal of his time, T. W. resolved to call there. We found M—— living in his shirt sleeves, and in the strangest, wildest, and apparently most wretched farm-house you ever entered. There were no books, hardly any furniture, nor anything to indicate the residence of a person of intellectual habits, or any refinement; to say nothing of his spending the greater part of his time in summer here, at a distance of thirty miles from his duties. I really think that the state of Protestantism in this neighbourhood is more oppressive to the mind than the prevalence of Popery. I must, however, do M—— the justice to say that he was very obliging, and offered us the best he had; namely, an unlimited quantity of eggs, some thin "cidre," bread, and a delicious kind of cream cheese, which we ate with an addition of cream and sugar. We then went to the turn of the high road which leads to M. Fouquet's, where we desired our driver to leave us, taking on our luggage to Lillebonne, to await our arrival. We four then walked down the hill to the Abbey of La Vallasse, beautifully placed in a rich plain, watered by a small and rapid stream and surrounded by hills. The family were out; the ladies walking, the gentlemen attending to business. We therefore walked about the grounds until the ladies returned, about five P.M., when we presented ourselves and met with a very cordial reception to dinner. When M. Fouquet (the father) arrived, he insisted that we should sleep there, and sent off his son and our two boys after dinner to Lillebonne to fetch our luggage. The house is really very magnificent, fit for a gentleman of £15,000 a year in England, and it is curious to see the groined roofs and general arrangements of the old monks, even their cells so completely modernized and frenchified, that if they were to be raised up they would not know their own again. An English gentleman would have retained much more of the stone of the old abbey, and

made his furniture to correspond; but here all is painted and gilt, so that nothing old is to be seen, except in the coach-house, which was the old refectory, and has a groined roof supported by two columns of the 12th century. The whole style of everything was very French, which was amusing enough by way of variety; and Walter had to talk French all the evening. The furniture is very elegant, but in many points, which, to my mind, are essential to refinement, the French arrangements, even in the best houses, are exceedingly defective, and the entire tone of society is lower than in England. Still their manners are very pleasing, and certainly the family in question gave us a most kind and hospitable reception.

TO THE REV. GEORGE BLISSET.

St. Remy, Aug. 10th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I was more distressed than surprised by the receipt of your letter of the 3rd, for I had gathered from the tone of your former letter that you were very ill, and not likely to be fit for active duty for some time. Passive duties, many and important, for your own soul, and it may be for the edification of others, remain to you; and it is a comfort to know that we glorify our heavenly Father no less in suffering than in doing his will. It is a comfort also to know that His will, the reflection of His mind, is love, and that we shall one day, if not now, discern it to be love. Mrs. Shirley and our children grieve as well as myself at the idea of losing you; but I hope it will not be a permanent separation, even as far as this life is concerned; and that should it please God to restore you to active service again, I may have some quiet and easy post to offer, suited to your strength. For the present, you must think of nothing but repose; and I beg you will not distress yourself about Osmaston. My absence at such a time is doubtless an inconvenience, for I can do nothing till my return, which I hope will be Friday, Aug. 21st; but then I shall be able to make at least a temporary arrangement with Mr. Fairbanks.

Yesterday I had a very touching sacrament among the few English here, two of whom received the ordinance for the first time, and one, a young girl, was a deeply interesting case. I could write a very affecting book on my continental sabbaths, for they have hardly ever been unmarked by some interesting occurrence; but I must not enlarge at present. Do not trouble yourself to write when it is a burden to you; send me a single sentence after my return to Shirley, now and then, just to say how you are going on. Though it is the Lord's will that you should no longer assist me in the ministry, I am sure that you will not forget either me or my people, whom you have only loved and served too well for your own ease and health. I do not expect ever to have any one so well suited to them and to me, and we all think so.

Yours affectionately,
W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

St. Léger, July 17th, 1846.

We are enjoying peace and recreation here, united with a very respectable degree of study. Walter is reading with his cousin, who is determined to distinguish himself at Cambridge. A. reads with her cousin of her own age, and takes lessons from masters; and I am concocting Bampton Lectures, but with grave doubts whether anything worth having will be the result; for the more I enter into the subject, the more I perceive its difficulties, and I fear that I shall weaken the effect of what I want to say, by the necessity I feel of qualifying statements which, on the whole, I believe to be true, and which I should once have made without reserve. It seems almost as if the world must be influenced by the fearless and inconsiderate, and perhaps even dishonest advocates of one-sided opinions, to be met and modified by similar writers on the other side. I almost shrink from putting pen to paper, and suspect that I shall not actually write much until time presses on my heels, and makes me

move on. Pray think of my subject, "The Supremacy of Scripture," and if anything occurs to you, or you meet with any book likely to be useful, let me know. I should like you to see what I write before the sermons are delivered, for your opinion would be very useful to me; but, to be of any use, you should spend a week at Shirley, which I almost despair of obtaining. It was very kind of you to come to us when you did, and I was much obliged by the "lump of truth" which you sent me as the result of your observations. We cannot render a better service to each other than by discovering to one another peculiar temptations, or faults, of which we may be severally ignorant. I had not thought that we lived in an "atmosphere of praise," but can easily believe that it is so, compared with the state of many other people. We certainly live in an atmosphere of love, and that is flattery in one sense, and under the most delicate and seducing form. But then you must bear in mind that my position as a clergyman delivers me from the demands which the general society of the world has on some others, so that I am enabled, to a much greater extent, to live among friends; and one learns to make many allowances for their exaggerated opinions, while we value the motive which leads them to over-estimate us. Besides which, it is our special business and peculiar duty, to think of others and attempt to aid them, and that in a more direct and personal manner than you, for instance, can usually do, though you devote much more to similar objects. Hence we are brought into immediate contact with those whom we may have aided in one way or another, and they are not likely to look very closely into our defects, or to talk of them to us or others. But, in addition to all this, a clergyman, and still less an archdeacon, who has a mind to do his duty, cannot escape a good deal which is anything but flattering, and I can assure you that I have had my full share of vexation, disappointment, ingratitude, and abuse; so that if one set of people exalt us to paradise, we have many a walk to take in purgatory, even if, occasionally, we are not pushed down lower still. However, it is well if the love of some keeps alive love in our

own hearts, and if the abuse of others keeps us lowly. It is a great struggle, between conflicting dangers and difficulties, to maintain the divine life of holy love, and so to grow in grace as to get to heaven at last. This letter has been almost entirely about myself, but you must make the best you can of it, and let me hear from you again.

TO HIS FATHER.

Thornby, Oct. 17th, 1846.

I was sorry to leave my precious mother so much cast down. May He who comforteth those who are cast down comfort her and strengthen her, in body, soul, and spirit, by manifesting to her the joy, and peace, and glory on which her sister has entered. We remain here only that we may obtain meetness, through suffering, for that blessed portion, and may well be content that those whom God has made meet should be taken out of the furnace, and converted into vessels of gold for the Master's use. Give her my tender love.

TO HIS SON.

Shirley, Sept. 7th, 1846.

I have ten letters this morning, which come between me and the Bampton Lectures, which occupy all my thoughts that are snatched from me by other matters of less moment. I confess that I feel a good deal of anxiety respecting the future prospects, of not only our own Church, but the general character of religion among us. We are sure to go, pendulum-fashion, from one extreme to another, and there is no saying whither the swing which the pendulum is now taking may carry us; but "the kingdom is the Lord's." I was grieved to hear of Mr. Mayor's death. The records of your chapel are filling with some very touching memorials. Let us, my dear boy, live and work while we may. Our united love attends you always.

CHAPTER XX.

FROM the moment of his elevation to the responsible office of Archdeacon, Mr. Shirley employed all the influence and authority which it conferred upon him, either in correcting those abuses which time or neglect had occasioned, or in extending the efficiency of the Church, by promoting the erection or enlargement of churches, and improving the character of parochial education. To enumerate the instances in which, by uniting kindness of manner with decision of purpose, he succeeded in accomplishing one or both of these objects, would occupy a larger space in the narrative than would be agreeable to any except those with whom, by local connexion, the circumstances alluded to possess a peculiar interest. One may suffice as a specimen.

The extensive parish of Glossop, in the northern extremity of the county, with a rapidly increasing population of considerably more than 20,000 souls, had risen to a condition of great commercial importance, and lay in the most awful state of spiritual destitution. From the very advanced age and increasing infirmities of the incumbent, the utter inadequacy of the benefice to the spiritual requirements of the parish, and

other causes which it is not necessary to enumerate, the provision made for the instruction of the people was utterly incommensurate with their number and intelligence. The parish was placed under the divided sway of Romanism and Dissent; while the remoteness of the locality had in a great measure deprived it of the advantages of episcopal or archidiaconal supervision.

Such a case could not fail to engage the sympathies of the Archdeacon in behalf of a people who were indeed "as sheep without a shepherd;" and earnestly did he labour, that he might be the means of providing them with a faithful pastor. He did not labour in vain. With the assistance of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, he secured for them the services of a devoted clergyman, the Rev. R. S. Bunbury, whose arduous labours in Glossop are still thankfully remembered by many. The people were brought back in large numbers to the Church of their fathers; the children crowded to the Sunday-school; and many who had "first given their own selves to the Lord," and to their minister "by the will of God," consecrated their services as instructors of the young and visitors of the sick.

The Archdeacon's exertions were then directed to the separation of two large districts, Whitfield and Charlesworth, from the parish church, with the view of each becoming a distinct parish for ecclesiastical purposes, according to the provisions of Sir R. Peel's act. He obtained from the Lichfield Diocesan Society the munificent donation of £1,000, towards the erection of the church at Whitfield, the completion of which he was permitted to witness. A school of ample dimensions, and a commodious parsonage, have been added since his death. In Charlesworth the

work, though impeded by numberless difficulties, is making satisfactory progress.

This instance, though confessedly the first in importance, from the magnitude of the undertaking and the number of individuals interested in it, is no more than a fair specimen of the indefatigable zeal with which the Archdeacon discharged the high responsibilities of his office, and it may be added, of the success with which his labours were blessed.

In the year 1846, he had had the satisfaction of reporting to the Bishop, that only three churches of the 186 which belonged to his charge were out of repair, and that for the restoration of two out of the three the necessary funds were already provided.

The number of churches that had been built from the foundation was very considerable; and many districts had been separated from their parishes, and supplied with pastors of their own.

In the cause of education he was equally energetic and successful. He spared no pains to make himself acquainted with all the details of the subject, and in every way to extend and improve the system of instruction throughout the Archdeaconry. He was the first of all the Archdeacons to invite into his district the government inspectors; and he exerted himself to place as many schools as possible in connexion with the Privy Council.

In 1841 he preached a sermon on occasion of laying the first stone, by the Bishop of Lichfield, of a school-room in Derby for the middle orders. In a note appended to it he expresses the feeling that was uppermost in his mind. "It was a gratifying sight, and one of the highest promise, to observe on that occasion the Mayor and Corporation of Derby uniting with the

Bishop and clergy, to give a scriptural education to the middle orders in Derby and its neighbourhood.

“Scriptural education generally, and especially of that class, is, we may be assured, the great subject of the present day. God grant that we may have grace and wisdom to understand and discharge our duty in this matter; for if we allow the present crisis to pass, it is gone for ever.”*

He took the greatest interest in the management of the training-schools, and promoted the establishment, at Derby, of the harvest-schools, which have since been continued with such good effect. To these last he paid particular attention, and used to go from time to time to catechize the pupils, “in order,” as he used to say, “to convince them of their ignorance;” and this thankless office he used to manage with so much adroitness, good humour, and kindness, that his visits were always received with real pleasure.

The general character of his archidiaconal life and labours are sketched by his successor, at his first visitation, in the following words:†—

“In that wider range of duty, in which it was not less constantly his desire to be regarded as a fellow-worker with us, than it was our privilege to listen to and profit by his counsels, there can scarcely be one in this large assembly who has not in some way felt the influence of a mind at once vigorous and comprehensive; a judgment correct and dispas-

* National Education on Scriptural Principles. Derby, 1841.

† In thus troubling the reader with what he said on the occasion alluded to, the editor has yielded to the wishes and opinions of others; and he does so with the less reluctance, as it gives him an opportunity of declaring his conviction, after an interval of two years, that his statement falls short of, rather than exceeds the truth.

sionate ; a heart sincere, stedfast, and affectionate ; a zeal, which

‘ No dangers daunted, and no labours tir’d.’

Such were the qualities, matured and sanctified by the grace of God, which, with constant prayer for strength and guidance, he faithfully employed, during the five years of his connexion with us, for the *defence*, the *reform*, and the *extension* of our church : and if, in briefly touching upon his public labours, I should fail, as I too certainly shall, of giving a just exhibition of their character, it will be some consolation to know that your vivid recollection of the original will go far to supply the manifold defects of the portrait.

“ The period, at which these labours commenced, was, as we cannot but remember, one of imminent peril to the Church ; and he felt that the post which he occupied upon her battlements allowed not of silence or of hesitation. He shrank not from his duty, he sounded the alarm, and took no dubious part in the conflict. Defence, rather than aggression, was his policy ; and to the attempts which were either openly or covertly made, to bring back into the Church the errors she had repudiated, he opposed the simple affirmation and able advocacy of the antagonist truths of Protestantism : nor did he ungird his armour, until on that holy ground, endeared to him by early associations, and consecrated, less even by all the glory of its learning, than by the ashes of our reformers, he had borne an explicit, though, alas ! unfinished testimony to the paramount supremacy of that word which they accounted dearer to them than their lives ;* and had given one more proof of the inextinguishable lustre of that candle which, three centuries before, the flames of their martyrdom had lighted in that place.

“ Intrepid in his defence both of the doctrine and discipline of the Church, yet, far from screening the abuses which time or neglect had introduced into their administration, he employed all his influence and authority in correcting them. The eye always, occasionally the hand of the Bishop, he

* See the Bampton Lectures for 1847.

acted not with the rashness of an innovator, but with the steady zeal of a wise reformer: nor are the instances few, in which, through his firmness of purpose, regulated as it ever was by that law of kindness which dwelt in his heart and on his lips, the time-worn church has been restored, the dilapidated parsonage rebuilt, the deserted school replenished, and accustomed, but long omitted, services renewed.

“To *defend* and *reform*, however, would not satisfy the high aims of one whose breast was expanded with love both to God and man. He was bent, if ever man was, on the *extension* of our church. The anxious hours, the toilsome journeys, the fervent prayers, which he devoted to this object, are known but to few. Not so their results. The annals of church-extension will tell of many wild spots gladdened, through his persevering exertions, by ‘the sound of the church-going bell;’ and, if the truth could be known, of many wilder hearts tamed by the blessing of God upon the ordinances of the Church; of many, either spared the temptation of seeking other pastures, or brought back rejoicing within those of our own fold.”*

In his own parishes, the Archdeacon had at length accomplished the improvements which he had so much at heart.

At Shirley a new aisle had been added, and the interior of the church thoroughly restored. On an adjacent plot of ground, given for the purpose by the present Earl Ferrers, a commodious and picturesque school-house had been built.

At Yeaueley also, to the new church had been added convenient school-rooms, with a dwelling-house for the master.

And at Osmaston, a munificent friend had, as has been mentioned, taken the whole upon himself, and, at the cost of several thousand pounds, erected a church

* Archdeacon Hill's Charge in 1847.

of great architectural beauty, with convenient school-buildings in a corresponding style.

In outward matters his success was complete. It was less easy to estimate spiritual progress; but there were many encouraging symptoms discernible.

As the younger members of his congregation grew up, the improvement effected in their minds and habits by religious education was manifested by the improved standard of public opinion, especially in those points where in general it is much too low. The attendance at church continued each year to improve, and an increased desire for the word of God was spreading abroad. There was generally, on the part of the parents, an anxiety to furnish each of their children with a copy of the Bible, a prayer-book and hymn-book, on going out to service. Many of the labourers were in the habit of carrying their Bibles or Testaments with them into the fields; and in the course of this year an instance of this practice had occurred which had given him great pleasure.

When walking about one fine summer morning, during the hay-harvest, he was attracted by the sound of a voice in a neighbouring outhouse, and on entering it he found his hay-makers at breakfast, while one of them was reading to the rest from his pocket-Bible. The Archdeacon immediately offered to become their minister, and, taking up the book, read to them a portion, to which he added his own simple explanation, and then offered up a prayer. His hearers were so much pleased, that they begged him to repeat his ministry each morning during the harvest, a request with which he joyfully complied.

In the midst of this useful and active career, it had become plain to those whose affection made them

clear-sighted, that for some time past he had overtasked the strength both of his mind and body. His health had never been robust, and the sensitiveness of his mind exercised a malignant influence on his constitution. Though his temper was so even, that it was scarcely ever known to be ruffled, yet his feelings were so keen, and his sympathies so strong, that he was deeply and powerfully affected by all that affected the cause in which he was engaged, or the persons for whom he was interested.

The preceding letters are full of accounts of illnesses, of which he made light at the time, and from which he never would derive a caution to spare himself in future. The illness under which he was labouring, when he felt himself obliged to go to Lichfield, to urge the cause of the female training-school at Derby, proved to be sciatica. The attack was obstinate, and he never quite recovered from it till after his return from France in the summer. Nor is there any doubt that his recovery was retarded by his anxiety about the Bampton Lecture, which exercised a sinister influence on his present weak state of body.

Such was the state of things when, in the month of November, he received from Lord John Russell the proposal to recommend him to her Majesty for the vacant Bishopric of Sodor and Man. This offer, after mature consideration and earnest prayer, he resolved to accept.

To his children, the prospect of leaving the place of their birth and their nearest connexions for the society of strangers, and a distant home, separated from all that they had known and loved, by a long and rough sea-passage, was full of gloom and discomfort. To his parents, the loss was severe; at their advanced age,

they could look forward to but few and hurried meetings to compensate to them the easy and familiar intercourse which they had long enjoyed.

Soon after the official notification of his appointment, he accepted the kind invitation of his predecessor, the Bishop of St. Asaph, to accompany him to the island.

TO SIR M. BLAKISTON, BART.

Shirley, Nov. 24th, 1846.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

The Bishopric of Sodor and Man has been offered to me in a manner so kind and encouraging, that, after a good deal of very anxious consideration, (for I have much every way to leave behind, owing to the goodness of my God,) I have accepted it, and have this morning received Lord John Russell's official information of the Queen's approval. And now I look forward to my new duties with cheerful and lively interest, and seek for strength that I may discharge them to the glory of God, and to the edification of the Church, so precious because purchased at a price so costly. Pray for me, dear friend, that grace, wisdom, and strength may be granted according to my need. My mother was much overpowered, but is now reconciled to the move. A. has been most touching, leaving all her early associations. I have just been told the cottagers are in tears. It is, in short, an overwhelming subject; but I cannot write more.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Shirley, Nov. 24th, 1846.

MY DEAR LORD,

I was sorry to be obliged to write to you yesterday without being able to inform you of my expected appointment to the see of Sodor and Man, of which I have only this morning received an official intimation from Lord John Russell. I am sure, my dear Lord, you will sympathize with the many

conflicting feelings excited in my mind by an event which deranges nearly all my domestic, parochial, and public relations, to a degree that can hardly be estimated by any one who does not know me intimately. It will be a real grief to me to leave this diocese, which has been a scene of such extreme interest to me, and where I have so many tried and valued friends; but, especially, where I have had to do with a Bishop who has indeed been more to me than words can express. I well remember the anxiety I felt when deprived of my excellent friend Bishop Bowstead, respecting my relation to his successor, and therefore know how to appreciate the kindness, consideration, and confidence with which you have uniformly favoured me. Accept the assurance of the affectionate gratitude and unmingled satisfaction with which I shall always look back upon my short connexion with you.

Believe me, my dear Lord,

Yours very affectionately,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE HON. MRS. STEWART MACKENZIE.

[*In answer to her invitation to Brahan Castle.*]

Shirley, Nov. 25th, 1846.

MY DEAR MRS. MACKENZIE,

My answer to your kind letter must be the information that I have been appointed to the see of Sodor and Man. Therefore, we shall be nearer neighbours than we are at present, and though my engagements just now are such as to put everything but very solemn thoughts and responsible duties out of my head, I hope that we may meet before very long. Tell Keith, with my love, that he must come and see his fine old clock adorning Bishop's Court, in the Isle of Man, where we shall be delighted to see any of your family when once we are settled, which will not be till Midsummer. I am going with the late Bishop, now Bishop of St. Asaph, to the Isle of Man on Friday, to see the state of things. I have such a multitude of letters to write, that I hope you will excuse my adding more. Pray that I may

have grace and wisdom for this solemn charge. Accept and present our united kindest regards.

Believe me,

Yours, my dear madam,

Very faithfully,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Douglas, Isle of Man,
Nov. 27th, 1846.

When I left home yesterday I was in receipt of your kind letter of Nov. 24th, but was quite sure that another, of still greater interest, was on its way to me. The Bishop of St. Asaph was coming to the island, and in the kindest and most considerate manner invited me to accompany him, which, of course, I was most happy to do, for his information and advice are invaluable to me. I shall have less exertion and excitement than in Derbyshire, which I hope will be good for my own soul; but I shall need many very high qualifications in which I feel myself very defective. The Bishop's duties here are much more varied than in England, and, though on a small scale, require the exercise of much wisdom and thoughtful discretion.

I have written a circular to the Rural Deans about the Church Extension meeting in answer to your Lordship's appeal, which is admirably adapted to its purpose. I have also written to Mr. Newton, as secretary, to get up the requisition for the Derby meetings. As you are engaged on the 22nd, we must, I think, have Derby 23rd, and Chesterfield 24th; and I would attend a meeting at Bakewell early in the next week, if my consecration and D.D. engagements permit. I am quite grieved that these interruptions should occur just now; but I will do what I can in this my last service for my beloved diocese and Bishop.

I return home, D.V., on Thursday. I have had rather a rough passage, which makes me feel that the insulation of

this see is a serious drawback for my wife and mother ; but it will be better in summer, and we must move then.

TO HIS WIFE.

*Derby Castle, Douglas,
Nov. 27th, 1846.*

MY DEAREST M.

I have not time to write at length, and must reserve all particulars until we meet. We started about 9. 30 A.M., and I walked on deck with the Bishop till towards 1 P.M., getting all sorts of information from him, on matters great and small, spiritual and secular, which you must pump out of me on my return. Our passage was not a very good one, for we had a stiff breeze in our teeth, and did not arrive till 6 P.M. instead of 4 30 P.M., the usual time. When we were first within sight of the island, I got on the bridge which unites the two paddle-boxes, and was enjoying myself in meditation and prayer on the interesting little kingdom before me, when a wave burst over the bows and gave me the shower-bath which I had omitted in the morning, so that I was obliged to go below and change my great coat, and was cold and damp when I arrived.

Dr. Carpenter and Archdeacon Moore met the Bishop on the quay, and greeted me with much cordiality. The Bishop went to Dr. Carpenter's, and I took a fly and came on here. Imagine the surprise and joy of these affectionate friends, (Sir M. and Lady Blakiston;) they immediately guessed the object of my journey. I was cold, and wet, and hungry, for, to tell the honest truth, I was not in a state to relish a dinner at sea, nor was the Bishop, though an excellent sailor; but I was soon warmed, and dried, and fed, and we have talked everything over, they, of course, heartily approving, though I grieve to say that they will have left the island just before we arrive. The post has just arrived, bringing my two letters to Sir M. B. and the "Record" with a flattering paragraph about me . . . would that I were all it represents me to be; but each heart

knows its own plague, at least if the Spirit of God has taught its first lessons. We ought to pray much, dearest one, that we may go in and out among these plain people with simplicity and godly sincerity, testifying fully, each in our own way, and our children and servants confirming our testimony, that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation. I hope too that we shall find this quiet place profitable to our own souls.

Tell my darling child that the Bishop says that Bishop's Court is a charming place for young people, in doors and out of doors, and for rides and walks. I join the Bishop soon after breakfast to-morrow, and we go to the house together.

TO MRS. BULL.

Shirley, Dec. 5th, 1846.

MY DEAR SARAH,

I must not refuse your request to have one more letter from your old friend, W. A. S., though your letter was one of nearly seventy which met me at Douglas, the day I left the island. It is a solemn step we are taking, and leads me to look backwards and forwards; and both views excite very conflicting opinions—so much so, that there have been moments when I have almost doubted whether we should not have done better to have remained here. But on the whole I am satisfied that it was my duty to go forward when the cloud so distinctly moved; and I feel assured that if our way at any time be dark, the cloud will be turned into a clear pillar of light. I am going into a contracted sphere of operation, but to undertake an awfully increased responsibility; for it is a very different thing to administer an extensive range of subordinate duties, and to be the one man to whom all the pastors of an entire island are to look. Moreover, the Bishop of the Isle of Man occupies no common post there, and has much civil as well as spiritual responsibility and influence, and more real power for good or evil within his contracted sphere than any English Bishop. He

has no seat in the English House of Lords, but he is to the island the whole bench of Bishops. You and yours must come over some holidays to witness my work, ramble over my wide old house, worship in my chapel, mount the hills, and gather the beautiful flowers which, as you know, flourish there as they do nowhere in England. God grant that we may be blessed in that sweet retirement, and find his pleasure prosper in our hands. I mean to have an intimation of the day of my consecration put in the "Record," that my dear Christian friends may be helping me in that solemn ceremony. Our kindest regards to you and your husband, and your children.

Believe me,

Your affectionate Friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

After a stay of about a week in the island, the Bishop elect returned to Shirley. He arrived late, and complained of being unwell and fatigued, and though not dejected, he was in a very solemn and serious frame of mind. In answer to some inquiries about the furniture at Bishop's Court, he replied, "It is not nearly so nice as our own, but it will do very well. Whilst you are thinking of chairs and tables, I am thinking of the souls of men. I cannot tell you how I am filled with thoughts about that island." At another time he said, "I cannot think how any one can feel set up by being made a Bishop; it is to me the most humiliating circumstance of my life. I am continually asking myself who, or what am I, that I should be thus counted worthy to be raised above my fellows?"

The strain in which many letters of congratulation were couched, regarding the see of Sodor and Man merely as a step to preferment, gave him decided pain. He observed more than once, "I wish people would

not write thus. Satan is quite busy enough as it is with such suggestions. But, dearest M——, I hope you will not entertain them. No, we must go to our post in a really missionary spirit, content to live or die there, as God may see fit. Let us leave the future in His hands.”

During the following days his indisposition slowly increased, and proved to be the beginning of a severe and dangerous illness, which made it necessary to defer his consecration, and from which he could hardly be said to have quite recovered, when it finally took place on the 10th of the following January. Sanctified affliction was a subject on which he had always loved to dwell. It was now his turn to reap its peaceful fruits himself; and those around him could not but be sensible that “patience was having its perfect work in him.”* Meek he had always been, but he became meeker still; humble, but now he seemed hardly to be able to find words wherewith to express his sense of unworthiness. His love to God and man had been great, but now his zeal seemed to burn brighter than ever; and his love, and tenderness, and gratitude, for every little attention shown by those around him, were quite overpowering.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF LICHFIELD.

Shirley, Dec. 26th, 1846.

MY DEAR LORD,

I am just beginning to use my pen a little, being, thank God, much better, but still rather weak, and I am anxious that one of my first efforts should be to assure you how deeply sensible I am of the lively sympathy and true love which you have shewn towards me on this, indeed I may say,

* James i. 4.

on every occasion. It is a comfort for me to know that when I shall have to walk and act alone as Bishop, often, I doubt not, under circumstances of great difficulty and very weighty responsibility, I shall be permitted to consult, as an elder brother, one to whom I have gladly looked as my father and bishop. Few persons will be better able than yourself to understand the effect which my change of position has had upon my health. The effect itself I take as an answer to the many prayers which I know, and have felt, have been offered up for me. I might have been hurried along by a whirl of business, church extension meetings, parting from friends, receiving last visits, letters incalculable, and so have found myself with little time for introspection on the very eve of the most solemn event of my life hitherto. But God has been pleased, out of his great love, wherewith for Christ's sake He has loved me, a wretched sinner, to take me from all this, and to set eternity before me, so as to make me think of gathering up my feet (not unwillingly I trust) and singing my "nunc dimittis Domine!" But having taught me these solemn lessons, it seems to be his pleasure that I should go forth to work a little longer for Him. May it only be under the influence of the loving correction which He has so wisely and so tenderly administered. But I must not write more. It will be a great comfort to have you with me on the 10th, but at any rate I know you will be there in spirit. The Bishop of St. Asaph will be there, I am thankful to say.

When I know the time of my homage, I will endeavour to arrange for the Derbyshire meetings. It is a great comfort to me that Lord John should have taken the best resident clergyman in Derbyshire for Archdeacon, and that he should not have done even this without consulting the Bishop.

Our united kindest regards to you all.

Your affectionate

And obliged Friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MISS STOVIN.

Shirley, Dec. 31st, 1846.

MY DEAR EMMA,

I am much obliged by your affectionate note, and the kind invitation it contains; but I must "salute no man by the way," and hasten off to my post of duty the moment, after the solemn ceremony of the 10th, that I have been admitted to do homage to the Queen. Every day and hour are engaged before we go to town, so that we have been obliged to decline most pressing invitations to rest even a single night at Rempstone on our way. I hope that, later in the year, when I have preached my Bampton Lectures, we may have more leisure to visit some friends in England; but duty, and especially such duties as mine will be, must occupy the first place.

You have indeed, dear Emma, much comfort in your beloved mother's removal. She was a friend whom I have loved with much affection for many years; and the news of her departure, coming at a time when I was very ill myself, quite overcame me. But it is all well—one more, we trust, admitted into the blessed security of our heavenly "Father's house," in which "are many mansions."* May we, dear girl, and those we love, be found meet to occupy those mansions, and then all will indeed be well. This is all for which it is worth while to live, and to attain this it is indeed gain to die.

May the Lord be with you and your dear father and brother, and sanctify you more and more by this visitation. Our united kindest regards. I am not yet quite so strong as usual, but am thankful to say I gain ground daily. Mrs. Shirley's love and thanks for your letter. She has written some hundred letters for me, and is very busy.

Your affectionate Godfather and Friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

* John xiv. 2.

TO E. P. SHIRLEY, ESQ.

Shirley, Jan. 2nd, 1847.

MY DEAR COUSIN,

Many thanks for your kind letter and all your loving sympathy with me in my promotion and in the illness with which it has pleased God to visit me, as the only means, I presume, of rescuing me from the whirl of business in which I was involved, and giving me leisure to collect my thoughts, and fetch in spiritual strength for the solemn duties on which I am so soon about to enter. It is a very momentous new year to me and mine—breaking up old and cherished associations. God grant that you and yours, as well as my immediate family, may find it a year of many blessings; but my experience tells me that blessings do not always, nor even often, come in the form in which we expect them, and that we do not always recognize them as blessings, when sent to us in the form of afflictions of one kind or another. I am better, thank God, but not strong, and we have had a very fatiguing week:—Monday, Cottagers' wives to supper. Tuesday, Children to tea. Wednesday, Farmers' wives to tea, &c. Thursday, Farmers to supper. Friday, Labourers to supper.

Next week we have two Church Extension Meetings at Derby and Chesterfield, at which I am to attend if possible. I long for the quiet of Bishop's Court. Our united kindest regards to you all.

Your affectionate Cousin,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

TO MRS. BISHOPP.

Chesterfield, Jan. 8th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I am anxious to tell you, which I do with the deepest gratitude, that I have been wonderfully carried through all the exciting scenes of leaving my home and parish, receiving

a presentation of plate on Tuesday evening*—an address from the clergy at Derby yesterday at 12 o'clock—county meeting at 1 P. M., for church extension—a meeting for the same purpose here at 12 o'clock, and then a short examination of the school. By being much alone, and sleeping often, I am not only not the worse for all this, but am really almost well, and believe that I shall be quite well, please God, when my mind is set at liberty from distracting claims upon it, to think quietly, exclusively, and seriously of the work before me in my little primitive island diocese. Picture to yourself our party of six filling a railway carriage, with love and earnest thoughts, to-morrow morning on our way to London; and then the three generations at my consecration! I know that you will be a seventh in spirit.

Believe me

Your affectionate and obliged Friend,

W. A. SHIRLEY.

* Presented by the parishioners of Osmaston; consisting of an elegant ink-stand, and corresponding tray for letters, with a pair of candlesticks.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON the 3rd of January, 1847, the Archdeacon preached his farewell sermon, in Shirley church, on Heb. vii. 1, 2, coupled with the two last verses of the sixth chapter. It was simple and affecting. The congregation was large and attentive, and the number of communicants unusually great. Two days afterwards he received, at the hands of Mr. Wright, as the representative of his Osmaston parishioners, the offering of plate mentioned in one of the previous letters. On that occasion the new school-room, the appointed place of meeting, was completely filled with his friends and parishioners. On the 6th, accompanied by his family, he went to Derby, to meet there a deputation of the clergy of the archdeaconry, for the purpose of receiving from them a farewell address, which was numerously signed. On the same morning he attended, for the last time in that town, one of those Diocesan Church Extension meetings in which he had always taken such an active part.

The speech he made on that occasion may be reckoned among his best; he spoke with deep feeling, and was heard with great attention; and when he quitted the room pale and exhausted, he was followed

by many an anxious eye, and many hearts seemed to wish him "God speed."

He attended a similar meeting, at which he spoke, at Chesterfield, on the 7th; and on the 8th was on his way to town with his wife and children, and parents. A serious anxiety, however, awaited him there. His mother had scarcely reached the end of her journey before she was seized with an attack of bronchitis, which threatened her life. She was in so much danger on the 9th, that it was thought prudent to conceal its extent from her son. She rallied, however, so far, on the morning of the consecration, as to be able (though not without imminent risk) to be present at the ceremony. It took place on Sunday morning the 10th, in the chapel at Whitehall. The Bishop of Carlisle officiated for the Archbishop of York, assisted by the Bishops of Lichfield and St. Asaph. The Rev. Thomas Hill, the newly appointed Archdeacon of Derby, preached on the occasion, from Rev. chap. ii. 1, 2, 3; and after the sermon, the sacrament was administered to the small congregation who remained in the church; the new Bishop's family were of the number. They little foresaw under what circumstances they should again assemble together to partake of the emblems of their Saviour's love.

The Bishop was less fatigued by the service than had been expected, and felt nearly well, when, in the following week, he was called upon to do homage to the Queen. On the 25th he set off for the Isle of Man, leaving his wife to make all the necessary arrangements in Derbyshire.

TO THE REV. R. GRANT, A NEW COLLEGE COTEMPORARY.

London, Jan. 12th, 1847.

MY DEAR GRANT,

It gave me great pleasure to hear of you that the Lord had sought and found you, a sheep wandering in the wilderness, and brought you home to his fold, and set you with a willing heart to feed his sheep; and I was glad to hear from you that you remembered me with interest, and that there was ever anything in my conduct to suggest better thoughts to your mind. I should indeed have been deeply guilty, worthy of many stripes, had I been altogether as others, for I possessed many privileges, and was the child of many prayers; but I have often reproached myself for not having done more for my Master when at New College, by greater consistency and boldness. He has had mercy on us both, and we have both had much forgiven. May we love much; and show that love by continually increasing devotedness to the blessed work to which He has been pleased to call us by putting us into the ministry. May the Lord bless you, and make you a blessing.

Believe me,

My dear Grant,

Yours very faithfully,

W. A. SODOR AND MAN.

TO HIS WIFE.

Derby Castle, Jan. 30th, 1847.

I can hardly tell you how welcome your full packet of letters was last night. It found me in the midst of an evening party here; but I could not resist the temptation of opening the seals to see that all was well. . . . Then the news about Shirley, and the prospect for Brailsford, connected with the appointment of Mr. Hill for the Archdeaconry, is so blessed, that I know not how to shew forth all my praise to

God for his wonderful mercy to me an unworthy sinner. I am sure that we have abundant reason for very special devotion of all we have and are to His only service; and this thought has pressed much upon my mind when thinking of all the arrangements we have to make for our personal comfort.

TO THE SAME.

*Government House, Castletown,
Feb. 1st, 1847.*

Having got into my room, I will occupy this sheet by carrying on my journal from Saturday last. The library looks like my own room, with so many old friends around me. I have one entire division filled with the books which came out of the boxes marked B. L., and I long to be at work upon them. On Saturday I was occupied, as you know, with visitors and letters, and had no time to expand my sermon notes into something like a MS., which Bishop Short had almost persuaded me to do. Moreover, I did not feel well; and I repented having engaged to preach on Sunday. However, I retired early, was blessed with a good night's rest, and found myself so much better in the morning that I determined to fulfil my promise of preaching at the two * orphan churches of St. George's (the aristocratic church in the town) and Kirk Braddon, the mother church of Douglas. At St. George's, I preached from Rom. i. 15, 16, to a large, respectable, and attentive congregation. The Attorney General, Mr. Ogden, having offered me the use of his carriage at any time, I availed myself of his kindness, and was taken by him to his house from St. George's, immediately after the service. He lives close to Kirk Braddon church, in a house where I have a right to lodge when I embark or disembark, as I think I told you. I walked with Mrs. Ogden to church, through a churchyard crowded with the tombs of the dead, and with living men and women,

* The incumbents of these two churches were recently dead, and the livings vacant.

many of whom had come from Douglas (two miles) to hear me preach again; but hardly one of them gave me a friendly look or the slightest salutation, and stood either staring at me, or talking to each other, probably about me. This is rather characteristic of the people, especially in the towns, and results, I believe, from a mixture of barbarism, radicalism, and dissent. However, there was a crowded congregation, which I was sorry to hear was three times the ordinary number; they sang nicely, (at least to my ignorant ears,) chaunting the "Gloria Patri," "Nunc Dimittis," &c., and were very attentive. I preached to them from John iii. 14—16. After the service I called four churchwardens into the vestry, and having said some kind and civil things to them, lectured them about their vestry, which is literally a coal-hole; and then told them they should pray that we might be guided in the choice of a vicar for them. This morning the Archdeacon arrived to breakfast at nine o'clock, having left his home soon after five A.M. After breakfast he drove me here by twelve o'clock; and all necessary arrangements having been made, I proceeded with the Governor, in my robes, to join the clergy at the court-house, and to walk with them to the church. . . . I pronounced the benediction, my first episcopal act. We then went to the court-house, where I took my seat on the right hand of the Governor, and the Clerk of the Rolls administered several oaths to me, amongst which, one was to abjure the Pretender, and another was to promise to do my duty as a member of the Church. When this was done, the High Bailiff of the town stood up and read the address, which I enclose, and for which I was not in the least prepared, but I made him such a reply as the circumstances suggested. The Bishop has usually entertained the clergy at the inn, but the Governor most kindly urged me to allow him to receive us at his house; and finding he really wished to have the opportunity of doing an act of kindness to the clergy, and that the clergy would have been much disappointed if I had deprived them of the greater entertainment of dining with the Governor, I yielded, nothing loth, to say the honest truth.

We have had a very pleasant day, and I have had many opportunities of important conversation with the clergy (about thirty present) and Governor. This morning the Governor's little boy, about three or four years old, came to my door with his frock so full of my letters and papers (more than thirty of the former, and seven of the latter) that he could hardly toddle. I was obliged to transact business with the Governor till half-past eleven, A.M., and it then took me more than an hour to read my letters. After which I had to visit the College; it is now half-past two, P.M., and I must go to dress at forty-five minutes past three, as we start for Sir M. Blakiston's dinner at fifteen minutes past four, P.M. I wish the great dinner of this evening were well over; for those things are usually dull, tedious, and unprofitable. I am sorry that I cannot give you more of my thoughts; but on the whole, I am encouraged to think that there is a work of much interest before me here.

TO HIS SON.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 5th, 1847.

I have asked your mother to show you a letter to her, in which I gave a description of my enthronement; the last formal act necessary to put me in full possession of my very interesting and very responsible charge. You will understand one feature of this responsibility, when I tell you that though I am patron of only four vicarages, these livings, with some chapelries recently constituted in my gift, comprise more than half the population of the island, and have not an aggregate income of one thousand pounds per annum; besides which I have the additional difficulty that the Manx language is required in most of them, which limits my choice to men who, for the most part, are behind the English in vigour, education, habits of business, and even piety and their moral standard. I have also the appointment of all the schoolmasters in the island. In addition to this, the liberty

and independence of other Bishops, and English notions, and university degrees, which I enjoy, while it gives great freedom of action, obliges me to consider each case on its own merits, and is full of minute responsibilities; but the most minute matters are of importance in a small island like this. It is, however, *parva non contemnendo* that I must benefit this island; and there are some very hopeful points in it; among others, King William's College is full of encouragement; a school, admirably conducted, with nearly 160 boys, on which I hope to engraft a class of divinity students.

I came here yesterday, and have eaten my first solitary dinner, and, what I feel even more, have drunk my first solitary tea; but I hope now to devote myself thoroughly to the Bampton Lectures. I have purchased No. 9 of the Prospective Review, and have ordered the rest on your recommendation. I know the shop from which it issues, and have already some of the publications of that school. Blanco White, Emerson, Martineau, were or are of the set, and a very mischievous set they are; all at sea, and likely to germanize into atheism, where they will probably meet Newman, on his arrival at the same point viâ Rome. I have not had time to read No. 9, and it does not seem to contain a directly theological article; but I intend to look over it to-morrow. It is clearly important that I should read it, but I doubt the present expediency of your doing so, and think that you will consult your own spiritual health and comfort by living on more wholesome food. "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit."* The New Testament seems to me to settle the question of the inspiration of the Old Testament; that is to say, that the holy men by whom the record of God's government of the world has been given to us, wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. If we admit a limited inspiration, (for which there is no scriptural warrant,) I do not see where we can stop, or find certainty. The question is, were the minds of those writers divinely inspired or not? If they were, we are their disciples; but if not, we are their critics. I will write more when I have

* Col. ii. 8.

read more. In the meantime, my dearest Walter, aim at a close, childlike, humble walk with God, for that only will give a man present and eternal peace.

TO HIS WIFE

Bishop's Court, Feb. 8th, 1847.

I am most thankful that we did not buy a clarence, for our present carriage will be quite good enough, and I had rather be under-appointed than the contrary, while there is so much distress, and I am prevented from giving what I could wish. I find gradually that one must not look at things here with English eyes, but be content to be plain among a plain people.

After writing to you on Saturday, I walked out with my secretary and registrar, Mr. Brown, the Vicar of Kirk Michael, on our magnificent sands, where at low water you may ride or drive for many miles. It is a splendid, bold sea. In short, it is really altogether a very interesting place, and one to which I could fancy myself becoming much attached; but, if we were discouraged by ranters and methodists at Shirley, what should we say here, where the churches are cold and empty to a fearful degree? My grand aim must be to build up what is fallen. On Sunday I preached at —, to about eighty people, and a Sunday-school of eleven girls and nine boys, out of a population of 1,376. In the afternoon I went to —, where the congregation was not much better, the sermon pious and spiritual, but without point or power. Next Sunday I hold my first confirmation at Ramsey; 21st I am engaged to preach at Peel for the local distress there. I have been to Peel (seven miles) today. The ruins of my cathedral, and of the castle, are very striking, and must be extremely interesting, but it snowed too much for me to visit them; besides which, I was taken up from 11.30 A.M. to nearly 3 P.M. by a succession of visitors.

It is very strange to me to be in this wide house and very

H H

retired situation quite alone, and I long to see you; but you will be glad to hear that my eyes are so much stronger that I am able to read and write by candle-light, using only one candle, and fixing to it the shade I had in church at Shirley. My only candlesticks are those elegant ones which remind me continually of our dear Osmaston friends. All bad symptoms have disappeared, and I gain strength daily. When I rode with L. Mann, on Friday, six miles and back, I felt rather tired, but yesterday was refreshed by my ride to Peel in a storm of snow. So this also must be added to our rich list of mercies. God bless and keep you, dearest one, and prepare your heart as well as mine to praise our God not only with our lips but in our lives, "by giving ourselves up to his service, and by walking before Him all the days of our life!"

TO ARCHDEACON HILL.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 8th, 1847.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,

I am always glad to hear from so true a friend as you are, for we thoroughly sympathize in each other's work. I have, as you suppose, fairly entered upon my deeply interesting office here, and am going about through the towns and villages preaching in my plain way, just as I did at Shirley, the glad tidings of the kingdom of God. I have preached every Sunday hitherto, and am engaged for every remaining Sunday until I go to Oxford for my Bampton Lectures for March 7th. Next Sunday I am to have my first confirmation at Ramsey. Owing to the manageable size of this interesting and favoured diocese, our confirmations are parochial, and even the ordinations are held in the church where the candidate is to minister. Yet, with these and many other advantages, dissent is prevalent to a degree which I have never witnessed in England. Its causes, effects, and remedies, form a grave problem.

Many thanks for the copy of your interesting and excellent circular, which ought to have the effect of stirring

up the archdeaconry to do more than it has done. The people as well as the gentry must be addressed, and a detailed canvass of the principal towns made, if anything effective is to be done. Pray remember that you are in duty bound to pay me a visit in the summer. I am thankful to say that I am feeling quite well. My heart is cheered by seeing all my former charges in faithful hands. Kind regards to Mrs. Hill.

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SODOR AND MAN.

After referring to a comfortable arrangement which had been made for his late excellent curate, the Rev. Thomas Cupiss, he goes on to say,

Bishop's Court, Feb. 9th, 1847.

Thus the only point in the disposition of my parishes, and the changes consequent upon my removal, about which I had any remaining anxiety, is settled to my heart's content; and it is with much joy, and I hope deep thankfulness, I say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me."* Never do I remember to have experienced so many mercies in so short a period. You know some of them; but there are others, and those the most precious, of which few know except myself. I receive them as answers to the many fervent prayers which have been offered up on my behalf.

Pray give my kindest regards to Mrs. Cupiss and your brother.

Believe me,

Yours, my dear Sir,

Very faithfully,

W. A. SODOR AND MAN.

TO THE REV. GEORGE BLISSET.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 8th, 1847.

The Bampton Lectures get on slowly in the midst of many

* Ps. xxiii. 6.

interruptions. To-day, for instance, my whole morning has been taken up with visitors. The clergy walk from six to eight miles distance; make a luncheon-dinner, and stay till they are rested. It is all right, and a good opportunity of becoming acquainted with them, but "amici fures temporis." My eyes are better, and my general health, thank God, much improved, so that I can read and write by candle-light, without which I do not know how I could get on. I wish you could come and pay me a visit in the summer, when the Bampton Lectures are over, for I should like to interest you about my little old-fashioned diocese.

There is a great work to be done here; to raise the tone of everything, and to recover the people to the church of their fathers; for I never saw so much dissent; and this must be done by infusing more earnestness into the clergy, and by real christian education. I wish I could get such a man as Mr. Goulburn of Merton to be my examining chaplain, and pay me a visit once a year. Can you help me? Do you know him? I have preached every Sunday since my arrival, and am engaged till the end of the month; so that I feel myself a pastor, and regard the island as one great parish, through which it is my privilege to go preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom of God.

May the Lord bless and keep you, my dear friend. What a mercy that my archdeaconry and two livings are to be in good hands.

TO HIS DAUGHTER.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 9th, 1847.

The country is, generally speaking, very bare of trees, but the rides from this to Ramsey on the north, and to Peel on the south, are very striking. The scenery about Ramsey is, I am told, very beautiful; but I have hitherto only been within two miles of the town to Legayre. On Sunday next I am to hold my first confirmation at Ramsey. What a blessed and interesting day it will be, if the Lord grant it,

when I lay my hands on the head of my dear A., and dedicate her with a glad and willing heart to be the Lord's soldier and servant to her life's end. May your heart, my darling child, be preparing now for that solemnity!

Peel is a very curious place. If you look at the map, you will see that there is there a small circular peninsula connected with the main land by a narrow strip of land. This was once a small island, and is now covered with the very striking and interesting ruins of the castle, of my cathedral, and of two other churches. The only occupants at present are rabbits; and even these do not belong to me, but to the Queen. Peel is eight miles from this, and the road runs in and out by the side of the hills generally within sight of the sea; and a most glorious sea it is, with splendid sands, on which we can ride or drive for many miles. In addition to this, we have mountains close to the house, covered with heath, and as the people burn a good deal of peat, I have little doubt but that with diligence we may find bogs as deep and dirty as at Edale.

The enclosed paper will give you a short and not very satisfactory account of my enthronement, but it will interest you. Had you seen me the next day in Tynwald court, hearing counsel respecting the discharge of a prisoner, discussing the reform of the House of Keys (our House of Commons), and legislating about allowing the brewers to employ sugar instead of malt, you would have been amused at papa's novel occupation; which, to say the truth, amused me for the first hour or two, but Manx business proceeds at a very slow pace, and I began to wish myself elsewhere and otherwise employed; for all this does not promote the Bampton Lectures, in which I have done very little since I came to the island, but am now going to work in good earnest.

Last Saturday I sent in my carts to Douglas for a cargo of goods from Shirley, and I told the man to bring back a codfish if he could get one. He brought a cod weighing thirty pounds, and the price was two shillings, so that one may live cheap on fish here, when it is to be had, which

is by no means always. The postman is here, so I must conclude.

TO THE REV. CHARLES MONEY.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 13th, 1847.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

Your letter of the 9th reached me, together with twenty-three others, at about half-past twelve o'clock to-day, and the post went out again at two, P. M., in order to be in time for the packet which sails this evening, and will not sail again till Wednesday next, when it will be the bearer of my answer; such is the sad nature of our postal arrangements, the greatest drawback, except the separation from ready personal intercourse with those we love, to a residence in the island. In other respects it is full of interest, and I am as happy here as I well can be alone.

I like your little tract* much, but I feel the difficulty of the subject to which the second, third, and fourth question refer. The fact is, that only the regenerate can use this prayer, or any other; and we teach it to children only on the ground that having been baptized, and received as God's children on the profession made in their name, we assume charitably that they have that regeneration, of which baptism is the sign and conveyance, in a legal sense. If a man has the title-deed to an estate, we assume that he is the owner, until the contrary is proved, but it is capable of proof. I think, therefore, that I should give rather more prominence to the effect of baptism as the seal of the promise, and the visible title of our adoption. May every blessing attend you in your work. Give my kindest regards to your mother and sister.

Believe me,

Yours affectionately,

W. A. SODOR AND MAN.

* On the Lord's prayer.

TO HIS WIFE.

Feb. 13th, 1847.

I send the copy of my pastoral letter which has come for my chapel of St. Nicholas. It would gladden the hearts of some of our altitudinarian friends to see me having prayers there every morning. On Wednesdays and Fridays I have the Litany, and on other days a short abridgment of the prayers; I go as far as "the Lord's name be praised," then read and expound a short portion of the sacred Scriptures, (I am now going through the Ephesians,) after which I take either the prayer for "all sorts and conditions of men," with the general thanksgiving, or the prayer for "Christ's church militant here on earth," and then return to the prayers at the end of the morning service for the clergy and people, and the prayer of St. Chrysostom. Perhaps, however, they would be rather scandalized by the abridgment, and by seeing me habited in a cloak and black cap. It is very cold, which I really should like to remedy, if possible, without a visible stove and pipe. Mr. Wright must advise when he comes here.

I dined yesterday at the Archdeacon's, a party of fourteen: old Deemster Christian, a good old man and a gentleman; my Vicar-general; the High Bailiff (or Mayor) of Ramsey; the captain of the Archdeacon's parish, an office which dates from the times when the island was exposed to invasions. The captain has a small wooden cross, which he has a right to send round from house to house, each man handing it on to his neighbour, and this is a summons which every one who receives it must instantly obey, to meet at the place of rendezvous; there were two doctors, and the rest clergymen.

Dispose of me as you like for Sunday, March 7th. I should like to preach at Shirley and Osmaston. I sat up till one, A. M., writing my charge to the catechumens for Sunday next; very naughty, you will say, but I was so interested in the subject, and found my pen run on so much

easier than it does with the Bampton Lectures, that I could not stop, and was surprised to find that it was so late. The Archdeacon tells me that there is a report that Mrs. Shirley dislikes the idea of crossing the sea so much, that she will never come to the island. If this be so, I tell them that I shall soon resign the Bishopric. He tells me, also, that some persons who are bound by their tenure to present an ox (compounded for by two pounds Manx) to every new Bishop, think of getting up a remonstrance to Lord John Russell for sending them so many. I find that I have a right to kill deer in this parish, if any can be found! I have also some salmon fisheries, which do produce something. There is hardly any game in the island, but the head gardener has just succeeded in killing a fine fat hare that has long been feeding on his young cabbages.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 15th, 1847.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

M—— will have told you that I do not preach at Oxford, March 7th, but still mean to leave the island, March 3rd, and to spend some time with you and other friends before the 13th, when I must be at Oxford. Yesterday was full of interest to me, for I held my first confirmation. It was my first decidedly episcopal act, and I felt as though I really was the chief pastor of this people. The confirmation was only for one parish, so that I had only twenty-nine catechumens. Great pains had been taken with them, and their conduct was very devout and pleasing, and the whole congregation (which was a large one) was very attentive. I threw my whole heart into the service, and hope that some good may have been done. When the service was over, I kept back my catechumens until the congregation had withdrawn, and gathering them around the communion table, talked to them in a more private and personal manner. I

told them about Louisa Frances,* who owed her conversion, her peace, and her present glory, I believe, under God, to confirmation.

My Bampton Lecture does not get on as I could wish. It is not the kind of work that I like or am best fitted for, and I am longing to be more entirely engaged in my proper and suitable employment. I hope, however, soon to talk over all these matters with you.

On my way home from confirmation, I preached at the church of a clergyman who is ill. He is the son of one of our deemsters or judges, and a very devoted man; but, alas! his lungs are affected, and I fear his work is done, and we must be content to let him rest with God. I called on him, and went to pray with him.

Your affectionate and dutiful Son,
W. A. SODOR AND MAN.

TO HIS WIFE.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 16th, 1847.

Strange to say, I have hardly anything to write about, except my confirmation last Sunday. There is, however, one very important matter which I have omitted to mention before, and that is the want of a school-mistress for Kirk Michael. I wish we could get over a suitable person, but it must be at our own risk, for there is no endowment. There is what they call a house here, but it is not a fit residence for the sort of person I should like to have. Yesterday, as soon as I was released from visitors, 3 P. M., I set off with a groom to ride over the mountains in the direction of Douglas, and got about half way, that is six miles. The wind was so powerful that my horse was more than once blown sideways off the road. The groom had his hat blown off, and found it full of water under a small water-fall. It was very wild indeed, and certainly not safe in foggy weather without a guide. I rode as far as one of our mountain chapels, called

* A late member of the congregation at Osmaston.

B——, where there is a good man ministering among the mountaineers. He lives in the farm-house occupied by his wife's mother, a widow; a plain, sensible, worthy farmer's wife. She was making snow soap, and gave me a piece of it, with which I washed my hands this morning very effectually, though the scent was not of the most delicate kind. I took down the receipt, which is a curiosity.* The good dame furnished me with a piece of black ribbon, so that my hat escaped the fate of my groom's.

I have a water-tub which conveys the water from the sea, and is placed under the window of the room in which you wish to have the bath. Then there is a pump with a leather pipe, which forces the water through the opened window into the bath. The bath is like one we once saw at Brussels, with a water-lapped stone at the foot, and a pipe to convey the smoke into the bed-room chimney. So you see I am not without my luxuries, and I am thankful to say that I am remarkably well; if these frightful Bampton Lectures were off my mind, I should be as happy as a lark, and I hope in my heart sing as cheerful and grateful a song.

TO HIS PARENTS.

Feb. 18th, 1847.

My *enthronement* has a grand name, but it really is nothing more than induction. In the island it is usually called installation. After all, *θρονος* means a chair, and it is the placing a Bishop in his episcopal chair. I have three of these chairs or thrones in the island, at Castletown, Douglas, and Kirk Michael, and all of them simple enough.

Yesterday I had service in my chapel at 11 A. M., and 6.30

* Common kitchen soap	3½ lbs.
Snow	21
	<hr/>
	24½
	<hr/>

Add to this 3 table spoonfuls of salt and it will make 17 lbs. of soap.

P.M., and had a congregation of about thirty on both occasions. They were chiefly my own servants, and labourers, gardeners, &c., and came in my time at 11 A. M., but in the evening it was their own free will. I expounded Psalm cxxx. to them, and enjoyed myself. I visited some poor people, and found a sick man, with whom I went to prayer. I shall be glad to have more of this pastoral work, for it refreshes my soul; but at present I want all spare time for exercise. On Monday I had a rough ride over the mountains, and on Tuesday I had a delightful canter over the sands, which are magnificent.

Assure our friends at Ashbourn how much I value an interest in their prayers at the meeting. I feel that I have been much indebted of late to the prayers of christian friends.

The Bishop of Oxford has got the very man on whom I had set my heart as an examining chaplain. He is one of the first men of the day in some respects.

Many thanks for the extract from the Bishop of Calcutta's admirable work on Colossians.

In my reply to the high bailiff, I said, "Mr. High Bailiff, I beg to thank you, and through you those whom you represent, for this affectionate address, and assure you that it is with feelings of deep humiliation I find myself placed in the chair which has been occupied by the eminent and pious prelates to whom you have alluded. The revered Bishop Wilson has hallowed the chair in which he sat so long, and left to his successors an example which they will, I trust, ever be excited to imitate. We may, I think, almost say that the memory of that good man rescued this see from the annihilation with which it was threatened; for men were unwilling to blot out a diocese which was connected with his name. I thank you for your allusion to my dear friend, Bishop Bowstead, now with God. He first raised me to a position of dignity in the Church, and I am happy in the thought that in doing so he prepared the way for my being brought, by the providence of God, to preside over a diocese where he laboured so faithfully, though for a short period, and where he was so much beloved. I must not forget the many im-

portant lessons which I have received from my able, devoted, and munificent predecessor, the present Bishop of St. Asaph, and the example he has set me of unwearied zeal in promoting the best interests of the diocese. Pray that I may also be a blessing to this island; and that God may give me grace and wisdom to discharge the duties to which he has called me." My answer was so wholly unpremeditated that I did not know what the high bailiff was about when I saw him on his legs, until the governor told me, but I believe that the above is as nearly as possible what I said. Memory is the reflection of attention, and on the principle that the angle of reflection is equal to that of incidence, when the attention is strongly excited (as it was in my case) the memory is clear in proportion.

My appointments have only been of Surrogates, though they are of some importance, in consequence of the foolish vanity which makes the lowest people marry by licence. I reappointed the Vicar-general, which is an office worth £400 per annum. He is an important officer as judge of the consistory court, and must be acquainted with Manx law.

The Manx papers amuse me now and then with letters from correspondents about what Bishop Shirley ought to be made acquainted with, and how he ought to act. The great point of discussion is whether Manx-speaking clergymen are to be exclusively appointed to livings. I have appointed one to the vacant vicarage; but they are a heavy set, and will soon be exhausted; for their children do not understand Manx. I am glad to hear that the children in the streets play in English. The Manx is a language without a literature, except the Bible and Prayer-book lately translated, and as far as I can make out, has neither dictionary nor grammar deserving of the name. It is an unmitigated portion of the curse of Babel. I will send you a Manx paper—it is sad stuff.

TO THE VENERABLE ARCHDEACON HILL.

Accompanying his presentation to the chaplaincy.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 20th, 1847.

I am well aware that it is emphatically true of the inclosed appointment that "the gift doth stretch itself as 'tis received," for it has no value but what you are pleased to put upon it. I hope, however, that you will not consider it quite a sinecure, but that I may have the great pleasure, in the course of the summer, of your ministrations in my little chapel of St. Nicholas. I have service always on the last Sunday in the month, when the service at the parish church is in Manx, and I should be very glad if you can time your visit so as to spend one of those Sundays with me.

You will be glad to hear that I am very well and very happy in my work, which is full of interest in this primitive diocese. Last Sunday I had a parochial confirmation, with twenty-nine catechumens, so that I was able to repeat the words to every four of them, which appears to me more impressive than the English method, and I had an opportunity of gathering them round the Communion Table when the congregation had left the church, and of talking more privately to them. This is the quiet and personal manner in which the episcopal functions might be discharged if you had more limited dioceses.

TO HIS SON.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 22nd, 1847.

I received your letter of the 16th on the 19th, but owing to an accident, all my English letters were delayed until it was too late to answer them, greatly to my annoyance, and, I fear, also of others, who will calculate upon hearing from me. But I feel that I must regard myself as a missionary here, and be content with such things as I have; and certainly I have great reason to be content, though there are

serious drawbacks, if I chose to dwell upon them, out of which I could make a very *piquante* letter. In one word I may say that the aspect of everything painfully reminds me of Ireland, and even of those parts of Ireland where bogs are extensive, and hedges and trees few. It smells of Ireland from the burning of peat. The women go about with great blue cloaks and no bonnets, often with bare feet. The very language is of the same family. It is Ireland fifty years after its conversion to Protestantism by means of the methodists; for the church here is at a very low ebb, though there is a good deal of religious feeling among the people, and so little serious crime that I wrote to say that Brutus* would be quite a supernumerary here.

I preached to a crowded congregation yesterday at Peel, and it was very spirit-stirring; but they will almost all be at the methodist chapel next Sunday. However, my calling clearly is to do what I can to raise up the Church of England, that it may be effective to win souls to Christ. My predecessor did his very best, in his way, and with no small success, and I must do my very best, in my way, as God may enable me.

I do not wonder at your feeling Oxford a coming down after Rugby; but, remember that you were tired of Rugby, and be quite sure of this, that there is a bright side of Oxford, and I should advise you to get on it, for it is the warmest and the pleasantest. There must be a transition state, and you are in it; make the best of it, and get out of it as soon and as well as you can, but quietly and unconsciously, without any violent and precocious determination to be a citizen of the world.

On Saturday the carriage and horses, Frederick, and the housekeeper arrived. They brought two of A.'s cats as far as Liverpool, but there the tortoise-shell escaped to liberty and ruin; only the white one arrived, which A. used to abuse for want of genius; all the fuschias which you gave her have come, and seem to be very happy with those

* The house dog.

here. This place is really very pretty, though a large portion of the country certainly looks like what Pat would call a "dissolute island."

TO THE VEN. ARCHDEACON HILL.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 22nd, 1847.

I have just given away the Mother Church of Douglas, after many anxious thoughts. The people here crowd to hear me preach, so that I shall have that opportunity of delivering my Master's message; and as there have always been several of the clergy, I aim at setting them an example of great plainness of speech. There is a great work to do in this little island. Your Derbyshire church people are I fear little aware of their privileges, or the danger they are in of losing them. If the Church had not awaked out of its lethargy, all England would by this time have been like this island, and much worse, for we have few great crimes, though, I fear, a very low and carnal standard of morals in the midst of much religious excitement. Your invitation is very tempting, but until my lectures are delivered I must "salute no man by the way," except to remain quiet where I can read and write.

TO HIS WIFE.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 22nd, 1847.

Yesterday I preached at Peel, for the local distress, in the morning and at six P.M. In the morning there was a good congregation, but in the evening the church was more than full, and it really was very encouraging to preach to so attentive and interested a congregation. Preaching from church to church will be one of the most important, and certainly one of the most delightful of my duties here. I hope that we shall both feel as missionaries here, sent to revive a feeble Church. I came home from Peel very tired, and slept full eight hours.

Thursday I shall have to sit as judge in my own court, and Friday will be entirely taken up with the promulgation

of laws on the Tynwald Hill. All would be right and easy if I had not to deliver these lectures, but they make little progress, and haunt me. F. thinks the island looks "a wilderness place;" but he says that my farm is "excellent land, and will carry anything."

Tuesday, 23rd.—I feel much better to-day than I did yesterday, but I had visitors from 12.30 to 2.30 p.m. These people sit and talk, and sometimes they sit without talking, as if the sun stood still for them as it did for Gideon. I am sadly teased with applications for ordination, from a most unlearned and questionable set of people; there is not one applicant whom I feel that I can heartily encourage; it is a very fearful responsibility. I hope to have a personal interview with one or two of them in England. There is a sad system here of vagrancy, of which Bishop's Court is the great encouragement. I was looking at my stack-yard, and asked the bailiff what should be done with a small stack of barley; he said, "I suppose it had better be *grund doon* for the poor;" (he is a Scotchman.) I am devising means for putting this on a better footing, for I am sure that it does much mischief. The *tone* wants to be raised in every direction, or this place will become a little Ireland.

TO R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 23rd, 1847.

I dare not take a quarto sheet like yours to thank you for your nice, long, friendly letter, for this is the seventeenth I am preparing for the post this evening. Let me explain, in the first place, that, owing to an accident, I did not get your letter of the 13th in time on the 19th to answer it by that post, and we have a mail to England only on Saturdays and Wednesdays in winter, and winter lasts, I am told, eight months. This is one of the drawbacks on my situation, and it is not the only one; but, on the whole, I have great reason to be thankful and contented, and believe that it is a very good thing for me to be thrown into this retirement. I have a strange mixture, here, of luxuries and discomforts, of great

simplicity combined with a good deal of real power, position, and consideration. It is a very peculiar state of things here; a transition state, and I hope for the better. The old language is, I am thankful to say, in *articulo mortis*, so that I should be even more mischievous than certain Welsh gentry of my acquaintance if I were to attempt to preach in Manx or give prizes for Manx bards. Bards, indeed, there are none, nor any literature, except the Bible and Prayer-book, which were translated during the last century. The appearance of things is painfully like Ireland; and when O'Connell is dead, and the Methodists have converted Ireland to their way of thinking and ranting, (which is the case here,) the improved Ireland will be very much what the Isle of Man is now. You will feel that this state of things is very critical, and one into which a minister of Christ should throw himself with all his weight; and I see before me a work of great interest; but, just at present I do as little as I can, and look and listen, making my Bampton Lectures my plea for remaining quiet, though I should say that in four Sundays I have held a confirmation and preached seven times.

My residence is a very nice one, and I have even a humble imitation of the Dingle, we call it the Glen, and people here who have no Dingle to excite them to odious comparisons, think my Glen something very delightful, and many lions from Douglas honour it with their presence in summer. Then we have really a lion of the first order at Peel, where, in a small peninsula which was once an island, there are the ruins of my cathedral, two other churches, and a castle; and they are a very striking group, which you must draw some day. I wish I could accept your very tempting invitation to Badger, for I should like to be with you alone, to look at your works, and to consult you about my lectures; but I must give the only few days at my disposal to my Parents, to whom my separation is a great trial, as it is to me.

. . . . I believe, that I have thought better of the Fathers than they deserved. Our early reformers attributed too much to their authority, and have communicated something of that feeling to their symbolical treatises. In point of earnest piety

several of the Fathers are full of interest ; but the gnosticism of one age, the asceticism of another, and the narrow spirit of all, perverted their views. And most of them in an age when few had access to the Bible, and when the memory of apostolical teaching and still more of apostolical discipline had hardly passed away, attributed more than was due to tradition even then, and far more than we can attribute to it now. But I must try to see you, or at least to send you one or two of my lectures, for I should much like to set the lay mind at work upon them. I should like to meet your friend ——; I have no doubt that he is right in thinking that Puseyism is the result of conceit much more than of study; most of those whom I have met are painful and supercilious coxcombs. I am saved the annoyance of these people here, where everything runs the other way, and I should like to infuse some ecclesiastical feeling into their minds. But I really long to see you here, that you may realize my situation and my work. When I have preached my last lecture, June 13th, I shall be ready for episcopal work, or talking with you, or playing with my children, and certainly there is no work which need oppress me, or prevent me from feeling quite comfortable.

TO HIS WIFE.

Bishop's Court, Feb. 27th, 1847.

In the prospect of meeting you so soon, please God, I need not write at any length, and indeed have little to tell you. On Thursday I sat, for the first time, in my consistorial court, in solemn state, with my Vicar-general in his wig on one side of me, and my Registrar on the other. There were complaints against executors for having returned only the fourth part of a wheel-barrow instead of having returned the whole vehicle; and other such-like matters, which not only did not interest me, and made me feel that I had spent my time to very little purpose, but made me question the expediency of my presence there altogether, unless there be some really ecclesiastical matter before the court,

for I am not sent here to be a "divider" of wheel-barrows "among them." At any rate I shall appear there very rarely. This morning I have signed the judgments, which all pass in my name. In England the common law courts have gradually drawn away the business of the courts spiritual; but it is not so here, and therefore everything touching the administration of wills, all disputes with executors, all family contentions arising out of our very objectionable law, which gives the children, on the death of their mother, a right to half the father's property; hence the dividing of wheel-barrows; all these, and many kindred matters, are tried in my courts, but they shall be tried without me. Well, on Thursday I was judge, and on Friday I acted the part of legislator, and met the Tynwald on the Hill for the promulgation of four laws; one of which was to oblige the Vicar of Kirk Braddan to consent to the formation of Douglas into a separate parish. I have explained to you the rude and simple state which is observed on these occasions. When the business was over, I moved in Tynwald, that a committee of the legislature be appointed to draw the boundary of the proposed parish of Douglas, and to prepare heads for an act to constitute the parish, and make all civil and ecclesiastical arrangements, and to report the same to Tynwald. The committee I proposed were the Attorney-General and Archdeacon, of the Council, and the Speaker, Secretary, and one other member (having local knowledge) of the House of Keys, which was carried and ordered accordingly. So that is set in motion, and is a matter of great importance.

I filled my carriage with clergymen, and kept open house at breakfast and dinner for those who passed this way. We dined at five o'clock, and at half past six we went to the chapel for prayers. I gave a short exposition, or rather a sacramental address, for the benefit of those who are to communicate with me to-morrow, from part of the first lesson, Deut. viii. 2, 3, compared with Matt. iv. 4; there is another life besides that of the body, and that life is sustained by feeding on Christ, the incarnate Word of God. We were between thirty and

forty, including my guests, and I hope some good may have been done. I feel that every sermon I preach in the presence of the clergy is like a Charge, and I am anxious to set them an example of a simple and natural way of preaching.

CONCLUSION.

THE Bishop adhered to his resolution of crossing the Channel on the 3rd of March, and the next day joined his wife and parents at Brailsford, who were both surprised and rejoiced at the improvement in his health and looks. On Sunday the 7th he preached at Shirley and also at Osmaston, where he addressed the school children for the last time. On the following evening he received from his Shirley parishioners the gift of a handsome clasped Bible and Prayer-book, for his chapel of St. Nicholas. After paying one or two visits on the road, he proceeded to the Vice-Chancellor's, at Oxford, whom he had known for many years, and who had kindly insisted on receiving him as a guest whenever the lectureship brought him to the University. He delivered the two first lectures on the 14th and 21st,* besides preaching each day, "quietly," as he said, and more to his mind, at a parish church in the evening. He thus writes to his friend, Mr. Cheney, on the subject of the lectures.

* These two lectures, all he lived to preach, were published after his decease, accompanied by two others; the rest not being in a sufficiently advanced state for publication. To these were added the two sermons preached by him at Oxford on Whitsunday, 1845.

Oxford, March 17th, 1847.

I think my first lecture was so far approved of that it will secure me hearers for the rest. There was a very large congregation. I shall be glad to know what you think of my No. 3. I incline to think that I ought, if possible, to give more prominence than I intended to Rationalism; for men's minds seem just now to be running that way. They germanize and talk of Myths. I cannot give more than one sermon to the subject. If you are at Badger at the end of April, I should very much like to spend a few days with you, to talk over these matters. Next year, I hope to have time to tire my friends with my company.

On the 22nd he again joined his wife in town, and, accompanied by her, spent a few days with his friend and relation, Mr. E. P. Shirley, in Eaton-square. He was in high spirits, and apparently good health, though he more than once said to his wife that he had never felt so strong since his last illness, and that he had been fagged by his excursion to Oxford. His state of mind was as usual placid and devout; and he appeared deeply to feel the services of the solemn fast which was so remarkably observed on the 24th. Two days after, accompanied by Mrs. W. A. Shirley, he went to visit his old and valued friend, Mrs. Bishopp, in Northamptonshire, and on the evening of his arrival, attended and spoke at a meeting held at Naseby for the Pastoral Aid Society. Whether he caught cold at this meeting, or on the previous journey, is uncertain; but the next morning he complained of feeling unwell, and of suffering from a bad cold. He preached on the following day, notwithstanding his indisposition, at Naseby, on 2 Cor. vi. 1. This, as it proved, was his last sermon. The texts upon which he then dwelt with most force, recurred frequently to his mind during his last illness,

as a strong ground of consolation, to which he had not fled in vain. On his return from church he complained much of pain in the limbs, and all the symptoms of a heavy cold. But the day, one of pouring rain, was very unfavourable to an invalid, and he did not appear at all worse than under the circumstances might be expected. He soon got warm at his fire-side; and when Mrs. Shirley went into his room to see how he was, he begged her to kneel by his side, and prayed at considerable length for his family and friends, the parishes he had just left, and above all, for the diocese to which he was going; that he and the partner whom God had given him, might both go there in a missionary spirit, willing to spend and be spent in their Master's service. On the next morning, when he was to continue his journey, there blew a piercing March wind, accompanied by occasional storms of sleet and snow; an unfortunate delay at the station kept the travellers in no very pleasant situation for more than an hour, with the choice only of a very uncomfortable waiting-room, or the platform; they preferred the latter; and the Bishop, whilst walking up and down, though the sleet was driving in his face, was particularly animated and cheerful, and really seemed almost well. But on getting into the train he complained of a great chill, and suffered from icy coldness more or less all day, until at length the warm reception he met with from some relations, at whose house he slept at Liverpool, appeared completely to restore him; and further cheered by the arrival of his son, he seemed to be quite himself again. On the morrow he crossed to Douglas; the day was sunshiny and fine, and the Bishop walked a good deal on deck, entering into conversation with several of the passengers, and occasionally playing with some of the children on board.

At Douglas he was met by Sir M. Blakiston, at whose house the party were lodged; he felt unwell that evening, and was not in his usual spirits. No change for the worse, however, occurred in his state whilst there; and on Thursday, April 1st, the family party removed to Bishop's Court. On arriving, he was most anxious to go over every part of it with his wife and son, asking the former continually, if she did not think they might be very happy there. The day was fine and sunshiny, and all looked smiling, but the mountains were still covered with snow, and the wind was bleak, and though the house had been well aired, yet it felt cold and looked desolate. Towards the evening it was evident that the Bishop was not so well, and he was persuaded to take a warm bath, and to use some other remedies. How little did those who had seen him that morning by the side of the carriage on foot, climbing up the hills, and afterwards almost running over the grounds at an animated pace,—how little did they think that he had gone up those stairs that night for the last time! The next day (Good Friday) the apothecary, usually employed at Bishop's Court, was called in. The opinion he gave was not such as to excite alarm, but the patient grew evidently worse from day to day, until the 9th, when Mrs. Shirley and her son being seriously uneasy, sent for a physician, Dr. Young, from Peel, a measure which they would have taken sooner had they known, in that strange land, to whom to apply. Dr. Young, on seeing his patient, immediately pronounced his disease to be pneumonia in an already advanced stage, attended with very alarming symptoms. The countenance wore an anxious expression, the pulse was rapid and fluttering, and there was an extreme prostration of strength, ac-

accompanied by a disposition to drowsiness. He immediately insisted on the necessity of giving up the Bampton Lectures; and accordingly a medical certificate of the Bishop's state was drawn up and forwarded to the Vice-Chancellor.

The following account is selected, with slight omissions, to render it fit for the public eye, from memoranda kept at the time of the Bishop's illness, by those who had full opportunity of hearing and seeing all that passed in the sick-room.

On Sunday, the 11th, he said to his wife, "It is such a relief to think I have quite done with the Bampton Lectures; I shall now be quite free, and can give myself up to my family and my diocese; only think how much more I shall see of you, dearest!" After a pause, "Yes," he added, "I can now be content to live, and, if it be God's will, to die here; do you not feel the same?" Mrs. S., being much overcome, from feeling how very probable it was that the latter part of his sentence would be fulfilled, he gently reproved her for her want of a missionary spirit, not understanding the real cause of her sorrow.

On the 13th, another physician, Dr. Kemp, was called in and entirely confirmed Dr. Young's view of the case. From this time Dr. Young took up his abode in the house, and continued to render every service to his patient which unwearied attention, medical skill, and christian sympathy, could devise. Dr. K.'s opinion was so unfavourable that, after a long consultation together, the medical men thought it right to inform Mr. W. Shirley of the state of the case, requesting him to break to his mother the cruel truth, that possibly his father had not many hours to live. Inflammation on the lungs had already taken

place. The expectoration was now strongly tinged with blood, and it was apprehended that in coughing he might rupture a blood-vessel, which would put an immediate end to his existence. Meanwhile the Bishop had earnestly requested his wife not to conceal the result of the consultation, adding, "I should wish to know it, whatever it may be." Accordingly, when sufficiently recovered from the dreadful shock to be able to speak, Mrs. Shirley, accompanied by her son, went into the room, and asked if she should read to him a chapter from the Bible. John xiv. was proposed; when he immediately said, "Why do you choose that chapter, Walter read it to me yesterday?" It was then changed to 2 Cor. v. He listened with great attention, repeating after his wife parts that particularly struck him, especially the fourteenth verse, "For the love of Christ constraineth us," which he dwelt on with great emphasis; making, however, no remarks, excepting on the vividness and earnestness of feeling displayed by the apostle in that chapter, so different from our own lukewarmness. Prayer was then offered up, his wife and son both kneeling by his bed-side; after which he was told that the chapter and prayer had his case in view, and that the fatal termination of his illness was but too probable. The look of earnestness which he turned on his wife and son can never be forgotten by them, but he said nothing, and showed no signs whatever of emotion, excepting that a slight perspiration appeared on his forehead. In about a minute after he said, "What a very happy and blessed life I have had!" After this, some necessary allusions were made to his worldly affairs, and he became too much exhausted to converse. His daughter, it was settled, should be sent for by the first packet,

and his parents and friends informed of his state of danger. In the evening, the same members of his family being present, he was asked whether he felt happy. "Perfectly," was his reply, "perfectly happy; 'the Lord knoweth them that are his;'* and if we are constrained by the love of Christ, to live to Him, we may take the comfort of that passage to ourselves. 'The Lord knoweth them that are his;' if we really are constrained by his love, we need not go from text to text, we may rest on that."

The next morning, the 14th, he questioned Dr. Young about his case; and on his expressing his fears as to its issue, he calmly replied, "I could wish, if it were God's will, to live, for the sake of my dear wife and children; but not my will but His be done." In the course of the afternoon Mrs. Shirley asked him if he had any directions to give her, either with regard to her future path or their children's? "No," he said, more than once; "W.'s is so clearly marked out for him that there is nothing to say; and about A., you are the best judge; I should have liked to have lived a little longer on her account, but God's will is best. The will of my will is God's will; how could I take to myself the title and privileges of a child of God if my will were not His will? Oh! M., how many anxieties you will save yourself, if you will but submit yourself to God's will!"

On this day, the 14th, he talked a good deal separately both to his wife and son, and to Dr. Young, repeating the same idea, more especially in reference to his daughter; adding, "Yet for myself, my own longing desire is to depart. 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is

* 2 Tim. ii. 19.

far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh is more needful for' my family."* To his son he said very little. He named one or two matters of business, and then added, "I have nothing to tell you but what I have always told you. I may yet live to see you a useful and christian man, and if not, your course is plain before you. You have lived long enough to understand me and to enter into my feelings." He seemed absorbed in reflection for a minute or two, then added, "I feel more anxious about A. I might have been of use to her. When will she be able to be here?" His son replied, "not till Saturday." "I should have wished to have seen her once more before I die." He only added his blessing, as it proved his last. On being asked, subsequently, how he felt; "Quite happy;" and then he repeated the verse, 1 Pet. i. 8, "Whom having not seen ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory," changing ye into we as he repeated the verse. He afterwards saw his old servants and thanked them for their affectionate services, especially during his preceding illness, adding, "I can never forget your kindness, and desire to thank you for it from my heart. I hope you will lead christian lives, and then you will not be afraid to die." To the servant who was going the next day for his daughter he said, "Tell her, with my most tender love and blessing, that I could have wished to have seen her before my death, but I fear I shall not. But Jesus says we must bear the cross; and Jesus is saying to me, 'Can you bear this cross, to die without seeing your child?' and I say, 'Yes, Lord.' Tell her how her father dies, will you? Promise me you will. Tell her I submit cheerfully to

* Phil. i. 23, 24.

God's will, because I know His will to be the best." To the butler he said, "You and I did not expect to part so soon when I lately engaged you, neither did I expect to come here only to die. It is a lesson to us all, and I hope you will learn to be a christian man." To the coachman he spoke on the importance of maintaining a holy and consistent profession; and to a lad, who had been at school at Shirley, he said, "Be a good lad, my boy, and pray to God to impress on your mind the lessons you have been taught at the Sunday-school."

Dr. Young, who was present at this scene, said afterwards, more than once, "The calmest man there! I could not have conceived it. I have been by hundreds of death-beds, and never saw anything like it. Not a look—not a tone! and they seem to have loved him so!" In the evening, preparation was made for administering the sacrament to him, which he had told the doctor he should gladly receive. As it was thought he might not outlive the night, he was asked whether he had any messages to send to his parents or friends. To the former he sent his tender love, desiring they might be thanked for their love to him. One friend, Mr. Cheney, to whom many of the letters in the preceding correspondence are addressed, he mentioned no less than three times, expressing an anxious desire that he should be informed of his state, and asking if he had been written to. Of his daughter too he spoke very often, sending her his love and blessing. Mr. Brown of Kirk Michael having arrived, the sacrament was duly administered, first to the invalid in both kinds, on account of his weakness, and then to those present; Dr. Young, Mrs. Shirley, her son, and all the household, excepting two young persons who had never

before communicated. After the conclusion of the service, just as Mr. Brown was going to pronounce the blessing, the Bishop touched his arm to stop him, and pronounced it himself in a firm and solemn tone. The servants were then rising to depart, when he said, "My kind, christian friends, I wish to say a few words before we part. Can you doubt, you, who have seen me find such comfort in this sacrament—who are witnesses of the joy I have in believing, that there is laid up for me a rest in heaven? If you love God's service, you may hope for the same joy, the same rest. Do not think for a moment that He for whom I have laboured so long will forsake me now in this my hour of need. No! He will never leave nor forsake those who trust in Him. Whilst on earth I have worked; yes, as you know, I have worked hard in my Saviour's service. I am now ready to go whenever He sends for me. It is better to be with Jesus than to remain here. I am now entering on my reward, which will be to join with saints and angels in heaven, in singing the praises of God and the Lamb for ever, and ever, and ever! Which of you would have thought that I had come to this island only to die? Remember, each one of you may be the next. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. Oh! how mean and little this earth is!" To this effect he spoke to them for about ten minutes, then, with deep earnestness and affection, bade them all farewell; again shaking each by the hand, including this time the recently hired servants and the two who had been excluded from the sacrament on account of their age. We asked him, when they were gone, if he felt tired. "Yes, rather; but it is worth being a little tired, if my last sermon may do

any good." The same night, at about twelve o'clock, two of his oldest friends arrived, Sir Matthew and Lady Blakiston. On their names being mentioned, he gave them a smile, so peculiarly his own, of affectionate reception and welcome; and upon their expressing their deep regret at finding him so unwell, he said, "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." *

Thursday, 15th.—This morning he felt decidedly better, and seemed sanguine as to his own recovery, for he said to his old housemaid who came into the room, "Mary, the dear servants will be glad to hear that the crisis is over." He also said to his wife, "What reason have I to be thankful for being spared during the past night; what a signal mercy it has been!" He was answered, "Certainly, a great mercy; but why more last night than any other?" He paused, the same thought evidently being uppermost; and then with considerable difficulty said, "Because you, dearest, have still a home." In the course of the following day he said to his wife, "Oh! M——, I have had during this illness such an insight into the eternal world, that death seems a mere transition. I believe heaven to be only an expansion of that intense happiness which I am now enjoying in communion with God. Oh! what a bauble is this world! What a mere bubble to be caring about!"

Early on Friday morning, 16th, Mr. R. accidentally set the bed on fire, whilst giving his patient some barley water, and the whole furniture above his head was instantly in a blaze; but happily it was soon extin-

* 2 Tim. i. 12.

guished by the exertions of Mr. R. and Sir M. Blakiston, who were then in the room. Meanwhile the Bishop was perfectly calm and placid, and did not speak or move a muscle. When the fire was put out he said, "You should never hold a candle inside a bed, it should be put upon a table near it." To Dr. Young, who inquired, on coming into the room, if he had not been agitated by the frightful accident, he replied "No; I am in God's hands; it would not certainly have been a pleasant death; but if it were His will that I should die so, what have I to say? I cannot help myself. Nothing can happen to me without God's permission." Dr. Young immediately felt his pulse, and declared that not the slightest alteration in it had been occasioned by this strange and alarming occurrence. Every morning he had a chapter from the Bible read to him, and afterwards a prayer offered up suitable to his state. He always chose a passage of the chapter on which to make a short practical comment. When Mrs. Shirley was reading to him 1 John iv., he stopped her at the 18th verse, and repeated, "Yes, perfect love casteth out fear; he that feareth is not made perfect in love." In the course of the afternoon he illustrated the meaning of the passage by saying, in answer to her question whether he was happy and comfortable, "Yes, I am quite content to live or die. I am in perfect peace. Yes, 'perfect love casteth out fear.' I have no little scruples; a child who loves its father is not always thinking whether he is offending him. He does his best to please him, and feels assured of His love." At another time he exemplified the same text thus to Dr. Young: on a female servant's entering the room he addressed her in terms of great kindness; when she left it he said, "I cannot treat servants as some

people do ; I could not bear to be served with fear ; where there is fear there is no love, 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

He was much better on Friday afternoon. Dr. Kemp called in unexpectedly, and was so much pleased with the improvement, that he said his case was not without hope. Whilst the medical men were consulting together he said to his son, "I may recover; I am much better to-day; but I feel that even if I recover from this attack I cannot live long. At every turn, from the least cause, I get an illness. I should never have had that illness when I was made Bishop, if I had not been very much broken in health, and again now; but I have never been so strong since. My constitution is gone; the fact is, I have done two days' work in one. You know what my maxim has always been—better to wear out than to rust; but I have been drawn two ways all my life." After having heard the more favourable report of the medical men, he talked of the possibility of his travelling abroad for the recovery of his health, and seemed to find a pleasure in calling to mind the many places he had desired to visit. He mentioned Spain, the Levant, and even Jerusalem, saying, "The journey is so short now." He appeared to take pleasure in conversation, and when his attendants were silent he would occasionally quote passages from the classics, and more frequently texts from the Bible. He asked Dr. Young the nature of his disease, and took great pleasure in having it explained. He also talked of the Bampton Lectures; and both to Mrs. Shirley and his son he said at different times, "The great mistake of my life has been taking the Bampton Lectures: it has taken

me out of my own line; it has drawn me two ways, and been too much for me."

On Saturday, 17th, Sir M. and Lady Blakiston were to take their departure from Bishop's Court. The latter accompanied by Mrs. S. went into his room together, and found him on the sofa, where he had been placed whilst his bed was making, and as he seemed rather better, he was allowed to remain there a little. He talked a good deal, and repeated his conviction that death to the believer was a mere transition; that now he could understand the meaning of there being "in his Father's house many mansions."* We were each occupying our abode in it. He should soon be occupying another room (as it were) in it, even a heavenly. He added, "It is a matter of perfect indifference to me to live or die—I am quite indifferent." Seeing his wife much affected he shook his head playfully, and exclaimed, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart?" † death is but a little change from time to eternity—to the Christian, I mean, to one who has endeavoured to live as a Christian ought." His wife replied, "I wish I could feel as you do, but I cannot." He fixed his eyes earnestly on her and said, evidently meaning it for both, "Is not my God your God, my hope your hope? hope on to the end, and ye shall 'receive the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls.' ‡ As he was speaking, his countenance assumed quite a heavenly smile. When Lady B. left the room Sir M. B. came in, and at Mrs. S.'s request, prayed by his bed-side. The Bishop thanked his friend, and said, "My dear friend, we have walked together for many years as friends on earth, may our friendship be continued throughout eternity!" Something having

* John xiv. 2.

† Acts xxi. 13.

‡ 1 Pet. i. 9:

occurred to delay their departure, Sir M. and Lady B. went up stairs once more to take a final leave. He said to them, "We shall, at all events, meet in Christ's glorious kingdom, in an eternal world of peace and joy. There is nothing in this world worth living for." With these words they parted, to meet no more in this world. Mrs. S. afterwards observed, alluding to some rather uncomfortable arrangements in the room, "Lady B. and I have been agreeing that men may be good doctors, but that women must be called in to nurse." He replied immediately with much earnestness, "Oh! never say that, dearest M.; just see how I am nursed, and how I have been attended to by my kind doctors. I often think no creature ever had such comforts and attendance as I have had during this illness: how thankful I ought to be!"

In the course of this afternoon, he became very anxious about his daughter's arrival, and asked many times when she might be expected. He was told it would be late, but he desired to have the curtains withdrawn, that he might look out of the window whilst daylight lasted, and continued to inquire from time to time whether she was come. At last, to the great relief of all, the carriage drove up, containing his daughter, his parents, and another relation and dear friend. It was immediately settled that he should see no one but his daughter that night. When she went into his room he embraced her most tenderly, and told her how he had longed to see her, that she had much to be thankful for, for she had been sent for to see him die, and now she came to see him live. But still, had it been God's will that he should not have seen her again, he should have been quite content, knowing that God's will must be best. He also told her that his wish woul

have been to form her mind himself; and he hoped she would be a Christian child. He afterwards expressed great happiness at having seen her.

On Sunday, 18th, he saw his parents at an early hour in the morning, Dr. Young having previously prepared him for the meeting, which passed off more calmly on both sides than might have been anticipated; and after breakfast he had an interview with the other friend, whom he loved as a sister, and to her he observed, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting."* She answered, "It can hardly now be called a house of mourning." He replied, "It has been one of great anxiety;" but, after a pause, "Perfect love casteth out fear." He then dwelt on the love of Christ in dying for us, and on the glory that should be revealed to those who are waiting for it; expressed the pleasure he had in feeling he was now surrounded by his dearest friends, and added the believing hope that all might be together hereafter in heaven. She only saw him again to receive his dying blessing.

Between seven and eight o'clock his son came in to wish him good morning. After some inquiries had passed about the state of his health, he asked to have the curtains drawn aside, and when he saw the bright morning sun shining across the trees and hills, "What a beautiful prospect?" he exclaimed, "what a beautiful world God has given us to live in; and yet," he added after a pause, "it is nothing to the glory which shall be revealed. Can you repeat me that hymn of Heber's, Walter?" His son then repeated to him Bishop Heber's Hymn, beginning "I praised the earth in beauty seen." On his coming to the last verse, his

* Eccles. vii. 2.

father took up the lines and repeated them after him with great emphasis;—

“ If thus Thy meaner works are fair !
 If thus Thy bounties gild the span
 Of ruin'd earth and sinful man,
 How glorious must the mansion be
 Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee !”

On hearing that his father would have service in the chapel, he became very anxious that a congregation should be assembled to hear him, and desired the groom might be sent for one person whom he named particularly, as he thought he would like to come. He requested Dr. Young to stay with him alone during the morning service, that he might read it to him. The doctor at first objected, thinking the exertion would be too great for him, but the Bishop was so anxious on the subject, saying it would compose him, that he consented at last to read the litany; and when he came to the petition for “all sick persons,” the patient, laying his hands on Dr. Y.’s shoulder interposed, “especially thy servant, the Bishop of this diocese.” He joined in the service with much fervour, and at the conclusion pronounced the blessing in a firm voice.

Mrs. S. remained with him alone in the afternoon, whilst the rest of the party, including the medical men, were at chapel. In the morning, after breakfast, she had read to him 2 Pet. i., dwelling on some of the most striking passages; she afterwards asked him if the prayer offered expressed what he wished; when he replied, with one of his affectionate epithets, “Yes, thank you.” At another time she inquired if he were able to enjoy private prayer; to which he answered, “I sometimes find a difficulty in collecting my thoughts and finding words to express them, but I often pray

with the heart ; and I should like to pray now, if you will leave me quite quiet for a short time."

During the early part of his illness, before the doctors were in constant attendance, he had frequently asked to be left quite alone, doubtless for the purpose of meditation and prayer, as from the earliest beginning of the attack he was unable either to read or write, or amuse himself in any way, though mercifully preserved from much suffering throughout ; his answer being invariably to all questions relating to his bodily state, "I am quite comfortable." This afternoon Mrs. S. read to him, at his own request, the last chapter of the 1st Epistle of John, having on previous days read the other chapters of that epistle. When she came to the eighteenth verse, "he that is begotten of God keepeth himself, and that wicked one toucheth him not," she was much struck with the look of horror he gave her as he repeated with emphasis, that "*wicked one toucheth him not,*" and dwelt on the mercy and infinite comfort of being wholly freed from temptation ; but, after a pause he added, "God's people, even here, are so in a measure, and might be more so, if they were more diligent in resisting "the wicked one." When she had done reading to him, he said, "I wish they would let me get up." "What for?" "That I might preach to the people at St. George's." (A church still without an incumbent, and about which he was very anxious.) "But you are not strong enough to think of such a thing, even if you might get up." He replied, very calmly, "No, I know I am not ; but what would I not give to be able to tell that congregation what my feelings now are, what baubles they are living for." His manner during the conversation of this afternoon was even more affectionate than usual. In

answer to some remark of his wife, he said, "Yes, M., I do indeed love you tenderly, but I love Christ far better; and 'my desire is to depart and be with Him;' do you not feel the same? You must 'be steadfast, unmoveable,'* 'and hope to the end,'† 'and you shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'"‡ In the course of the day he saw his daughter, and questioned her about the text and sermon of the morning. He often thanked the doctor for his attention to him, and declared his intention and wish to take anything he thought right for him, always saying something playful when his medicine was given to him. To the end of his days, it may truly be said that his bright happy disposition, and constant consideration for the feelings of others, gilded even the "valley of the shadow of death."§

But, alas! the sad scene to his family and friends was drawing to a close. The hopes which had been excited by the improvement on Friday, had been gradually diminishing, and early on Monday, 19th, new and alarming symptoms manifested themselves. It was necessary to change the whole mode of treatment; the room was darkened; he was ordered to be kept as quiet as possible; he seldom spoke, and when he did, his mind shewed symptoms of wandering. The next day he talked a good deal in an over-excited way about his probable recovery, but towards the evening became more calm, whilst signs of approaching dissolution were manifest. At eleven o'clock at night the whole family, with some of the servants, were summoned to the room, in the belief that his end was rapidly drawing near. His wife, who had gone down stairs, and had been suddenly called to the chamber of

* 1 Cor. xv. 58.

† 1 Pet. v. 4.

‡ 1 Pet. i. 13.

§ Psalm xxiii. 4.

death, found him in the act of talking to a nephew who was deeply attached to him, and had hurried from Cambridge to see him. He reminded him, earnestly and affectionately, of all the serious conversations he had held with him in times past, and concluded by saying, "this is no sham, boy, no sham, you will now believe the truth of what I have urged upon you before." The sufferer was lying in the middle of the bed with the agonies of death evidently upon him, calmly contemplating its advances without a fear, or a pang, the only *unmoved* person present. He evidently knew all his family. To the inquiry, how he felt? his answer was, "I am quite passive, but I wish to go to Jesus." He then sent messages of exhortation and love to several friends, after which, all present knelt around the bed whilst his poor father offered up a prayer for him and his family, for which he thanked him by his looks, though he said nothing. Soon after which, as it appeared likely he might live through the night, it was thought better that all should disperse, with the exception of his wife, his son, and his nephew, who never left him until the last sigh was drawn; the apothecary remained for a time, as long as there was a hope of sustaining the patient's sinking strength by cordials. But even this resource failed at three o'clock, and at six all were once more assembled in the dying man's room. His father again prayed, and again he received a look of unutterable thanks. An expression of individual tenderness and love was also directed to all around, as he evidently bade them each farewell in his heart. He also gave his blessing to one or two present, and again sent affectionate messages to friends. His last conscious act was to reprove his wife for weeping by shaking his head. Soon after, he became quite in-

sensible whilst she was endeavouring to repeat to him Cowper's hymn beginning,

“To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;”

and at eight o'clock A.M., 21st of April, 1847, after three deep sighs, he exchanged time for eternity.

On the following Tuesday, exactly the day four weeks on which he had crossed to the island for the last time, his mortal remains were conveyed across the channel on the most tempestuous day there had been that season. They were brought from Liverpool to Derby. On the morning of the 29th, the Bishop of the diocese, the Archdeacons of Stafford, Derby, and Man, a large body of clergy, a few of the country gentry, and the personal friends of the deceased, met the body. Before the procession moved, prayer was offered up by the Archdeacon, at the request of the Bishop. All the shops in Derby, in the streets through which it passed, were shut; the bells of the churches tolled; the clergy accompanied the hearse to the limits of the borough. At the villages through which it passed, especially those belonging to his own parish, many weeping cottagers stood on the road, whilst at Shirley the scene in the church was deeply affecting. The procession was there met by other friends from the Ashbourn side of the village. The Bishop of Lichfield performed the last solemnities, and the coffin was lowered into the family vault which Bishop Shirley himself had built under the north aisle of the church, and which his remains were the first to occupy.

THE END.

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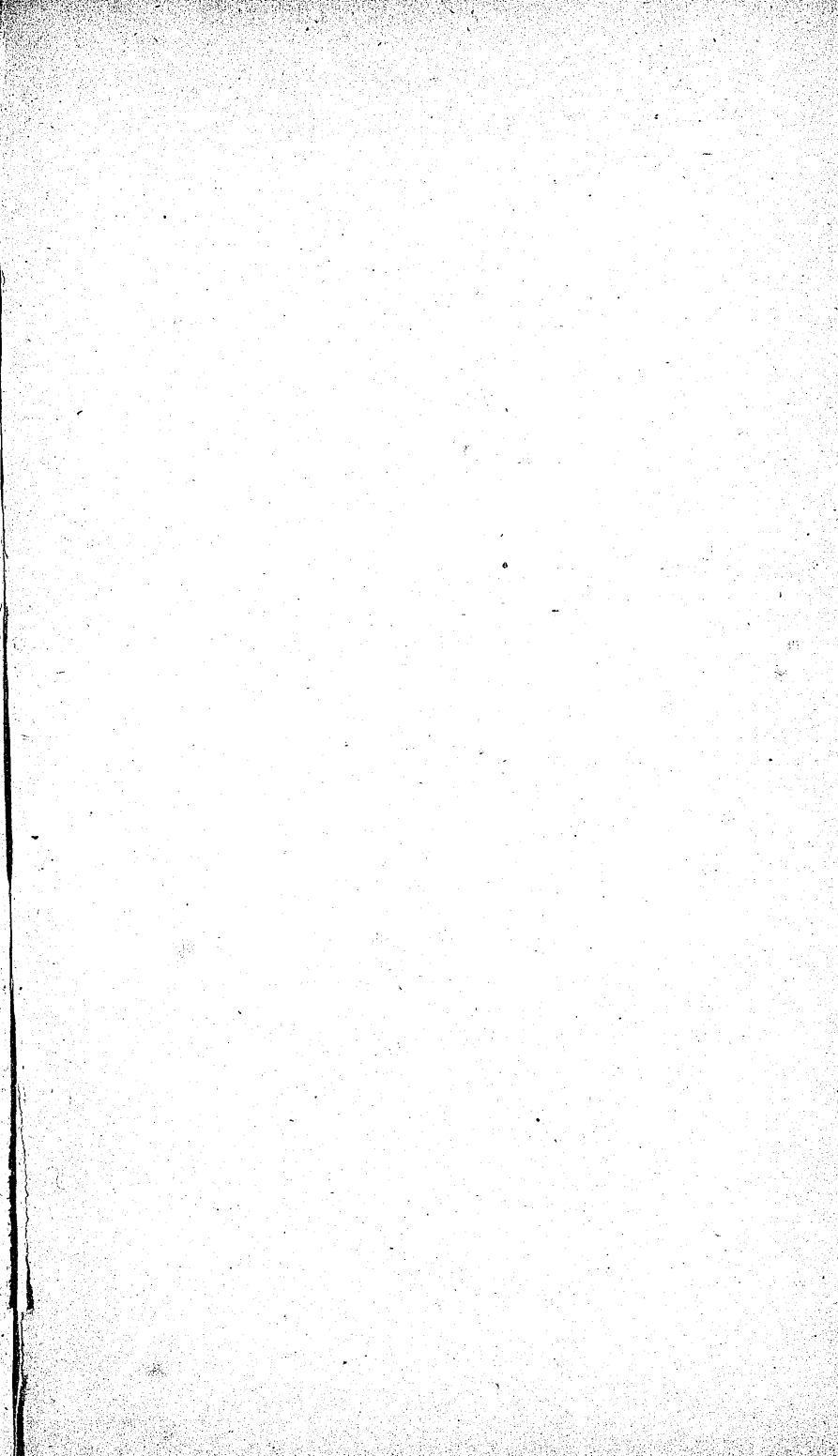
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